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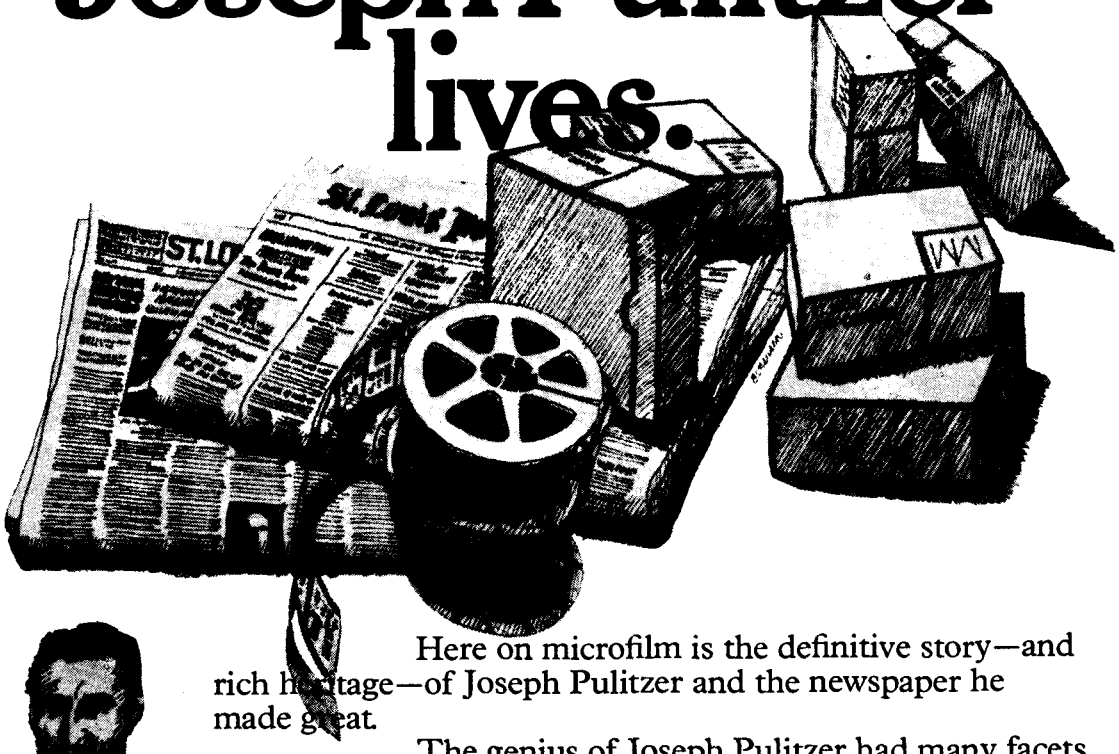

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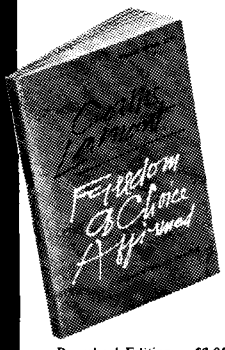

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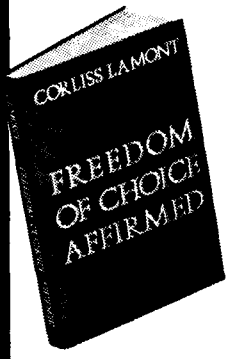

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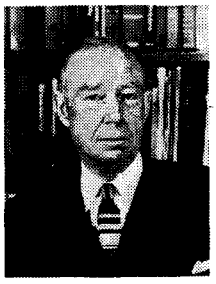

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If You Don't Mind My Saying So. . . . .

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Pollution! Environment! Ecology!

These newest "in" words leap out of every newspaper, invade every panel discussion, and furnish rhetorical flourishes for every political speech. Because in the past I have referred to them pretty frequently in the SCHOLAR and elsewhere, my first impulse is to give them a rest so far as this department is concerned. But I can't help wondering how many who glibly invoke the words realize that, logically, they demand a complete reversal of all the recently held concepts of the good society, the duty of the citizen, and the methods to be used in achieving a better, especially a more abundant, life.

Try to recall, if you can, the key words, the key concepts, and the appeals to good citizenship that were the clichés of the fifties and the early years of the sixties. Let me remind you by citing two typical examples that I find I quoted in my *Human Nature and the Human Condition* (1959). The first is from *Forbes* magazine:

> The lean crop of depression babies is partially responsible for recent declines in whiskey and cigarette sales as well, some industry men believe. "Never before," says one company president, "have so few children reached the cigarette-smoking age as now." But drink and cigarette manufacturers are anxiously eyeing the years when the bumper crop of World War II babies—who are now helping dairy, food and shoe companies ring up record-breaking sales—become old enough to take up smoking and drinking.

The other is quoted as the opinion of one A. W. Zelomek, described as "advisor for industrial buyers and retail merchandisers and a visiting professor of marketing at the University of Virginia Graduate Business School."

> America stepped up its productive capacity tremendously during the war and then stepped it up again to help her allies. On top of that $275 billion worth of plant and equipment has been installed in the last ten years.
>
> To keep all this functioning, to maintain constantly rising prosperity and to move the standards of living higher, customers simply have to buy more . . . The public is far from being overstocked. Millions of families have only one car today; in modern living, one car to a family is no more practical than one pair of pajamas. The husband needs an auto to get to and from business, if not for use in business as well; the wife needs a car for suburban shopping, getting children to and from school and carrying out other obligations . . .
>
> Most of the nation's refrigerators should be replaced. Only a few kitchens have central push-button controls. A good part of our kitchens should be ripped out and replaced.

These opinions scandalized me in 1959, although there were many to whom they were no more than the practical application of the new economics. Perhaps many still believe them good for their own private interests, if not for those of society at large. But would anyone dare take it publicly for granted that "a bumper crop of babies" is to be eagerly welcomed or, especially, that it should be welcomed because babies consume baby food and grow up into consumers of cigarettes and whiskey? The assumption that what's good for the tobacco trade and the whiskey trade is good for everybody, because it contributes to the general prosperity, just does not now convince. Futhermore, would anybody blandly assume that two cars instead of one in every

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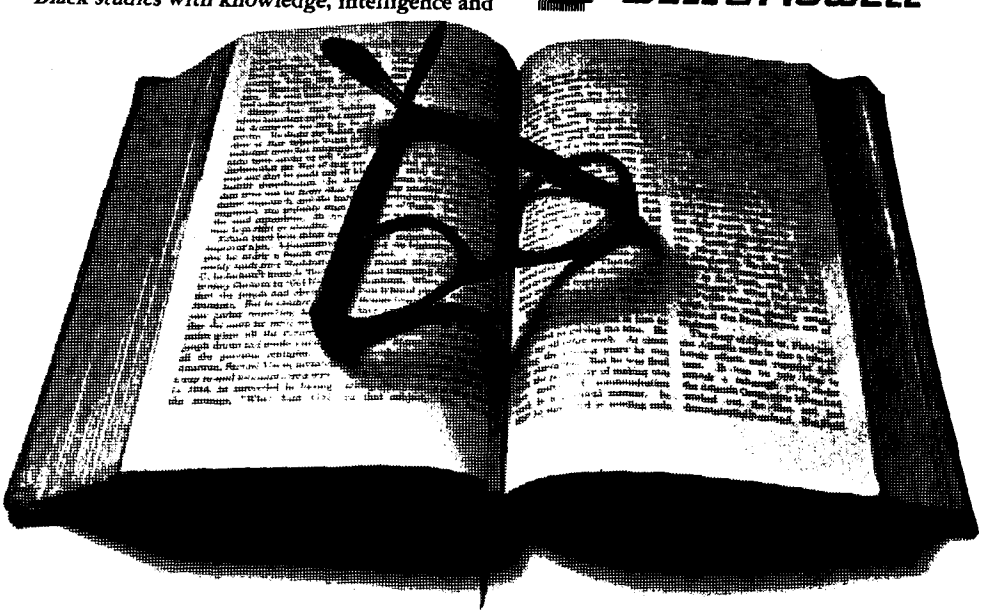

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garage, almost doubling the pollution of the air and increasing the traffic problem, is from every point of view a desirable ideal? Or that a planned obsolescence which would demand new kitchens and bathrooms is also obviously necessary for that ever-increasing production that is the *sine qua non* of a good life? In the phrase "ripped out and replaced" is already implied, although not yet recognized, the fact that consuming or getting rid of the increased production has become a key problem. And although this is now widely realized, its full implications have not, in fact, been faced.

Flipping through the pages of a current issue of a women's magazine, I found an advertisement for Chux, a disposable diaper. Its trade name is a recognition of the fact that "produce more and more" means also "get rid of more and more." The old formula for the good citizen, "produce more and consume more," has become "produce more and chuck more." Perhaps there are many who would be willing to assume that the disposable diaper is a perfect paradigm of the least disputable achievements of our civilization, certainly, or at least seemingly, the most convenient the world has ever known. How lucky the contemporary mother is. The messy and time-consuming business of diaper washing is only one of the innumerable drudgeries of which new devices, new products and new public services have relieved her. Until yesterday, someone—the servants of the rich or the housewives of the middle and lower classes —had to perform tasks no longer necessary. And Chux calls attention to the fact that the key to many of these conveniences is "throw away."

What we are just beginning to realize is the false implication of the word disposable. Matter is indestructible, not disposable—or at least was until Einstein came along with his $e = mc^2$, and it will remain so for practical purposes until some method is discovered for applying the magic formula to a garbage dump—although if it ever is I don't know what we will do with all the energy generated. What we manufacture we are not even in practical terms disposing of. We are merely moving it somewhere else or turning it into something different but still not disposable—even when it goes up in smoke to come down again in smog.

No one has really faced the fact. We are still determined to increase every day the gross national product, forgetting that increasing the gross national product means increasing the gross national junk pile, since all our products will end up ultimately in the junk piles that surround our cities, poison the water we drink and foul the air we breathe.

The diaper, to take again this humble example, is flushed down the toilet and is for the moment out of sight. But it will surely turn up again, often in the untreated sewage that thousands of the smaller communities are pouring directly into the streams, clogging them with organic slime and poisoning the fish. Far from recognizing this fact, the same company that advertises the disposable diaper boasts on its television commercial that this is only the beginning. The baby's crib and ultimately all the furniture of his nursery will be disposable. You cut down trees to make more refuse and thus you keep the gross national product booming, whereas if you made something usefully durable, you would save the trees and relieve, instead of further overburden, the polluted environment. But that would cause prosperity to falter, so they say.

The solution, if there is one, would seem to mean one or all of the following: 1) a reduced population, which would therefore not need so much; 2) willingness to get along with less; 3) finding some way of making our products actually, for all practical purposes, disposable; 4) developing some system of recycling the residue.

Nature creates no junk piles. What she herself produces is not disposable but reusable. Whatever grows also decays. The complex becomes simple again, then is raised to complexity once more, and so the eternal recycling goes on.

But a very large part of all that industry produces remains outside this recycling,

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and is neither reused nor, ultimately, disposable. Moreover, every advance in the efficiency of production along with every rise in the cost of human labor tends to diminish the extent to which anything is reused or recycled. Because it is cheaper to produce steel from newly mined ore than to reuse scrap, the abandoned automobiles threaten to engulf the cities, while the mines add to the pollution of the streams.

The returnable and reusable milk, soft-drink or beer bottle is replaced by waxed "disposable" cartons or by metal containers which can be manufactured more cheaply than the returnable bottles can be handled and cleaned. Moreover, the so-called disposable tends to become more and more resistant to any recycling that nature can bring about—as has recently been pointed out is conspicuously the case where the tin can, which would disintegrate in ten or fifteen years, has been succeeded by the now-popular aluminum can, which can last for millenia. Ecology means literally housekeeping, but ours has been largely of the sweep-it-under-the-carpet kind, and it won't work.

The fundamental fact is that you cannot solve the problems of pollution and environmental deterioration—or adopt an ecological rather than technological view—by merely giving them some thought while still accepting prevailing values. It will often happen that the only ecologically sound procedure is economically unsound. The two philosophies meet head on. They cannot be reconciled. We must make some sort of choice between them. To put it into even simpler terms, we would just have to stop asking, "Is this the cheapest way to make something or do something?" but ask instead, "Which way will leave the least residue of one kind or another, even if (as will usually be the case) this means also a loss of convenience?"

As recently as the early thirties, there were few of even the more radically inclined sociologists who did not accept the long-standing assumption that economic considerations had to come first since the good life depended upon our putting them there. Now, as many are beginning to realize, this assumption has not produced a society growing increasingly healthy even though it has been increasingly prosperous. But even if most people do come finally to recognize the dilemma, will they be willing to pay more in the money and trouble required by the reuse of reusable bottles? Will they find it even more difficult to give up the hope of at least two cars in every garage because reusing the steel in the junk piles will make them cost more?

These questions are, of course, relatively trivial even as mere examples of the hundreds of inconveniences that an ecologically rather than a technologically oriented society would have to accept. How much less likely would it be to accept much more far-reaching ones?

The boldest proposals made by those in public office do not go beyond tinkering with the system rather than rejecting it. Fifteen years ago when I told the Rotary Club in Tucson that its slogan should be "Keep Tucson Small," it was taken for granted that I was trying to be funny. A few weeks ago when a professor at the university proposed that Tucson should decide what would be an optimum size and plan to keep it such, it was recognized that he was being serious—although hardly to be taken seriously in the sense that anyone would recommend acting upon his proposal. The Chamber of Commerce has set up a bureau to investigate citizens' reports on smoking buses, the burning of trash, and so forth—a good idea but hardly likely to make a noticeable difference in the degree of pollution in the atmosphere. Meanwhile, it keeps up its continuous propaganda about the necessity for bringing more industry to Tucson. And instead of attempting to reduce our dependence upon the privately operated automobile, it builds more superhighways and is even talking about a freeway cut through the heart of the city.

As for the national government, the fact remains that despite all its rhetoric it is far from even hinting at a really ecologically oriented society. Its attempts to tinker with the prevailing system are limited to budgetary proposals that allot to the protection of the environment only a tiny fraction of what it proposes to spend on the arms

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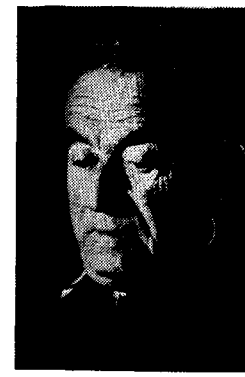

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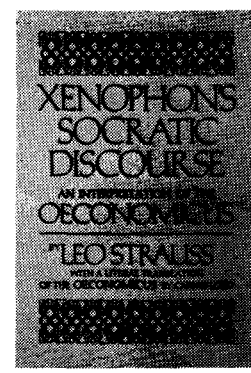

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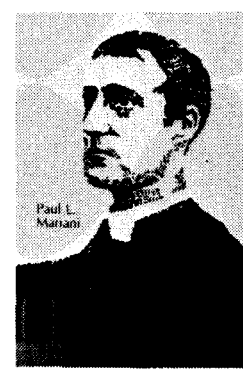

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race and the space program. Moreover, President Nixon's chief scientific advisor has stated that he thinks this disproportion entirely justified.

If you suggest, for example, that gasoline taxes should be diverted from road building (which solves no problems) to the development of public transportation, you will surely be greeted by an agonized protest from the oil companies and the auto manufacturers who will tell you, not only that they ought to get the benefit of the taxes their customers pay, but that any significant decline in the auto industry would have catastrophic effects on the total economy—which I suppose is what it would do. Moreover, it is extremely doubtful that the public would submit to the inconvenience of the bus as opposed to the convenience of private transportation. In fact, even such public-minded citizens as you and I would object! What is to be expected of the less enlightened? Ask an economist if we can afford to do what would be necessary to reverse the current trends, and he will certainly answer "No." Ask the ecologist if we can affort *not* to do so, and he also will answer "No." In a sense, both are right.

Perhaps the time will come when we will have to abandon the whole assumption that it is the chief duty of the citizen to consume and throw away in order that prosperity will continue to increase. Perhaps we will have to return to the old philosophy that assumes that the good citizen is the one who preserves and continues to use what his grandfather had bought with the conviction that it would last for generations. Can you imagine (I confess that I find it difficult to do so) a time when government agencies will—by urging us to make do—counteract the propaganda of the manufacturers who urge us to throw away what we have in order to get the newest new-and-improved this or that? Even if that made the life of the average citizen less prosperous or at least less abundant, he wouldn't need so much and the junk piles and the pollutants would not continue to increase at so alarming a rate. As for the elected official who hopes to be elected again, there could be no form of suicide more likely to succeed than preaching a sort of blood, sweat and tears as our only salvation.

The manufacturers of air conditioners are beginning to lay more and more stress upon their effectiveness in removing pollutants from the air. I don't know to what extent they actually do so, but if they are highly effective, or can be so, then it is easy to imagine that we may be driven more and more to take refuge in our apartments to breathe comfortably and that mothers will be heard calling their children in from the playground with the plea, "You had better come into the house now and get some fresh air."

From there another step follows logically: gas masks to be worn during any sortie into the out-of-doors which has been totally abandoned to effluvia from factories busily increasing the gross national product. In Japan, I have been told, some persons already wear masks as a routine procedure.

Nevertheless, I have several other notions about the possible outcome of our dilemma. I suspect that it will be in one way or another imposed upon us by circumstances and events rather than chosen and planned. But I am not going to mount the tripod to predict just which of the several possible forms this imposition will assume. And it is very unlikely that I will still be here to observe it.

P.S. By the time this is published (some months hence), it may be that "pollution" will no longer be the newest "in" word. "Structure," I see, is coming up. We no longer blame everything on "the System" (the fifties) or "the Establishment" (the sixties). We now demand that society be "restructured." I am not sure I know what that means, but maybe it is what I have just been talking about.

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Our Imaginary Vice

GERALD W. JOHNSON

THE FIRST VICE PRESIDENT, describing his status in the political hierarchy: "The most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived."

The twenty-eighth Vice President, on the same theme: "There were two brothers. One ran away to sea and the other was elected Vice President. Neither was ever heard of again."

The thirty-second Vice President, *da capo:* "A spare tire on the automobile of government."

A hundred and forty-four years separated the terms of the first and the third of these authorities. A tradition so persistent, and accepted by men as different as John Adams, Thomas R. Marshall and John Nance Garner, is enough to account for the widespread opinion that the perfect model of a Vice President of the United States was Mr. Alexander Throttlebottom, who couldn't obtain a public library card because two references were required.

Yet if Mr. Throttlebottom is a figment of the imagination, so is the tradition. Of course it has some factual basis, as popular mythology always has. From time to time the office has been held by a dull fellow who lived a drab and uninspiring life, but such characters have been a minority. Most of the Vice Presidents have been forceful men, who made careers that were usually colorful, sometimes gaudy, and in two or three instances lurid. One* killed Alexander Hamilton and another† is reputed to have killed Tecumseh. One‡ commanded hostile troops that

* Aaron Burr.
† Richard M. Johnson.
‡ John C. Breckinridge.

GERALD W. JOHNSON's "Program for the Mini-Intellectual" appeared in the Winter, 1969-70, issue of the SCHOLAR.

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came within sight of the church spires of Washington and actually penetrated the outskirts of Baltimore. Four* broke with their own party and headed dissident movements that were much more than splinter parties. Six† were heaved overboard by Presidents who were reelected, three for political reasons with no avowed personal animus, but three after blazing rows. Twelve‡ became Presidents of the United States.

Considering that only thirty-nine men, including the incumbent, have held the office, this is conclusive proof that Mr. Throttlebottom was not a typical Vice President. Twelve men are almost one-third of thirty-eight, and if Mr. Agnew should become President that would make it exactly one out of three. The idea that from a group of Throttlebottoms one-third could rise to the highest office would be too absurd for consideration, even if the record did not show that these, as a group, were able men, some of them men of great ability. Four of the twelve did not succeed to the office by death, but made it by the strength of their own political muscle—John Adams, Jefferson, Van Buren and Nixon.

This tells why the comment of Messrs. Adams, Marshall and Garner is so plaintive. All were aware that their talents were being deliberately wasted. Even the one task constitutionally assigned to them, that of presiding over the Senate, was not intended as an accretion to the dignity of their office, but was designed to avoid having a senator representing a single state presiding over the whole Senate. Even that job when it becomes crucial, as when a President is impeached, is taken from the Vice President and entrusted to the Chief Justice because he has no personal interest in the outcome of the trial.

In sum, the Vice Presidency is what Veblen might have called an instance of conspicuous waste, but most of us prefer to regard its cost as an insurance premium. Cactus Jack called the turn: the Vice President is a spare tire carried along in case of a blowout, which has occurred, to date, on an average of once every

* Fillmore, Breckinridge, Theodore Roosevelt, Wallace.

† Burr, Calhoun, Colfax, Hamlin, Garner, Wallace.

‡ J. Adams, Jefferson, Van Buren, Tyler, Fillmore, A. Johnson, Arthur, T. Roosevelt, Coolidge, Truman, L. Johnson, Nixon.

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twenty-five years. It is a difficult position for a man of lively intelligence. Marshall compared the Vice President to a cataleptic: "He cannot speak; he cannot move; he suffers no pain; yet he is perfectly conscious of everything that is going on about him."

As was to be expected, well-meaning people are constantly bobbing up with schemes to make mere Vice Presidents, in Daisy Ashford's immortal phrase, "less mere." In recent years, beginning with Eisenhower, it has become almost *de rigueur* for a newly inaugurated President to announce that he expects to make the Vice President a real force in government, but all that he usually accomplishes is to make him a force in politics, at best a wheeler-dealer when compromise is necessary, at worst a hatchet man when character assassination seems to be indicated.

The first President to make real use of his Vice President was Andrew Jackson in his stormy second administration. In the first, Van Buren had sat in both the regular and the "kitchen" cabinets, but in the second, out of both, he was yet a highly efficient adviser on the policy-making level, and this work was largely responsible for Jackson's determination to make him President in 1836.

Lincoln used Andrew Johnson, before he became Vice President, in the crucial post of Southern specialist. In the brief time left to him after the war was over he consulted Johnson on his plans for restoration of the Union, and it was Johnson's effort to put these plans into effect that brought him into conflict with the bitter-enders in Congress and culminated in the abortive effort to remove him by impeachment.

But after Lincoln the office reverted to what Cleveland might have called "innocuous desuetude" until the administration of William McKinley, who was charged by the party bosses not to employ, but to repress, his Vice President—at best a hazardous undertaking, considering that the Vice President was Theodore Roosevelt, and, as the event proved, an undertaking utterly defeated by Czolgosz's pistol.

Thereafter no President until Eisenhower made much use of the spare tire, but the General made the Vice President one of his trio of mentors, Sherman Adams for administration, John

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Foster Dulles for diplomacy, and Richard Nixon for practical politics. It is the opinion of many latter-day critics that both Adams and Dulles hashed their jobs, but it is generally agreed that Nixon performed superbly in denigrating the brilliant Stevenson, thereby contributing largely to Eisenhower's victory in 1956.

Kennedy employed Johnson, like Nixon an ex-Senator, as his liaison agent with Congress, and Humphrey served Johnson in the same capacity.

But all these were informal arrangements, not dependent upon any constitutional or statutory provision, and successful because of the temperaments and experience of the individuals. Ignoring this, theorists repeatedly have proposed schemes to upgrade—or downgrade—the Vice President to an Assistant President, but all have been so obviously defective that none has been adopted. The reason is plain—no one assistant can be used for all purposes. An excellent wheeler-dealer is usually a bad administrator and a worse hatchet man.

A strong President can always find the man he needs for a particular kind of job in the Cabinet, in some other official position, or in private life—Secretary of the Treasury Chase, private citizen House, minor official Harry Hopkins. A weak President can never be saved by any kind of assistant. The popular assumption is that a weak President always chooses the wrong adviser, as Harding relied on Daugherty and Benjamin Harrison on Blaine, but the fact is that there is no good adviser for a weak President. Thus to give that status by law to any official would accomplish nothing whatever, and might lead to endless trouble. Does anyone believe that if Hoover had been compelled by law to rely on Curtis the crash of 1929 would have been averted?

Any statutory arrangement giving the Vice President the right to interfere in policy making would only hamper a strong President and would give a weak one a chance to weasel out of responsibility, in either case to the detriment of the country. The constitutional checks on excessive Presidential power are the legislative and the judiciary. If they fail to function, it is folly to suppose that transferring the task to a subordinate in the

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executive branch would be anything but disruptive. In truth, all the schemes to use the Vice President as an active functionary in government are efforts to use the spare tire as a container for part of the freight; but when the spare is needed, it should be instantly available, without loss of time in unloading it of whatever junk it may have been carrying.

One historical reason for not trying to use law, organic or statute, to weld the Vice Presidency into the functional structure of the government is the fact that five Presidents who themselves were reelected have dumped their first Vice Presidents, and Franklin Roosevelt dropped two, making a total of six Vice Presidents let out. In three of these cases the course was adopted for strictly political reasons, and the action taken was, as the lawyers say, "without prejudice," but in the other three moral turpitude of one sort or another was definitely involved. Aaron Burr was no credit to the first Jefferson administration and after killing Hamilton he became impossible. Jackson discovered evidence that he was being consistently double-crossed by Calhoun. While Schuyler Colfax's financial deals had not been fully exposed, the odor emitted by them had become strong enough by the end of the first Grant administration to make him unquestionably a drag on the ticket, so he walked the plank.

Lincoln dropped Hannibal Hamlin without personal animus, simply because, in order to beat McClellan in 1864, he had to have the votes of many Democrats, especially in the border states, and a Republican from Maine would make no appeal to them. So he replaced Hamlin with Andrew Johnson, a loyal Union man, but a Democrat of record, a North Carolinian by birth, and a Tennessean by residence. Hamlin understood the situation and seems to have cherished no bitterness.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, the only President to have three Vice Presidents, dropped two, both for political reasons with no suggestion of misconduct, public or private. John N. Garner went because he had become too conservative, and Henry A. Wallace because he had become too radical to add strength to the ticket. Both were bitter in private, but neither attacked the President publicly because all the world understood that the President's

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action did not impugn their private characters. Subsequently Wallace did become embittered when he was bounced again, this time out of the Cabinet by President Truman, and he led a third-party movement in an effort to defeat Truman.

Millard Fillmore, John C. Breckinridge and Theodore Roosevelt were three other former Vice Presidents who led formidable revolts against their own parties. Martin Van Buren's adventure with the Free Soil party was hardly formidable, although it did have the effect of preventing Lewis Cass from becoming President, but Fillmore's Know-Nothing diversion fatally wounded the Whig party, while Breckinridge's and Roosevelt's revolts drove their respective parties into the wilderness, Breckinridge exiling the Democrats from office for twenty-five years, Roosevelt, the Republicans for eight. As it turned out, Henry A. Wallace achieved nothing in 1948, but it is probable that he would have defeated Truman if Strom Thurmond had not drawn away votes that otherwise would have gone to Dewey. The record makes it fairly evident that an infuriated Vice President is nothing to be dismissed with a shrug.

It is part of the American credo that the tensions to which a President is subjected make his a man-killing job, and as a matter of fact eight of the thirty-six have died in office, a mortality rate of nearly twenty-five percent, which is pretty heavy. But four of the eight were murdered and assassination is not related to the tensions of the office. In the same period six Vice Presidents have died in office of natural causes, raising a question as to whether carrying a terrific load of responsibility is really as destructive as champing at the bit.

The Constitution provides that not only in case of the removal, death or resignation of the President, but also in case of his "inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve upon the Vice President." Only twice has that provision become even theoretically applicable, but in both instances the Vice President ducked and nobody could compel him to act. The two cases were the prolonged illnesses of Presidents Wilson and Eisenhower. Marshall was not of the politically adventurous type, but Nixon was, yet neither

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dared accept the responsibility, and with reason, for if either had done so he would have been courting political destruction. That provision of the Constitution is self-defeating, considering how few politicians are equipped with desperate courage.

An attempt to close this obvious gap was made in the Twenty-fifth Amendment, the most bumbling, fatuous, ineffective alteration ever made in the organic law, the Eighteenth Amendment alone excepted. The Twenty-fifth is as full of holes as a sieve, but its fatal defect is that it cannot become operative until the Vice President has stated in writing that the President is incompetent, which provision leaves us exactly where we were before. Experience has shown that the Vice President, even one as hardy as Nixon, will not do it, and indeed he should not, for a man so foolhardy and insubordinate as to challenge publicly the competence of his superior officer is not the kind of man who should be President. The taint of usurpation would lie upon him if he took any part whatever in transferring the Presidential power to himself. The constitutional checks upon the excess—and, by implication, the default—of Presidential power are the legislative and the judiciary, for no branch is trusted to restrain itself. But the legislative in this instance has abdicated and thrust the initiative upon the executive in the person of the Vice President. Furthermore, it has done so in complete disregard of the judiciary, although it was certainly expected to be and, at least since the time of John Marshall, very definitely has been one of the "checks and balances" that safeguard us from tyranny.

The Twenty-fifth Amendment, therefore, has not effected any appreciable change in the status of the Vice President. He is, and, failing some radical change in our political philosophy, he is likely to remain "a spare tire on the automobile of government." Inevitably, as long as he remains a spare tire, the populace will continue to hug the delusion that Throttlebottom is still the perfect model of an American Vice President.

It is not true historically. Historically, the Vice Presidents compose a highly variegated group, most of them "wearing the white flower of a blameless life," but some as scandalous as the three Johnsons—bachelor Richard, acknowledging two children

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by a female slave, Andrew, publicly drunk only once, but then at his own inauguration, and Lyndon, correct in his private life, but making war on his own initiative against no formally declared enemy. Monotonously alike is precisely what these men were not. Some were as drab as Coolidge, but others as gaudy as Chester A. Arthur, some as suave as Van Buren, others as tactless as John Tyler, some as solemn as John Adams and Calhoun, others as merry as Marshall and Alben Barkley. Then there is the thirty-ninth Vice President. He has not passed into history yet and therefore cannot be assigned a definite niche, but when one recalls the doleful chant of the Peace Marchers in Washington, "Spiro Agnew/what did we do/to deserve you?" one is not inclined to believe that he will ever be regarded as pale and flaccid. There is no typical Vice President.

But when did plodding fact ever make head against dancing mythology? Throttlebottom is a figment of the imagination, but he is so charming that, psychologically if not statistically, he does and will prevail.

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The Mythos of the Electronic Revolution

JAMES W. CAREY and JOHN J. QUIRK

THE IDEA OF AN ELECTRICAL UTOPIA, as we attempted to show in the first part of this article, took root in Europe with the Enlightenment and the onset of industrialism. It began as a literary convention adopted as a cultural strategy: an attempt to explore the meaning of industrialization and the promise of technology for what Raymond Williams has come to call "The Long Revolution." Transferred to this continent, the idea of an electrical utopia emerges as a literal expectation as well as literature. European ideas had made us particularly susceptible to the notion that the creation of America signaled a new departure in social history. America's redemption from the past was to come from "Nature" and a "Virgin Land," a new scene of human society filled with unique possibilities. Developed into a political and social theory under labels such as "the theory of propitious circumstances," the rhetoric of the technological sublime forecast that mechanization and industrialization would not produce the untoward consequences apparent in the European version of the Industrial Revolution. Instead America was to realize, through a marriage of nature and mechanics, an unprecedented solution to the problem of industrialization, a solution that would rejuvenate all immigrants who ventured into the new world and allow us to transcend the typical evils of industrial society.

In the last third of the nineteenth century, it became steadily

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apparent that mechanical utopias were merely verbal inventions and that America was not to be exempt from European history. Rather than abandon this rhetoric, however, many intellectuals merely transferred notions of technological bliss from mechanics to electronics, and from the 1870s to the 1970s there has flourished a genre we have termed the "rhetoric of the electrical sublime." This rhetoric has invested electricity with the aura of divine force and utopian gift and characterized it as the progenitor of a new era of social life, which somehow reverses the laws and lessons of past history. Despite changes in vocabulary, the idea of an electrical utopia possesses a common rhetorical tendency whenever it has appeared over the last century: it invests electricity with the capacity to produce automatically, on the one hand, power, productivity and prosperity and, on the other, peace, a new and satisfying form of human community and a harmonious accord with nature.

As utopian thought it has been innocent if naïve. But, like all mythology in a politically conscious age, the idea of an electrical utopia can be and is exploited by established institutions that promise resolution of the psychic and social dislocations of industrialism and also the enhanced riches and leisure of modern society. American intellectuals, the main curators of this rhetoric, always proclaim the future in word and then desert the future in fact. Technology finally serves the very military and industrial policies it was supposed to prevent. At the root of the misconceptions about technology is the benign assumption that the benefits of technology are inherent in the machinery itself so that political strategies and institutional arrangements can be considered minor.

The most distinguished and notable American commentator on ecology and the history of technology has been Lewis Mumford. Yet for all the restraint of Mumford's prose, the identification of electricity as the great instrument of social balance is still present. In his works on technics and civilization Mumford claimed that electrical energy and communication would lead to a decentralization of power and the restoration of man to a life in touch with nature. He contrasted the filth, disorganization and desolation of mechanical civilization with the cleanliness and aesthetic grace of a "neotechnic" world. He saw in the imagery

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of the electrical environment symbols of a new type of society. The caption of an illustration in *Technics and Civilization* (1934) reflected this mood:

> Interior of a giant power station. The calmness, cleanliness, and order of the neotechnic environment. The same qualities prevail in the power station or the factory as in the kitchen or the bathroom of the individual dwelling. In any one of these places one could eat off the floor.

Throughout his early works Mumford reemphasized the old dreams of the American imagination and their possible realization through electricity. He proposed a new metaphor, the electric grid, as the substitute for the assembly line and neat rows of mechanical type.

> The principle of the electric grid must be applied to our schools, libraries, art galleries, theaters, medical services; each local station though producing power in its own right must be able to draw on power, on demand, from the whole system.

And he saw in the new technology a generous accord with the landscape and nature.

> Against all these wastes the neotechnic phase with its richer chemical and biological knowledge sets its face. It tends to replace the reckless mining habits of an earlier period with a thrifty and conservative use of the natural environment. Concretely, the conservation and utilization of scrap metals and scrap rubber and slag means tidying up of the landscape: the end of paleotechnic middens. Electricity itself aids in the transformation. The smoke pall of paleotechnic industry begins to lift: with electricity the clear sky and clean waters of the neotechnic phase come back again; the water that runs through the immaculate discs of the turbine, unlike the water filled with the washings of the coal seams or the refuse of the old chemical factories, is just as pure when it emerges. Hydro-electricity, moreover, gives rise to geotechnics: forest cover protection, stream control, the building of reservoirs and power dams.

Mumford himself was aware of the various political and economic forces that could betray the promise of neotechnic civilization. Yet decades later he kept his faith that utopia was just around the corner: "the new period of sun power and electric power is at

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hand . . . the age of balance and organic symmetry lies before us: the dialectic opposite of the age of specialism, division and disintegration."

At this moment when the dream of the electrical pastoral should again stand revealed as an empty promise—when Patrick Geddes' prediction of progression from "slum to semi-slum to super slum" has become manifest—Marshall McLuhan and a covey of supporters have expropriated the scholarship of Geddes, Mumford and the late Harold Innis and converted it into a new mythology that proffers the rhetoric of the electrical sublime as a total world view. In McLuhan's work all the past claims for mechanical and electrical technology are identified with the latest electronic gadgets—computers, simulation, television—and projected into every domain of life: we are to have a decentralized order outside of the centripetal pull of megalopolis, a restoration of community and identity through "re-tribalization" and contact with nature, and freedom from the powerhouse of history.

As discussed in part one of this essay, the one thinker to pierce systematically the curtain of electrical rhetoric was the late Canadian political economist Harold Adams Innis. Innis recognized the utopian hope that electricity would promote freedom by reducing the scale of social organization, return men to more natural habitats, revive local communities by intensifying intimate contacts, put renewed economic purposes into smaller communities and, finally, promote ecological balance and rounded democratic associations of industry and agriculture. Innis recognized, however, that the mere potential of technology would not bring about these developments. What was missing were the institutions that could house and make possible these arrangements, a culture that could effectively support alternative styles of life, forms of communication that could cultivate a concern with roots and stability as well as politics and ethics. But what he observed happening was precisely the opposite: electrical power and communication were being captured by economic and political forces inimical to the concerns of time and democratic localism; the same forces that historically cultivated the drive toward centralization and imperialism, the cult of mobility and progress, and the erosion

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of ethnic and regional culture in the service of power and profit were effectively harnessing the new technology.

Innis recommended maintenance of alternative traditions of life and thought, traditions attuned to the demands of history and the need for stability and continuity. While Marshall McLuhan identifies his work as an extension and elaboration of the themes and propositions of Innis, he has decisively taken leave of Innis and seriously diluted a line of analysis necessary to systematic criticism of contemporary politics and culture. Predictably the split between Innis and McLuhan came over the issue of electrical communication. In the introduction to the paperback edition of Innis' *The Bias of Communication* McLuhan wrote:

> A good example of . . . technological blindness in Innis himself was his mistake of regarding radio and electrical technology as a further extension of the patterns of mechanical technology . . . Here Innis was misled by the ordinary consensus of his time. Electric light and power, like all electric media, are profoundly decentralizing and separatist in their psychic and social consequences. Had he not been hypnotized by his respect for the pervasive conventional view on this question, Innis could have worked out the new electric pattern of culture quite easily . . . Electric technology favours not the fragmentary but the integral, not the mechanical but the organic. It had not occurred to Innis that electricity is in effect an extension of the nervous system as a kind of global membrane.

Interestingly, both the patronizing tone and the intellectual stance were absent from McLuhan's earliest work on communication and modern culture. In *The Mechanical Bride* McLuhan attempted to bring the tools of his own professional training, literary criticism, to bear on the questions Innis had raised.

The themes in *The Mechanical Bride* were presaged by "an old friend," the artist and author Wyndham Lewis. To Lewis modern society was "an infernal utopia": Machiavellian manipulation "through the agency of the propaganda of science" conveyed by "Press, Wireless and Cinema" made the citizens of the modern state into a "mechanical doll," living for sensation. McLuhan developed the metaphor of the mechanical doll to judge the typical experience of modern society:

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. . . for people carried about in mechanical vehicles, earning their living by waiting on machines, listening much of their waking day to canned music, watching packaged movie entertainment and encapsulated news . . . it would take an exceptional degree of awareness . . . to be anything but supine consumers. Society begins to take on the character of a kept woman . . . Each day brings its addition of silks, trinkets and shiny gadgets, new pleasure techniques and new pills for pep and painlessness.

His thesis was that communications cartels and power companies exploited traditional myths of pastoralism, democracy, patriotism and love to expedite the goals of power and profit. He interpreted popular culture as a deliberate "folklore" deployed to divert discontent from a system that relegated workers, consumers and housewives to roles as appendages of the gross national product. He recognized in this process the centrality of modern communication:

Just as speed of communication and movement makes possible at the same time such diverse facts as stockmarket operations, international armies, and news-gathering agencies on a world scale, so it enables the press of any nation to keep mobilized the passions of whole populations year after year until the moment comes for blow.

The key to understanding America, McLuhan concluded, is that it lets "the people have freedom and lets others have the power."

While the observations are trenchant, McLuhan here as other places is able to devise nothing other than a literary strategy to deal with the problem of modern culture; that is, he turns the rhetoric of the technological sublime on its head and views the machine as specter. His subsequent history, however, records the rejection of even this limited defense. In his more recent work McLuhan has rejected the strategy of resistance and instead turned to a celebration of the redemptive capacity of electricity and its cultural bearings. The movement is reflected in both a change in the character of his associations and in the shape and tone of his argument on the technology of communication.

The "first edition" of *Understanding Media* was a mimeographed report that was undoubtedly the most bizarre document ever supported by and presented to the United States Office of

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Education. The report forms the basis of McLuhan's later public writings and records the influences that shaped his work. It is here that his vision of the world as electricity begins to crack through, and industrial and commercial metaphors begin to crowd out the literary influences. McLuhan opens the document with a proclamation: we are in "the electronic age whose media substitute all-at-onceness for one-thing-at-a-timeness." Moreover, he pinpoints the industrial potential of the change: "The movement of information at approximately the speed of light has become by far the largest industry of the world." What led to this altered perception of modern culture? In summarizing his activities while writing the report McLuhan admits that his "itinerary is complicated by the fact that ordinarily I make numerous trips to management training centers . . . I find it much easier to talk about the meaning of media to such men than to educators." McLuhan alludes to sessions with consultant Peter Drucker and confesses that his current approach to media is close to the "Systems Development type of effort" and attributes this realization to William Allen of the Rand Corporation.

In a section entitled "poly-antics of the highway" McLuhan rehabilitated the visions of Patrick Geddes and the early Mumford. He concludes "poly-antics" with a notion of an emerging new countryside free from urban blight, where "in pristine mode in decentralized nuclear age with ecological scientists as princes of new pastoral world" mankind could transcend the tyranny of the past and return to tribal bliss. In McLuhan's new visions threatening images of mass society and military-industrial complexes were transformed into commonplaces of the electrical sublime:

> . . . in all forms of electric circuit and appliance, whether telegraphy, radar or guided missile, we are confronted with the give and take of dialogue and not the one way song of lyric self-expression. Even the various forms of electric appliance impose a large measure of do-it-yourselfness, whether the electric toaster, the vacuum-cleaner or the washing machine.

In this portrayal of world as electrical wedding, everyman engages in a "roman carnival of the senses . . . New sights, new

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sounds, new fabrics . . . we're all dedicated libertines." McLuhan conjured up a mechanical bride set free by electricity. "Designed to be touched," the electrical bride was the prototype of a capable yet "with it" generation: "Like Bardot, a sex package . . . but also a mother, a sensible budget keeper, a household executive, an informed and understanding woman with no illusions."

The character of the new McLuhan had become clear. The strategy of resistance had given way to the technique of acceptance; absorption had replaced infiltration. By the publication of *Understanding Media* in commercial edition (1964), the hostility toward technology characteristic of *The Mechanical Bride* had been transformed into a theodicy of technology. The adoption of two related principles was strategic to this transformation. First, McLuhan now argued that the effects of technology were automatic and irreversible. Second, he recommended to his readers that the way to deal with technology was not to resist or analyze the new machinery but merely to serve it.

> Electromagnetic technology requires utter human docility and quiescence of meditation such as befits an organism who now wears its brain outside its skull and its nerves outside its hide. Man must serve his electric technology with the same servomechanistic fidelity with which he served his coracle, his canoe, his typography and other extensions of his physical organs.

McLuhan concludes his argument with the suggestion that the new electric technology will end man's alienation and usher in the final stage of social history:

> . . . previous technologies were partial and fragmentary and the electric is total and inclusive. An external consensus of conscience is now as necessary as private consciousness. With the new media . . . it is also possible to store and translate everything; and, as for speed, that is no problem. No further acceleration is possible this side of the light barrier.

In *Understanding Media* and *The Medium Is the Massage,* McLuhan appropriates the ancient dreams and motifs of the American imagination to legitimate the world as electricity. "The computer, in short, promises by technology a Pentecostal condition of universal understanding and unity . . . The condition of weight-

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lessness that the biologists say promises a physical immortality may be paralleled by the condition of speechlessness that could confer a perpetuity of collective harmony and peace." In his latest books McLuhan has made a decisive move from the strategy of diagnosis, analysis and resistance to the myth of the electrical machines. We are presented with a modern and disguised version of the utilitarian notion of the "invisible hand of providence." Now it is the invisible hand of technology that is leading us, if we may appropriate the language of Teilhard de Chardin, to some "omega point" outside history where "everything has risen and converged." As McLuhan puts it: "The aspiration of our times for wholeness, empathy, and depth of awareness is a natural adjunct of electric technology. There is a deep faith to be found in this new attitude—a faith that concerns the ultimate harmony of all being."

This passage into the seamless web of the electrical eden in which the ego is absorbed into technology is not here yet. Like every mythopoetic movement, the moment is just ahead. Moreover, that the faithful will recognize the signs of progress, the principle that things always get worse before they get better is adopted: just prior to electrification, centralization and the division of labor increase. But the revolution is around the corner; the social capsule is about to open and the new society will emerge phoenixlike from the ashes of mechanization. Much of McLuhan's appeal resides in this poetic alchemy whereby the disorientation of our society is interpreted as a sign of progress. It is also a mythopoetic mask that not only bespeaks an indifference to the realities of economic and political power but, more important, is a mask for the continued exercise of that power under the guise of electronic togetherness. Is this not what Hegel meant by false consciousness?

This false consciousness is best defined in terms of the polar opposites of myth and powerhouse suggested by the literary critic Philip Rahv. By myth is meant the cherished dream of a blessed past or future utopia of felicity and grace. By powerhouse is meant the overwhelming dominion of technology as a force creating speed, productivity and wealth. The rhetoric of the electronic revolution collapses the dialectical tension between the dimen-

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sions of myth and powerhouse; it propagates a *myth of the powerhouse,* and its appeal resides precisely in its resolution of contradictions and conflicts between old dreams and ideals on the one hand and new facts and forces on the other. Marshall McLuhan and other prophets of the electronic revolution are prime figures in popular culture because the visionary sensibility they proffer weds a theory and practice that has historically shaped American culture and politics.

The bias of American politics and modern societies, as Harold Innis demonstrated in his studies, is one that places a premium on the control of space over vast distances and the utilization of space for commercial and power ends. This spatial bias is most pronounced in the efforts of the railroad, the space program and the communications system. In social planning the spatial bias is expressed in the destruction of old neighborhoods and villages that have an interlace of human association, historic continuity, and sense of place—factors that once gone are irreplaceable. The spatial bias represents an attempt to plan, ecologically and socially, for the control of space by technological devices. These plans invariably seize upon technology as both symbol and fact, and, consequently, America and other countries have successively hailed the canal, the bridge, the highway, the hydroelectric turbine and the computer as vehicles not only for communication and transportation but also for metaphysical voyages toward a new realm of possibility. It is in this context that the myth of the powerhouse is implanted into the pathways of theory and practice and acted out upon the real environment.

In *Brooklyn Bridge: Fact and Symbol* Alan Trachtenberg has shown how poets like Whitman and Hart Crane confused the fact and symbol of technology, composing verse hymns to ideals, which they then read into the tangible presence of machines and artifacts. "Walt Whitman," Trachtenberg writes, "failed to consider that the engineer could not open a path to nature without first taking an attitude toward the land and toward society that would very likely postpone the metaphysical passage to India." Trachtenberg also observes that Hart Crane in "The Bridge" tried to write a mystical synthesis of America whereby poetry itself

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might absorb and transform the disagreeable facts of industrial life. Both Whitman and Crane, as Trachtenberg notes, expressed disappointment and disillusionment at the end. He points out that Crane's aim was "to overcome history, to abolish time, and the autonomy of events . . . to show that all meaningful events partake of an archetype," that is, "the quest for a new world." Trachtenberg concludes that the failure of the poetic version of the rhetoric of the technological sublime was due to concrete and cultural realities: "A detached symbol," he writes, "whatever its roots in the psyche of the poet, is helpless against the facts of tunnels, cinemas, and elevators." Crane himself finally concluded that the bridge has "no significance beyond an economical approach to shorter hours, quicker lunches, behaviorisms and toothpicks." The Brooklyn Bridge, on clear days, might still provide a panorama of the city, but it has not stemmed the urban crisis by either fact or symbol.

Recently, the Gateway Arch in St. Louis has been another example of an attempt to link by fact and symbol the East and the West and also the contradictory parts of the American dream. The arch was projected to commemorate the pioneers of the Westward migration with the inspirational figures of Thomas Jefferson and Lewis and Clark. At the final dedication ceremonies in 1968, Hubert Humphrey, then Vice President, credited the archway with the power to move those who merely came in contact with it. He called it "more than a symbol, a living memorial which evokes in those who stand before it" the determination "to wipe out every slum" and "to mend every flaw by living up to the arch."

Although Humphrey had been an unabashed advocate of "energy for abundance" through electrical power projects and intimately associated with the policies of the Great Society in the expansion of technological America, he made the effort to reconcile conservation with technics, and quality with quantity:

> Let the Gateway Arch stand, thus, as a symbol of America's determination to have beauty with utility, quality with quantity, and humanity with progress . . .
>
> . . . None will leave this site without a renewed sense of the elemental qualities of beauty. Whatever is shoddy, whatever is ugly,

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whatever is waste, whatever is false, will be measured and condemned by this new standard of excellence . . .

. . . There is room in America for the highway and the wilderness. America is vital enough to earn the dollar and help the dream.

We can compare two Republican versions of the rhetoric, one that ushered in the century, another that opened the seventies. In September, 1901, President William B. McKinley attended the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo and there spoke on the material and moral progress of America and the world, "the triumphs of art, science, education, and manufacture which the old has bequeathed to the new century." In assessing the technology arrayed at the exposition McKinley stated:

Modern inventions have brought into close relation widely separated people and made them better acquainted. Although geographic and political divisions will continue to exist, distances have been effaced.

Following this invocation, McKinley suggested that a new age had been brought about when developments in communication and transportation would serve not the cause of war and adventure but commerce and peace:

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was not a mile of steam railroad on the globe. Now there are enough miles to make its circuit many times. Then there was not a line of electric telegraph; now we have a vast mileage traversing all lands and all seas. God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other. And as we are brought more and more in touch with each other, the less occasion is there for misunderstandings and the stronger the disposition, when we have differences to adjust in the court of arbitration, which is the noblest forum for the settlement of international disputes.

McKinley concluded that out of the exposition might come for all peoples and nations not only "greater commerce and trade" but also "mutual respect, confidence and friendship" which would "deepen and endure."

On the next day McKinley was shot by Leon Czolgosz, who not only was unmoved by the rhetoric but also was an anarchist embittered by the less inspiring aspects of industrial life. Moreover, the visions of commerce and peace projected by McKinley foun-

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dered on continued international conflict and economic instability. The expansion of American investment in the western hemisphere often precluded the Pan-American solidarity symbolized by the exposition, while the annexation of Spanish possessions involved America in international affairs ultimately as a protagonist in World War and Cold War.

McKinley's paean to a new century was echoed in Richard Nixon's recent State of the Union message which ushered in the seventies. Nixon adapted the old commonplaces to the newest concern, the environment, and created another frontier to be tamed by technology:

> The 1970s will be a time of new beginnings, a time of exploring both on the earth and in the heavens, a time of discovery. But the time has also come for emphasis on developing better ways of managing what we have and of completing what man's genius has begun but left unfinished.

In order to forestall suggestions that the problems of ecological reform would involve any limitation upon the American powerhouse, Nixon admitted that an argument is often advanced that there exists a fundamental contradiction between economic growth and the quality of life, "so that to have one we must forsake the other." He reassured the Americans that "vigorous economic growth" would provide "the means to enrich life itself and to enhance our planet as a place hospitable to man."

It was Nixon's predecessor, Lyndon B. Johnson, who in our times has best exemplified the rhetoric of the technological sublime in American political culture. His Administration provided a case study in the mistakes resulting from an attempt to substitute machinery and technique for political action in domestic affairs and diplomacy in foreign policy.

The figure of L.B.J. and the imagery of the Great Society were set against a background of conflicting attitudes toward past and future. In a 1966 documentary, "The Hill Country," Johnson portrayed himself as a man of rural electrification, reclamation of the land and Jeffersonian agrarianism. William Shannon concluded after seeing the documentary that the real L.B.J. embodied the antithesis of conservation, populism and rusticity. The cameras

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did not show the oil wells, high financiers, television holdings and political operators characteristic of Johnsonian Texas.

In his Ann Arbor convocation speech in May, 1964, Johnson announced that:

> The Great Society is a place where . . . the city of man serves not only the needs of the body and the demands of commerce, but the desire for beauty and the hunger for community. It is a place where man can renew contact with nature.

The trouble with the Great Society was as much in its formulations as in its flounderings, for it did not question the assumptions of a technological society but sought to pursue contradictory desires. The conquest of space, a recurrent motif, was not only accepted but accelerated without thought to cost or priority. The thought that community could be created, that men could renew contact with nature, simply by providing public housing and additional acres of recreation and parkland, was merely a reduction of ideas about "quality" and "style of life" to spatial arithmetic.

In 1966 Robert Kennedy, expressing dissatisfaction with both the New Frontier, which he helped to formulate, and the Great Society, attempted to define, however vaguely, a conception of democratic community beyond technology:

> . . . the destruction of the sense, and often the fact, of community, of human dialogue—the thousand invisible strands of common experience and purpose, affection and respect, which tie men to their fellows. It is expressed in such words as community, neighborhood, civic pride, friendship. It provides the life sustaining force of human warmth and security among others, and a sense of one's own human significance in the accepted association and companionship of others.
>
> . . . Nations or great cities are too huge to provide the values of community. Community demands a place where people can see and know each other, where children can play and adults work together and join in the pleasures and responsibilities of the place where they live. . . . Yet this is disappearing—and disappearing at a time when its sustaining strength is badly needed.

While the rhetoric of the electric revolution can be pierced by study of its historical development, it can even more clearly be punctured by the analysis of contemporary events. For the sup-

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posed trinity of sublimity in electricity, of decentralism and naturalism and harmony, is sharply exposed by exactly opposite trends in American industry and policy. Indeed, it is more centralism, pollution and conflict that are brought to the fore by the new technology and its applications. Electric power generators, television networks and computers systems are used in fact to augment and extend the spatial bias and controls of the powerhouse society.

In *The Computer Age and Its Potential for Management* (1965), Gilbert Burck of *Fortune* magazine disputed the prophets of decentralization in corporations and other institutions and demonstrated that the reverse process takes place under computerization of decision making:

> . . . just as the cable and wireless once brought farflung and quasi-autonomous ambassadors and proconsuls under home-office control, so the computer is now radically altering the balance of advantage between centralization and decentralization. It organizes and processes information so swiftly that computerized information systems enable top management to know everything important that happens as soon as it happens in the largest and most dispersed organizations.

Far from decentralization, Burck concluded, computers and automation have "generated what appears to be nothing less than a pervasive recentralization." The recentralization has been brought about not only in corporations and industrial plants, but also in government.

In the Pentagon and the State Department, the computer and other technological instruments have undercut the conduct of traditional international activity. The United States has virtually abandoned an important interest in diplomacy and a trained consular corps to carry on foreign relations. The criteria of the diplomat, the definition of national interest and other permanent realities of history and geography, have been supplanted by the errant effort to program policies in data banks; also, extravagant technical aid projects and jet-stops by high officials on worldwide tours have been substituted for diplomatic action.

Short of the constant threat of "accidental" nuclear war by a radar misreading or a defect in missile guidance systems, there is no more obvious example of the errors reinforced by the mystique

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of the computer and other electronic machinery than the Vietnam conflict. In the Pentagon and the State Department, the technical approach, in complete contrast to the politics of diplomacy, could not perceive basic factors of ideology, nationalism, ethnic and regional differences—historical forces that could not be overcome simply by computer planning, electronic surveillance of hostile elements, and electrification of the Mekong basin and of rural areas. The "pacification" and "strategic hamlet" programs were evaluated by computers that could not simulate the entire Vietnamese experience. One Defense Department spokesman recently complained that there was an "inundation" of data that actually operated against sensible decisions.

Vietnam was also an attempt to test what General William Westmoreland called "the automation of war." The "electronic barrier" across the D.M.Z. projected by Robert McNamara to stop infiltration of troops did not succeed, and military officers complained that it tied U. S. forces down during a mobile, shifting war. Further, it was expected by Lyndon Johnson that his co-optation of a proposal to electrify the Mekong Valley like an Asian T.V.A. and to install "security lights" in villages under R.E.A. auspices would both win the sympathy of the Vietnamese masses and stop Vietcong night operations. Indeed, the rhetoric of Lyndon Johnson and his Administration on these issues reveals a complete mesmerization by the mystique of computers, hydroelectric turbines, and electronic eyes, which was followed into terrible and tragic commitments of disastrous proportions.

Another example of the projection of electricity and technology by Americans into foreign affairs was the proposal of Lewis Strauss and Dwight Eisenhower to deal with the Middle East crisis by installation of electric power and desalination plants. This suggestion was taken up by the Johnson Administration and various liberal Democrats in Congress on the notion that the drama of technology and the prospect of prosperity would overwhelm the differences between Israelis, Palestinians and Arab states. Golda Meir and Israeli officials, however, were embarrassed by plans to inject this into the foreign aid appropriations because it would detract from Israel's military priorities. The Arab response is

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somewhat similar, since neither side thinks, as American policymakers suppose, that nontechnological issues can be managed by technological devices. Ultimately, it is politics and not technology that must solve such crises.

The second illusion about the electric revolution is that it would be inoffensive to the environment, that there might even be a creative marriage of ecology and technology at some point. This illusion has been propagated in part by mistaken intellectual theorists, but it has been most exploited by the very industrial polluters who profit from the postponement of enforcement of antipollution regulations. The Edison Electric Institute enjoins Americans to "live better electrically" because, they say, "total electric design offers new comfort, cleanliness, efficiency." Consolidated Edison announces that "nuclear power plants don't make smoke . . . produce electricity more economically . . ." for "around the clock power." General Telephone and Electric suggests: "We're making nights safer by making lights brighter." To ward off criticism of pollution and disruption, Consolidated Edison also changed its slogan from "dig we must" to "clean energy." And American Telephone and Telegraph projects a both ethereal and "folksy" image by urging us to "Get together with our communications consultant soon . . ." and by assuring us that "Communication is the beginning of understanding."

Yet the tremendous increases in public demand and usages created by advertising and engineering of the electric power and communications industries entail destruction of the landscape and pollution of the natural and human environment. In *Urban Choices,* Roger Starr observes that, "The most pervasive airborne waste with which the cities must contend is the waste produced by electric generation." But "the one option they lack is cutting down their total power requirement or even stabilizing it," since the engineering officers and advertisers "spend their days thinking up new devices to increase the urban dependence on electricity." The alternative is to generate power outside the population centers, but this involves the pollution of the countryside and its air and water, and also the use of remaining land to implant giant power lines. The main response of the utilities companies has

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been to construct "ornamental" power plants and lines, request more plant sites, and project solutions into future safety devices and perfected nuclear generators.

As scientist Sheldon Novick shows in *The Careless Atom,* however, there is not yet any assurance that a safe and peaceful atomic energy can be expected. Still, the Atomic Energy Commission and the electrical industry try to obtain new reactor plants despite the resistance of the public and of state officials and congressmen to these questionable installations. The various safety devices for more conventional energy sources, meanwhile, have proved less than perfect, especially owing to the vast increase in electrical power generation and demands. New methods and market demands are in fact constantly created without any regulation so that no stop is put to the spiral of power pollution.

Questions of personal safety and environmental aesthetics have also not been adequately answered. The radiation hazard in color television sets was rationalized by Mr. E. W. Henry of the Electronic Industries Association as an "isolated incident," despite the severely limited checking procedures of the federal health service inspectors and the industry itself. The *carte blanche* given to electricity in the American city has also created a "neon wilderness" (as Nelson Algren called it) of enormous signs for commerce at the cost of urban sensibilities. The neon sign business, of course, also involves demands for more and more power to serve the commercial calculus, but without regulation and intensive limitation.

Recently, Senator Edmund Muskie told a publisher's conference in Chicago:

> As always, men and women will lash out against the obvious threats to their health and well-being. They will attack nuclear power plants and oil refineries, paper mills and automobile factories, tanneries and steel mills . . .
>
> . . . Our technology has reached a point in its development where it is producing more kinds of things than we really want, more kinds of things than we really need, and more kinds of things than we can really live with; the time has come to face the realities of difficult choices.

Nonetheless, the solutions offered to environmental problems

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often contain the seeds of further problems. The proposals for the electric and also the steam car, for example, are flawed. The electric car will require the generation of more energy and therefore pollution to charge its batteries. It will also vastly reimburse the giant utilities companies for their expenditures, and reinforce the existing economic monopolies and their powers. The controversial steam engine automobile may involve fewer pollutants and safety problems, although the rhetoric of its proponents sounds very much like that of the celebrators of the locomotive and steamboat of the last century. But it still would not solve the problem of excess traffic implicit in the American romance with cars.

The least dramatic, most serious problem posed by electric and electronic technology of communications and transportation, however, is its erosion of organic cultures and cultural institutions. The space-binding bias of the television networks, to a very large extent, is to disregard in tone and coverage local and regional developments and to ignore the cultural diversity of ethnic groups and nationalities. This creates what might be called the dilemma of the many silent minorities in America, particularly the key role and legitimate interests of the European ethnic blocs in the urban crisis. Moreover, the interests of the electronic communications complex preclude any support by it for certain significant cultural and political changes.

In terms of communications policies, the United States is now committed to an enormous expansion with great international ramifications and repercussions. The rhetorical component of these policies is expressed in the various documents published by the Carnegie Commission on public television, the Ford Foundation on broadcasting, and the United States review panel on communications policies. Invariably, these papers reflect a spatial bias toward the focus and scope of communications media and an elitist bias of cultural *noblesse oblige* toward the receivers and subjects of the media within the United States. They also reflect a drive for American hegemony over the growth of world communications. At the present time, as Professor Harry Skornia has pointed out in *Television and Society,* the electronic means of communication are controlled by and concentrated in corpora-

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tions, and this in turn reflects the dominance of the industrial powerhouse over the rest of American life. The media function as implicit instruments of socialization and social control forming patterns of consumer behavior and an audience of passive spectators. The language of TV as a public service suggests that cultural needs and deficiencies will be compensated for by more programming when in fact that programming primarily transmits the bias of the corporations and foundations that finance and direct it.

Professor Herbert Schiller has recently documented, in his book on communications and American empire-building abroad, that the content and equipment for broadcast systems in new nations is almost entirely owned, leased or sold by U.S. interests. The Rostow communications review panel indicated that the government might go even further than the corporations and foundations by sponsorship of a single new monopoly under some form of government supervision to handle telegraph, telephone, radio and television. The panel, whose chairman was Eugene V. Rostow, then Undersecretary of State for Political Affairs, delivered a report to Lyndon Johnson that mirrored the common American cult of communications-for-communications'-sake. Referring to Comsat, the communications satellite, Chairman Rostow stated: "It holds no ideological goal except that it is good to communicate efficiently . . . seeks no diplomatic advantage . . . Here is a rare opportunity to join in an activity to bring benefits to all nations and loss to none . . . Nothing could better symbolize the truth that space belongs to all men, than an international undertaking that permits the free flow of communications . . ."

The rhetoric of electronic open-endedness, however, closes on a frankly political key: "Our nation is in a relatively poor bargaining position on communications matters with foreign counterparts since we do not speak with a single voice. Defense communications in the future could be subjected to delay. Are we making the best use of the electromagnetic spectrum?"

There are, of course, dangerous political implications in the review panel proposal with its formulation of a new megamonopoly. More fundamental American attitudes are reflected in the belief that technically efficient communications are good, that

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space has social symbolism, that conflicts of ideology and interest can be surmounted by technology. The larger significance of electronic technology of communications nonetheless resides in its capacity for explicit ends, such as commerce and military use and powerhouse purposes.

In *The Accidental Century,* Michael Harrington has assessed the overall implications of the new communications media in its effects upon the dream of a social democracy in America and Europe as well: "In such a massified society, the countervailing capacity of the voluntary organizations has been either diminished or reduced to zero . . . Mass communications played an important role in the process. They tended to standardize reactions, to root out the particular world view of the neighborhood or the plant and to impose a tame, 'nationalized' way of thinking and feeling upon the people."

The American romance with technology, and the attitudes and behaviors it nurtures, has also been summed up by the historian William Appleman Williams: "America's great evasion lies in the manipulation of nature to avoid a confrontation with the human condition and with the challenge of building a true community."

Lewis Mumford, in his moments of disillusion with the idea of utopia, has also recorded the mirages and evasions associated with the myth of the powerhouse. Mumford has suggested that Americans felt that the "problem of justly distributing goods could be sidetracked by creating an abundance of them . . . that most of the difficulties that had hitherto vexed mankind had a mathematical or mechanical . . . solution." Beyond quantitative solutions we need, Mumford has written, "a conception of what constitutes a valid life . . ." What has to be challenged, he observes, "is an economy that is based not on organic needs, historic experience, human aptitudes, ecological complexity, but upon a system of empty abstractions" such as power, mobility and growth. The very value system of the powerhouse society, Mumford submits, has to be undermined: "The problem of quantity, the problem of automatism, the problem of limitless power, which our very success in perfecting machines has raised, cannot be solved in terms of the machine."

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Around the world, however, there has been a pronounced trend to place science in the role of secular religion and to accept technological determinism. In *The Failure of Technology,* Friedrich Juenger wrote that technology has become the *real-metaphysik* of the twentieth century. Juenger noticed that the perfection of technology involved the exhaustion of nature and natural resources and the reduction of man and the human scale. The perfection of technology would be in contradiction to human and natural survival. The predicted "finale" of technical evolution involves a contradiction and is necessarily "utopian because [it proposes to] combine what cannot be combined."

Such intellectual warnings have proved to be no competition to the "rhetoric of the technological sublime." Contemporary popular culture and the contemporary heroes of youth exude electrical metaphysics as the new religion. John Lennon, doyen of the "hip" generation, speaks directly to the faith:

> Yes, I believe that God is like a powerhouse—the place where you keep electricity, like a power station. And that he's a supreme power, and that he's neither good nor bad, nor left, right, white or black. He just is. And I believe that we tap that source of power and make of it what we will. As electricity can either kill people in a chair or light a room. I think God is.

At the root of much of this mythic thinking about technology resides an essentially primitivist argument. In reviving the ancient drama of the "dialectic of the middle way," modern technophiles have allowed an interesting twist of some anthropological importance to creep into the script. The scene or setting for the drama of the mechanical sublime was Nature into which the machine was absorbed and humanized. The setting of the modern drama is now technology itself, which has absorbed nature and, mysteriously, taken on all those qualities formerly attributed to nature. The new rhetoric is bathed in electrical images of communion and association, peace and serenity, integration and wholeness. As sociologist Paul Meadows put it: "Electricity [provides] a new technological base . . . [which] promises to make possible a personalized society, in which whole human beings participate as significant persons, not simply as spe-

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cialized functionaries, in the situations of collective living." Now it is the person, the human self, who is the outsider, the intruder, who is to be restored by being absorbed into technology.

The appeal of this electrical drama represents a surfacing of a deep mythopoetic prompting of the self, albeit a prompting with many political uses. Ernst Cassirer, the late German philosopher, observed that man's discovery of himself as a symbol-making creature, alien to the natural world, was a tragic discovery, a discovery of human isolation. To heal the breach between man and nature, primitive man identified his life with that of nature and particularly its animal inhabitants. As Joseph Campbell has suggested, the problem of primitive societies tied closely to nature was to become linked psychologically with primitive forces. Through acts of imitation, totem worship, ritual and mime, persons identified the life rituals of birth and death with the rhythmic and seasonal movements of nature. They thereby humanized the scene of existence and brought foreign forces under spiritual control.

The environment of modern man is not nature but technology. Still the same desire and necessity to be linked symbolically to the environment is present. This linkage is forged by attaching biological rhythms to industrial ones, by modern forms of totemism and by producing equations between man, nature and technics. In *Attitudes Toward History* Kenneth Burke observed that the tone of awe that permeated the discussions of electricity following the New York power failure of 1965 led him to believe that "if some new cosmic radiation entered the solar system to make the performance of electricity a bit irregular as with the weather, urban populations would start praying for electricity as farmers pray for rain."

The identification goes deeper than that, however. From the onset of industrialism there has been a persistent attempt to create mechanical metaphors to describe the processes of bodily action and the mental process and thereby to develop a universal principle to explain all reality, human and nonhuman. When electricity replaced mechanics as the basis of technology, the principles of the new technology, as we have attempted to show, were adduced as the underlying "laws" of all reality—nature, man and society. Moreover, electricity particularly lent itself to this uni-

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versal identification for, unlike mechanical power, it is a mysterious force, unseen, which apparently resides in the very atmosphere, and leaps into action at a touch. Electricity has been regularly seen as a divine force, expressing the secret of life, somehow transcendent, not artificial, and related to the sun and solar power. It is therefore seen as natural and social, ancient and modern, and as providing a unique and providential bond between man and his environment.

McLuhan's prose, in particular, invokes this primitive mythology. In *Understanding Media* and his more recent work, man enters a symbiotic relationship with technology; he becomes an analogue of the machine, possessed and controlled, invested with the properties of computers and electronics. His body is characterized as an extension of technology, and his mind as a complex, electrically charged computer. By such verbal alchemy men are identified with technology, and the breach between man and machines is symbolically healed.

We are suggesting that there is a deep, primitive mythology invoked in the appeal of McLuhan and others of his school: the universal desire of the self to be organically connected to his environment. This connection is always symbolic rather than empiric. With the substitution of technology for nature as the actual environment of man, the primitive dialectic is reenacted but now in a process by which electrical technology is humanized and man electrified. As McLuhan has said: "The new media are not bridges between man and nature; they are nature."

While the identification of man and his environment is always a principal task of mythology, what one must question are the political uses and psychic effects of such identifications. Ironically, McLuhan once understood this. In *The Mechanical Bride* he quoted the lines from Joseph Campbell we have just paraphrased and followed that quotation with these comments:

> It is the same annihilation of the human ego that we are witnessing today. Only, whereas men in those ages of terror got into animal strait jackets, we are unconsciously doing the same *vis à vis* the machine. And our ads and entertainment provide insight into the totem images we are daily contriving in order to express this process. But technology is an abstract tyrant that carries its ravages into deeper

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recesses of the psyche than did the sabertooth tiger or the grizzly bear . . . As terrified men once got ritually and psychologically into animal skins, so we already have gone far to assume and to propagate the behavior mechanisms of the machines that frighten and overpower us.

McLuhan has since recanted on his own observations in order to support the "new commonplaces" of corporate America. The identification of electricity, mind and divinity, however, knows no particular political or intellectual affiliation. Maxwell Maltz uses the same electrical metaphors to promote "psycho-cybernetics" and restore the flagging optimism of the traditional middle classes. Maltz promotes electrical language as the key to success and happiness and insight into the universal mind. It is but a step from Maltz to McLuhan's belief that through electronics we will bypass not only literacy but language itself and approach a state of speechlessness, wherein by mind reading and direct participation in the totality of knowledge we shall enter a "perpetuity of collective harmony and peace." But the linkage of electricity, extrasensory perception, mind reading and instant unmediated communication is a standard offering in the tradition of utopia. In the nineteenth century, Edward Bellamy developed the notion of thought reading in a short story entitled prophetically "To Whom This May Come." The story describes a lost race of mind readers and their "power of direct mind-to-mind vision, whereby pictures of the total mental states were communicated instead of the imperfect descriptions of single thoughts . . ." Bellamy developed the utopian possibilities of mind reading for a "Religion of Solidarity":

> But think what health and soundness there must be for souls among a people who see in every face a conscience which, unlike their own, they cannot sophisticate, who confess one another with a glance and shrive with a smile! Ah friends, let me now predict, though ages may elapse before the slow event shall justify me, that in no way will the mutual vision of minds, when at last it shall be perfected, so enhance the blessedness of mankind as by rending the veil of self, and leaving no spot of darkness in the mind for lies to hide in. Then shall the soul no longer be a coal smoking among ashes but a star set in a crystal sphere.

In *Looking Backward,* Bellamy contemplated a revolution in

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the human condition by an intensification of psychic awareness. He described the change as an "indistinct revolution more radical than if it had been political." Using the metaphor of electricity, he describes a state of cosmic awareness, a bypassing of communication, a loss of self and direct unmediated participation in the totality of life and knowledge.

The phenomenon to which Bellamy refers we would call today, following Teilhard de Chardin or Julian Huxley, the noosystem or noosphere: the belt of organized intelligence that encloses the planet and the biosphere. For Huxley this is "a single pool of common thought greatly helped by modern means of communication [which] is putting an end to parochial inhibitions." From this Buckminster Fuller believes that there will emerge a "dynamic, electronically articulate, constant world democracy referendum whose computer integrated voice and evolutionary wisdom will be stunning . . ."

Because electricity propagates visible and audible messages by invisible means, there is a persistent attempt to link it with an extrasensory and wordless world that can be entered in an unmediated way. There is also the parallel belief that electrically propagated knowledge floats above the biosphere on gossamer wings, providing a curtain of heaven for the human scene.

Such dreams merely confirm the consistent American strategy for responding to industrial realities and reveal again the contradictory dreams of American intellectuals. The American character since early in its history has been pulled in two directions and has been unable to commit itself to either. The first direction is toward the dream of the American sublime, to a virgin land and a life of peace, serenity and community. The second direction is the Faustian and rapacious, the desire for power, wealth, productivity and universal knowledge, the urge to dominate nature and remake the world. In many ways the American tragedy is that we want both these things and never seem to respect the contradiction between them. The dream of the American sublime has never been used to block the dream of American power primarily because the rhetoric of the technological sublime has collapsed the distinctions between these two directions.

As a result, America has allowed technology and the urge for

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power unrestricted room for expansion. Americans have also tried to insulate themselves from technology's more destructive consequences by projecting a zone, a spatial place, outside of and independent of the destructiveness of industrial society. Nature, the first such zone, was naïvely seen as impervious to the force of machine technology. It remained the middle landscape, the zone of peace and harmony. When nature fell before the powerhouse center of society, the zones were made metaphysical: new tribes, world communities, omega points, cosmic states of consciousness.

The theme of the electronic revolution today continues ancient attitudes of American popular culture and serves up contradictory messages to the American public. For American communications and electrical goods industries, the rhetoric of the electronic revolution provides a rationalization of the *status quo* and a legitimation of the purposes of the new technology. For the mass public, the rhetoric resuscitates those themes of a sublimity that contain the contradictory desires of the American imagination.

In the early stages of industrialization, American popular culture looked back at the receding landscape that was celebrated in popular science, art and literature, the preindustrial world, the world of nature and the folk. Now—with nature unknown, the landscape lost, family displaced, with history a mere echo—modern man, still unable to endure the present, turns to the future, away from the world that was to the world that might be. As science fiction replaces—in literature, story, song and cartoon—the world of the frontier, the pastoral haven, the pristine village, so too the popular intellectual marketplace replaces odes to the world of Nature with paeans to the world of Technology. In this Disneyland of the mind, the same audience queues up, but the main attraction is no longer Frontierland but Tomorrowland. McLuhan's exploitation of this postindustrial metaphor does not signal the rejuvenation of American social thought but, given our present difficulties, its exhaustion.

What, then, is the responsibility of intellectuals concerning the electronic revolution?

We submit that it is not the convocation of a Vision '80, a Mankind 2000 project or a congress of futurologists. The history

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of the theory of "neo-technic utopia" reveals that an intellectual involvement in elaboration of plans for the application of technology has been an inadequate approach. These attempts have failed because the bias of electric power and communication is antithetical to dispersed use and small-scale control.

The promotion of the illusion of an "electronic revolution" borders upon complicity by intellectuals in the myth-making of the electrical complex itself. The celebration of the electronic revolution is a process whereby the world of scholarship contributes to the cults of engineering, mobility and fashion at the expense of roots, tradition and political organization. As Harold Innis pointed out, the demise of culture could only be offset by deliberately reducing the influence of modern technics and by cultivation of the realms of art, ethics and politics. This requires action to counter and direct rather than disguise the bias of the electronic revolution; it means cultural and qualitative checks rather than more quantitative definitions of the quality of life; it requires defusing the humanistic from the technological instead of offering a contradictory image of humanized technology.

Obviously, the electronic revolution cannot be managed by purely literary strategies, by creating images of the antisublime, or "black humor" allegory, or by creating new zones of romantic isolation and innocence. Yet this is precisely the profession of Orwellian science fiction and confrontation-protest techniques. These are neo-luddite activities that bespeak a belief that apocalypse is upon us and that only a symbolic crusade, "wounding the Pentagon," or exorcising bad Karma, can save us. Like the electronic revolutionaries, antitechnologians suggest that we are living in a new age unlimited by previous history, politics and technology. They merely reverse the mythology about the electronics powerhouses. In a faulty response, they seek illusory mirages, reprogrammed sensibility, a chemical pastoral, a politics of style. By bypassing the steady work of scholarship and politics, this engagement in intransigence, resistance and electric circuses only Americanizes the "myth of Sisyphus." Paranoia about mass media and a sense of powerlessness are the simplistic obverse of the *mythos* of the electronics. The stance of powerlessness debilitates and means more powerlessness.

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In *Player Piano,* Kurt Vonnegut predicted the ultimate defeat of any neo-ludditry in his "America in the Electronic Age." As his would-be counterrevolutionaries proclaim: "Those who live by electronics die by electronics." "We'll rediscover the two greatest wonders of the world, the human mind and hand . . . walk wherever we're going . . . And read books, instead of watching television . . ." But the new ludditry fails to offer alternative ways of life. Consequently, the technological imperative expands into new domains despite the protest.

There is another *zeitgeist* of irrelevance that tries to set up special locations and insulations, literal human reservations, where electronics can be mastered and tamed by secular prayer and imagination. In B. F. Skinner's *Walden II* and Huxley's *Island* a merger of folklore and futurism takes place on the artificial plane of utopianism. In Huxley's words, "electricity minus birth control plus heavy industry equals totalitarianism, war and scarcity," but "electricity plus birth control, minus heavy industry equals democracy, peace and plenty." This is the type of *new* commonplace that renames manipulation as rehabilitation, technocratism as humanism, *et cetera.*

We advocate that intellectuals deal with realities and speak to the living concerns of the populace rather than escape from politics or return to folklore. At present, it is incumbent upon us all to resuscitate what remains of a universe of discourse, political language and democratic vocabulary. Already, our conceptual and perceptual capability has been bombarded and our moral dimensions denuded by the mythology of technology and the folklore of a past idyllic.

The first task is to demythologize the rhetoric of the electronic sublime. Electronics is neither the arrival of apocalypse nor the dispensation of grace. Technology is technology; it is a means for communication and transportation over space, and nothing more. As we demythologize, we might also begin to dismantle the fetishes of communication for the sake of communication, and decentralization and participation without reference to content or context. Citizens now suffer in many areas from overloads of communication and overdoses of participation. We should address ourselves directly to the overriding problems: the uprooting of people

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from meaningful communities, and the failure to organize politically around authentic issues. Thus, functional participation and geographical decentralization cannot solve problems in government, factories and schools that are constitutional and not merely mechanical. The political questions are not centralism versus decentralism but democratization; not book versus computer in education but an adequate curriculum; not representative versus participational institutions but the reconciliation of immense power and wealth with the ideals of liberty and equality. It might be that real control over electronic media will necessitate more formal centralism. The point is really a pragmatic one in the nonphilosophical sense of the word.

To reduce the twin delusions of technics and myth, we must convey these concerns to the public. Intellectuals should demonstrate the relevance of scholarly integrity and rationality by critical studies that can reach an audience in sympathetic terms. The focus should not be negativistic but in favor of the values of the arts, ethics and politics where man finds fulfillment. As Perry Miller put the matter in his eloquent essay on "The Duty of Mind in a Machine Civilization": "We may say without recourse to romantic isolationism that we are able to resist the paralyzing effects upon the intellect of the looming nihilism of what was formerly the scientific promise of bliss . . . millions of Americans, more than enough to win an election, have only vague notions, barely restive worries, as to the existence of any such enmity . . . Upon all of us, whoever we may be, rests the responsibility of securing a hearing from the audience . . ."

That hearing must be secured in a language of democracy that is demythologized and in which political words are again joined to political objects and processes. At least this seems to be a responsibility for formation of "a party of the mind."

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PRINTS BY FOUR NEW YORK PAINTERS

Helen Frankenthaler
Jasper Johns
Robert Motherwell
Barnett Newman

The prints reproduced on the following pages were selected from one of the exhibitions of contemporary prints presented by the Metropolitan Museum of Art for its centennial celebrations.

Universal Limited Art Editions published the prints by Miss Frankenthaler and those by Mr. Johns, "First Mezzotint" by Robert Motherwell, and "Untitled Etching No. 1" by Barnett Newman. Mr. Motherwell's "Untitled," for proposed book of poems by Richard Huelsenbeck, was made with Emiliano Sorini, and Mr. Newman's "Untitled" at Pratt Graphic Art Center.

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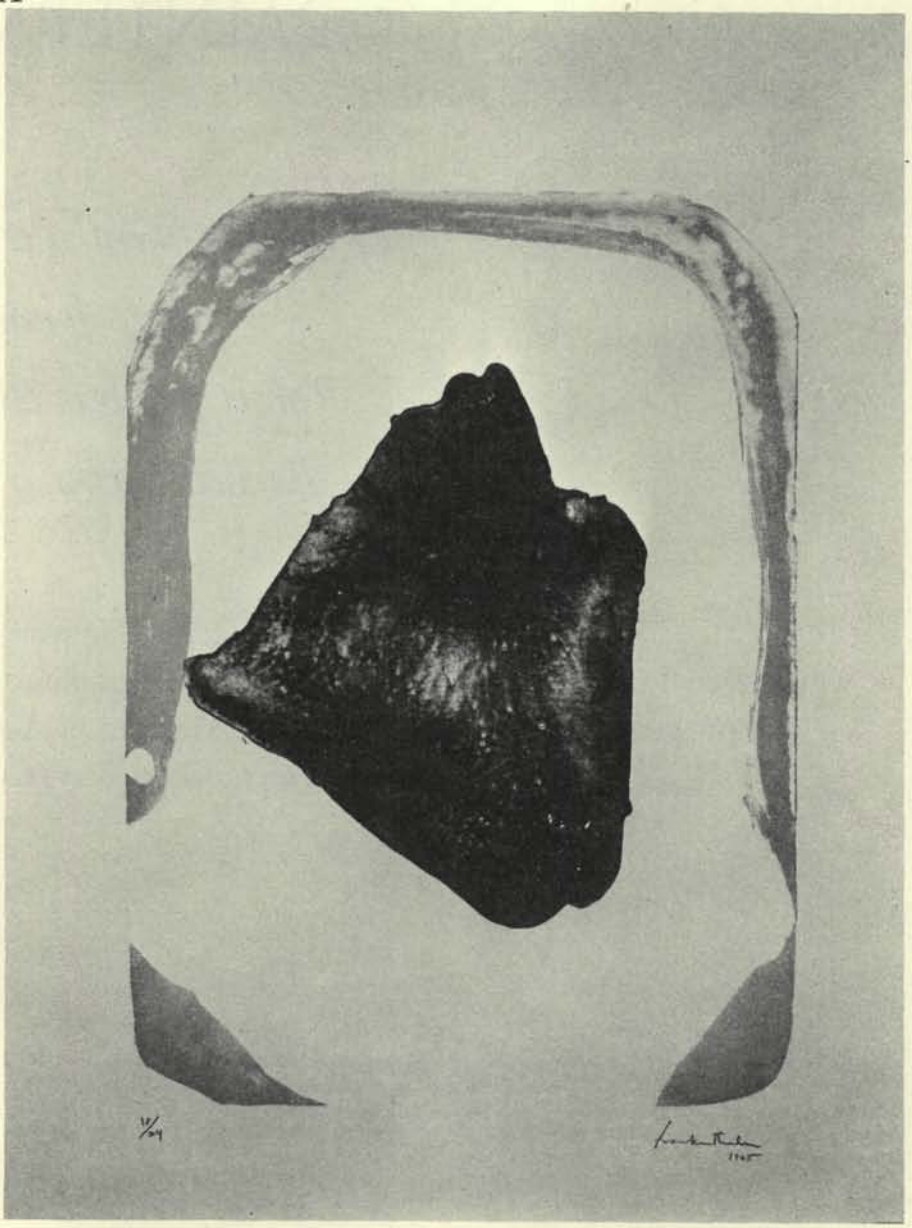
Helen Frankenthaler

A *Orange Hoop,* 1965, color lithograph, 25½ × 20.

B *Southwest Blues,* 1969, color lithograph, 23¾ × 18 7/16.

A



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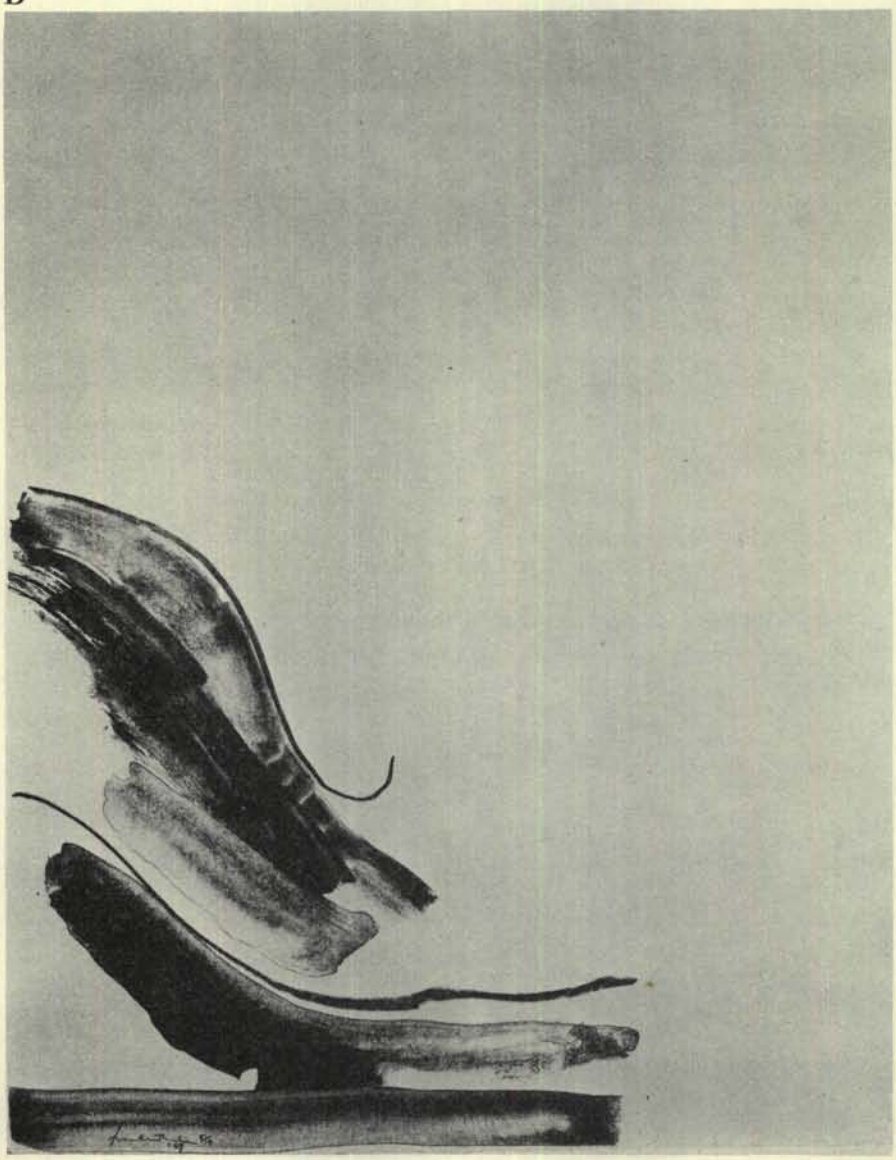

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Jasper Johns

A *Light Bulb,* 1966, lithograph, 19 × 24.

B *Watchman,* 1967, lithograph, 36 × 24.

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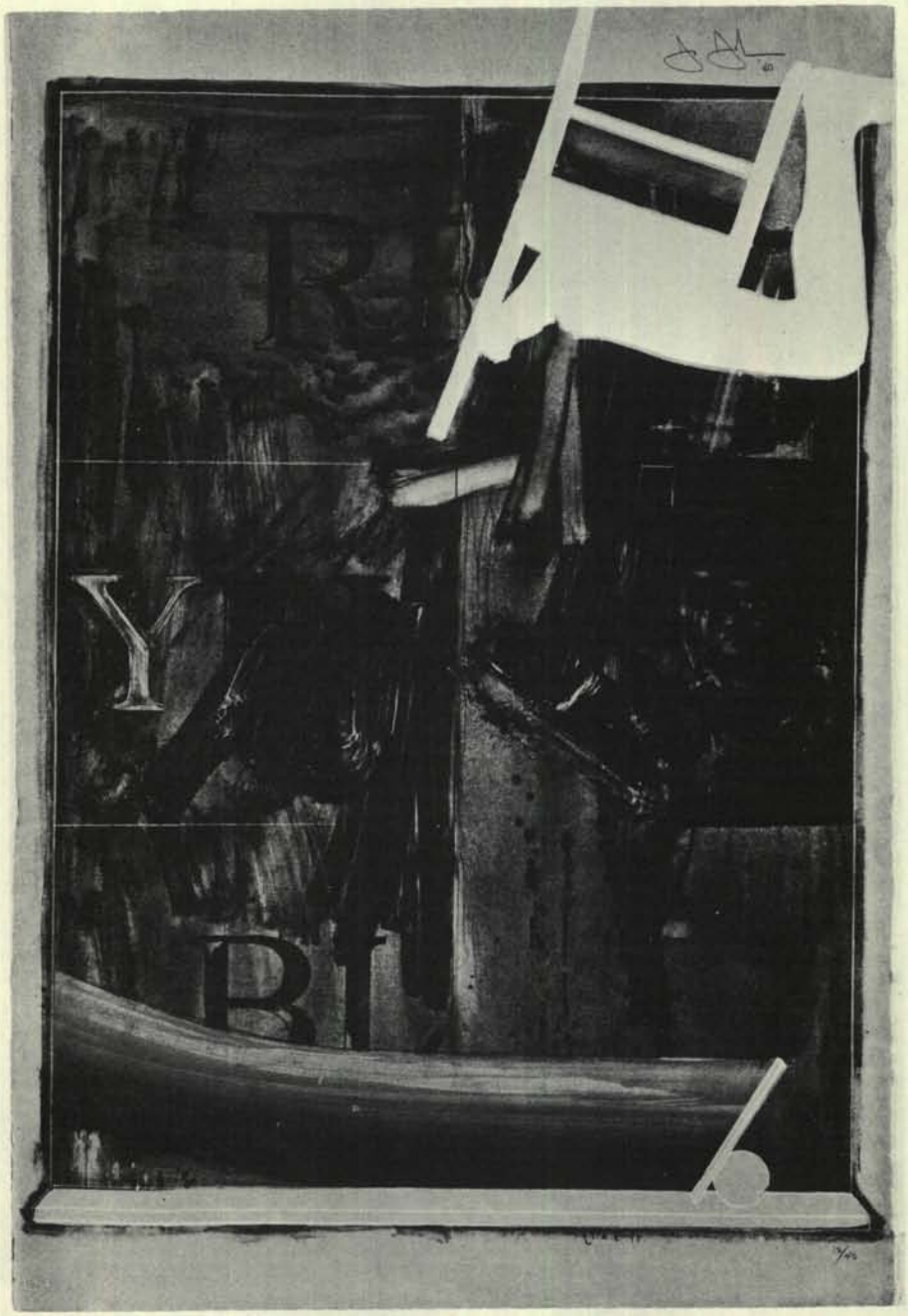

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Robert Motherwell

A *Untitled,* 1966, for book of poems by Richard Huelsenbeck, aquatint, $29\frac{13}{16} \times 22\frac{1}{8}$.

B *First Mezzotint,* 1968, mezzotint, $22\frac{1}{4} \times 14\frac{7}{8}$.

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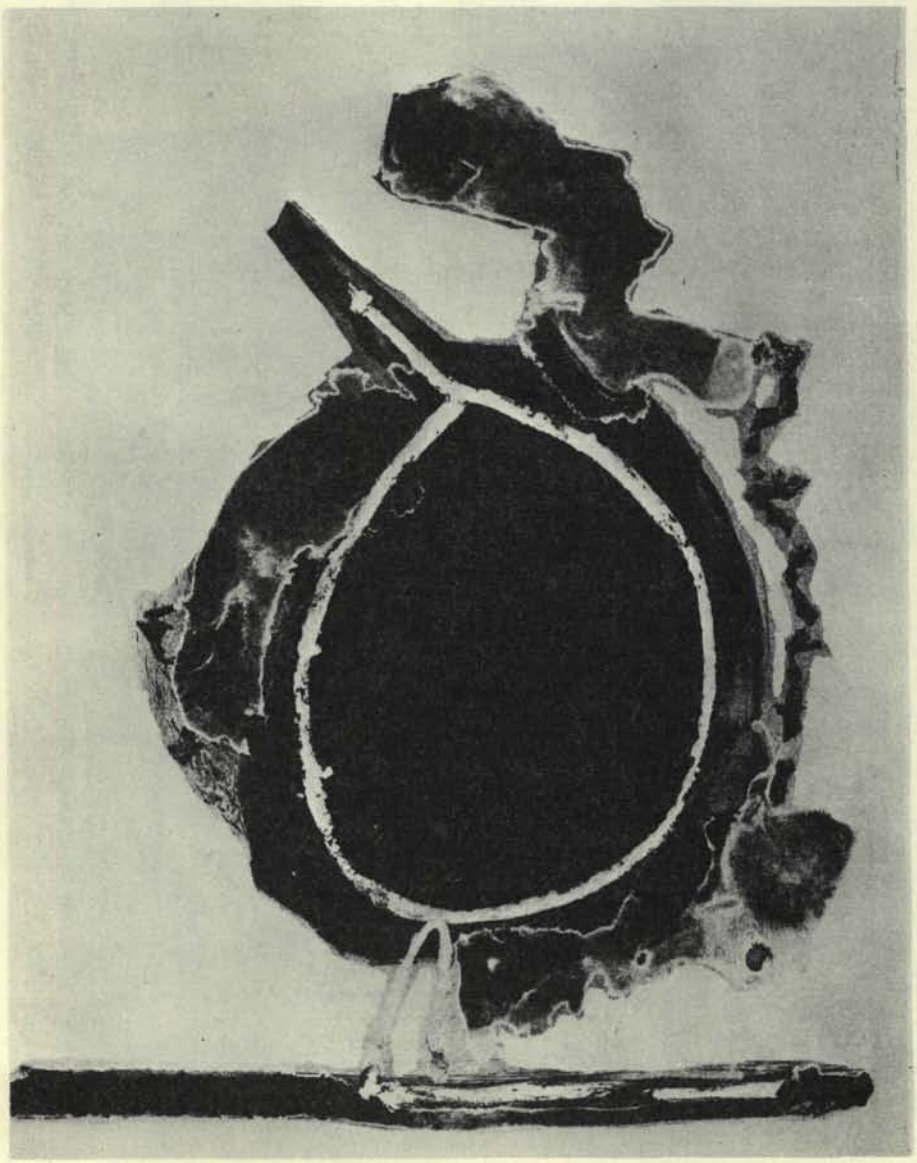

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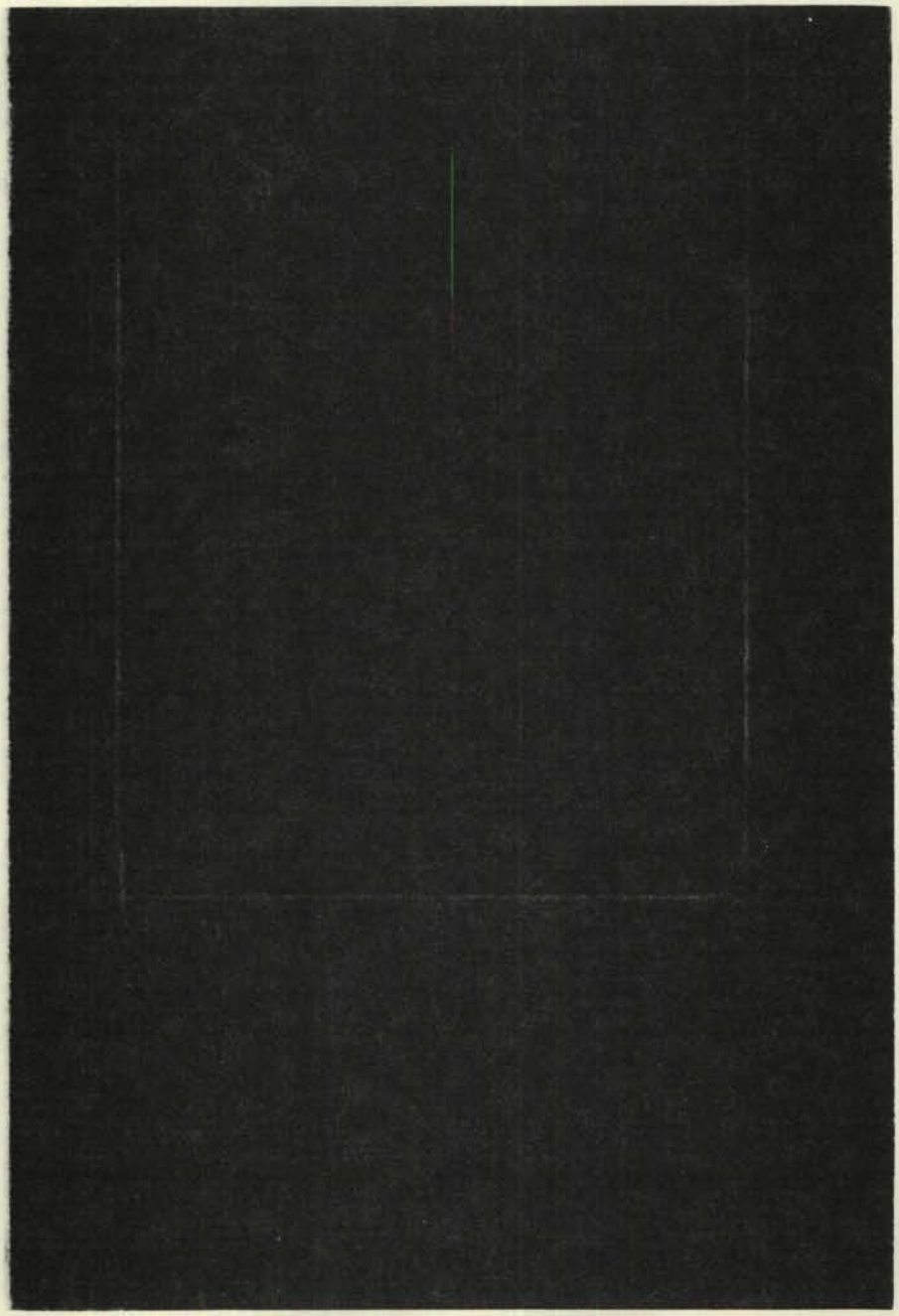

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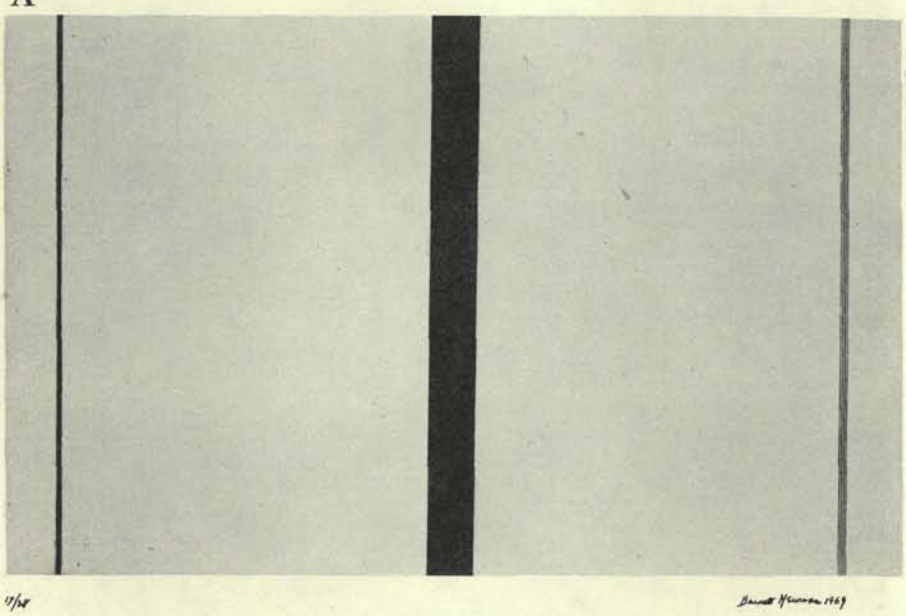
Barnett Newman

A *Untitled Etching No. 1,* 1969, etching and aquatint, 22½ × 31⅓.

B *Untitled,* 1961, lithograph, 30 × 22⅛.

A



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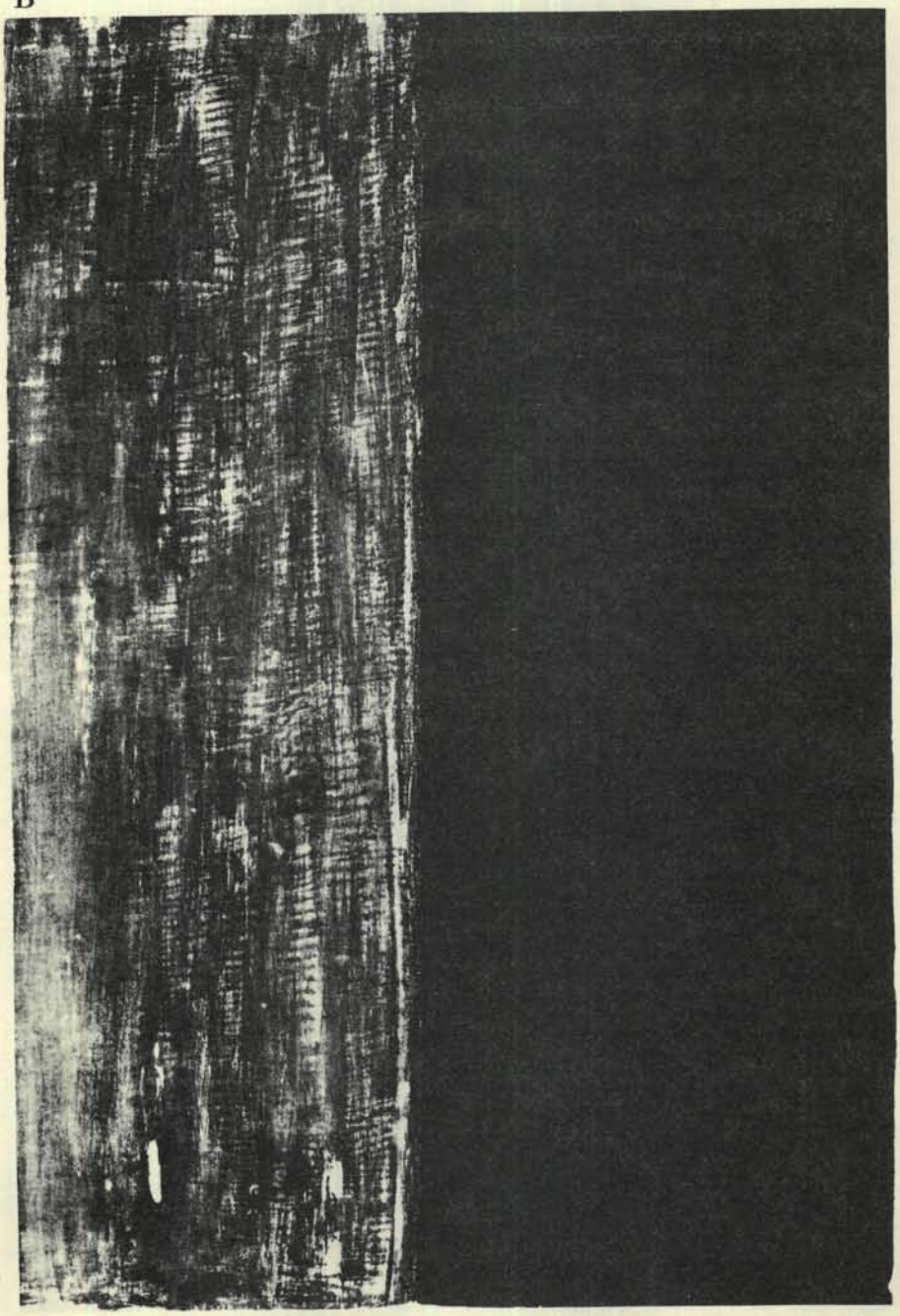

Barnett Newman 1964

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Above the Arctic Circle

DONALD A. SMITH

Reveille . . . Reveille.

6:30 a. m. The calm but commanding voice coming from the ceiling over my head insists on an answer. I try to picture the speaker in my mind's eye: probably in his early twenties, dressed in khaki, his face bearded, slightly stern, the symbol of his rank and service the tiny emblem on his shirt collar. He is likely to be a graduate of the academy and, although science, especially the science of the sea, is a part of his training, his mind is indubitably on something more important at the moment—breakfast.

Reveille . . . Reveille.

The voice seems perceptibly sharper, as though at the other end of the wire the young man, knowing I am unmoved, is zeroing in on my special corner of the Chief's quarters. I am one deck below the main deck on the starboard side, immediately below the Ward Room, my upper bunk a bulkhead removed from officers' country aft. The Chief Petty Officers below and around me have heard the voice before and lie unmoved, subconsciously awaiting some other more compelling stimulus. It strikes me as strange to hear merely the word "Reveille." But I have no time to pursue the thought as I am jolted into full awareness of this very important occasion. I am about to enter another world—and I don't want to be late.

The Morning Meal Is Now Set in the Ward Room.

7:00 a. m. The ship is the Coast Guard cutter *Southwind,* a Wind Class icebreaker on duty in the Arctic. She is 269 feet long with a draft of 29 feet. The top of her mast is 131 feet above the waterline. Her six diesel engines drive two propellers, each seven-

✪ DONALD A. SMITH, director of off-campus education at Alderson-Broaddus College in West Virginia, was a member of the 1969 International Ice Patrol Glacier Survey of the west Greenland glaciers north of the Arctic Circle.

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teen feet in diameter. Two single-turbine helicopters sit on the hangar deck inside the telescoping, red aluminum hangar. The *Southwind* stores enough supplies to provide for her two hundred officers and men for as long as six months. Her three-quarters of a million gallons of diesel oil will carry her more than thirty-eight thousand miles. She has two antiroll tanks to increase stability while underway in open water. If locked in the ice, she has a heeling system that pumps 170 tons of water in ninety seconds from one side of the ship to the other, causing her to roll back and forth while breaking free. She has sailed both in Arctic and Antarctic waters: hence her motto, "The Top and Bottom of the World."

First Call to Morning Muster.

7:50 a. m. Originally commissioned by the Coast Guard in 1944, the *Southwind* was assigned wartime duties in the Arctic before being sent to Russia under the Lend-Lease Program in 1945. Five years later, the icebreaker was returned to the United States and taken over by the United States Navy, until transferred back to the Coast Guard in 1966. She has made four polar deployments since. In 1967 she served as an escort and oceanographic research vessel along both coasts of Greenland. In November of the same year, she sailed to the Palmer Peninsula of Antarctica in support of the construction of the U. S. scientific station on Anvers Island. Her next voyage was the joint annual resupply of McMurdo Station and Scott Base. Her assignment also included construction of the Heard Island tracking station in the South Indian Ocean, and a courtesy visit to the East African nation of Tanzania. Journey number four has brought her to the present. It is 8:45 a. m. on Thursday, August 14, 1969. This is point Alpha, 63° Longitude and 76° Latitude, Gade Glacier on the northwest coast of Greenland. I am a member of the Coast Guard's 1969 International Ice Patrol Glacier and Oceanographic Survey. It is a cool, cool world.

The ship is dead in the water. In the Ward Room, Commander Ronald Kollmeyer, the Field Party Chief, is briefing the scientific party. Standing at his side is the Assistant Field Party Chief, Lt. (jg.) Vincent Whitcomb. The group includes four scientists from participating organizations, two Coast Guard Oceanographers from the Washington, D. C., Unit, seven cadets from the Coast Guard

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Academy, three college students and myself. Captain Robertson P. Dinsmore, the Principal Investigator, has recently become the Chief of the Coast Guard's Marine Sciences Division and has to remain behind in Washington with Melvin Light, the Cruise Coordinator, and Captain R. E. Lenczyk, who recently took over the command of the Oceanographic Unit. Overhead a helicopter, returning from the first observation flight, has whirled in over the stern against the wind. The Captain of the ship, Edward D. Cassidy, enters the Ward Room. The Commander is speaking.

Two landing parties will go to a small island off the first glacier and set up their transit, theodolite and portable laser range finder no more than ten thousand meters from all points of the terminus. They will determine the station location by triangulation on geodetic control points and establish a Coast Guard International Ice Patrol bench mark. They will then map the glacier front by angles and laser ranges, measuring the heights of the glacier front and the sizes of recently calved icebergs. Meanwhile, the *Southwind* will record iceberg distribution around the glacier and in the fjord, while the helicopters are obtaining oblique and vertical photos of the glacier front. Later, the photographs taken on board the ship and from the helicopter will be compared with those obtained from an overflight made days earlier by a camera-equipped Coast Guard HC 130, the same plane that had flown us from Washington to Thule, where we had met the ship.

During the five hours that the landing parties are ashore, observations will be taking place in the fjord. Ice and iceberg distribution and movement will be recorded. Sill and basin depths will be determined. Water temperatures will be taken inside and across the entrance to the fjord. Nansen casts will be made at stations chosen by the Field Party Chief. Bottom samples, cores and underwater photographs will be made at selected stations. Biological forms will be removed from the bottom samples and preserved. Current meter observations will also be taken. The record of iceberg density and distribution will be added to an overlay of the navigation chart maintained since the 7:15 p.m. sailing the night before, and will be turned over to the Coast Guard's Oceanographic Unit, together with other data from the expedition. The Sonic Sounding Program—Track Chart, Echo Sounding Trace and

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Sounding Log—will be submitted to the Oceanographic Office of the U. S. Navy.

This cruise is the second in a planned series of annual expeditions to the coast of Greenland to determine the number of icebergs calved from the major glaciers, survey the glacier fronts, and study the environmental conditions affecting the discharge and drift of icebergs from the parent glacier. Last year, the Coast Guard cutter *Eastwind* visited the major glaciers from Jacobshavn to Northeast Bay. This time, the *Southwind* would concentrate on the area between Upernavik and Kap York. In 1970, the glacier and oceanographic survey would continue north of Thule, where Baffin Bay streams between Greenland and Ellesmere Island. The Coast Guard expects to continue the three-year cycle, returning periodically to research the glaciers and fjords.

With the sinking of the Titanic in 1912, the world turned its attention northward, to the frigid spawning places of the terrible "ice castles" that loom up in the shipping channels of the North Atlantic. Seven-eighths of their mass lies hidden below the surface of the sea. The International Ice Patrol has been under the direction of the Coast Guard since its inception in 1913. By 1928 it had confirmed the glacier origins of the icebergs, and by 1935 twenty-one of Greenland's major iceberg-producing glaciers had been identified. The average annual production rates for these glaciers were calculated, and successive stages of glacier front advance and retreat were determined. So successful were its earlier efforts that Congress in 1961 passed legislation permitting the Coast Guard to conduct its research anywhere in the world.

Most of Greenland's 840,000 square miles are covered by an ice sheet, a continental remnant of the million-year-old Ice Age that ranged as far south as St. Louis, Missouri. The tremendous weight of the 700,000 square miles of ice has formed the earth's crust, 10,000 feet beneath, into a gigantic saucer. Snow, continually falling in the interior, accumulates until the layers compress into a compact mass of granular ice that "flows" away from the snowfield, following the preglacial river valleys to the sea. The whole of the interior of the continent is covered, except for an occasional rocky peak, or nunatak, jutting up near the perimeter. The glacier's rate of flow will vary according to its route, the size of the

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ice reservoir, and the weather. The Jacobshavn Glacier pushes out sixty feet of ice per day. For other glaciers, a rate of one hundred feet per day is common. The record is held by Storström Glacier, which once moved 5,610 feet in a single year.

A glacier is a crystalline solid that acts like a liquid. No one knows exactly how it moves. One belief is that the grains of ice act as mechanical units and slide over each other. Another theory suggests that molecules of water are liberated under great pressure, serving as a lubricant between the grains of ice. Study has shown that under certain conditions the ice actually becomes plastic. The glacial flow from the margins of the Greenland ice sheet is probably the result of extrusion—a downward compression of the ice reservoir, resulting in the horizontal movement of ice away from the snowfield. When the glacier reaches the edge of the land, it will continue to follow the submerged channels, finally breaking off in the form of icebergs far out in the fjords.

The northwest coast of Greenland is barren and desolate, largely uninhabited, except for a few trading centers and hunting settlements. Ice and snow cover almost everything but the gneiss and granite rocks of the archipelago. A few birds move in the stark island landscape. Not a tree grows anywhere, not a bush, hardly a blade of grass. The debris left by receding glaciers is a random scattering of rubble, trapped and carried in the ice from unseen hills and valleys below. An occasional flower, miraculous bloom, wastes itself in utter isolation in the Arctic landscape. It is a land of too little or too much. The midnight sun shines unceasingly for four months during the summer, or it shines not at all as the gloom of winter descends for four months of murky night. There are stories of the violent firn winds that blast off the glaciers, but for the duration of the expedition there is good, even superior weather.

Up, Late Sleepers.

9:00 a. m. The oceanographic team is readying the core sampler and the Nansen cast. Martin Bourkland, oceanographer from the U. S. Navy, Marine Science Technician Danny Allen, U.S.C.G., and Ronald Schultz, the marine biologist from the Bu-

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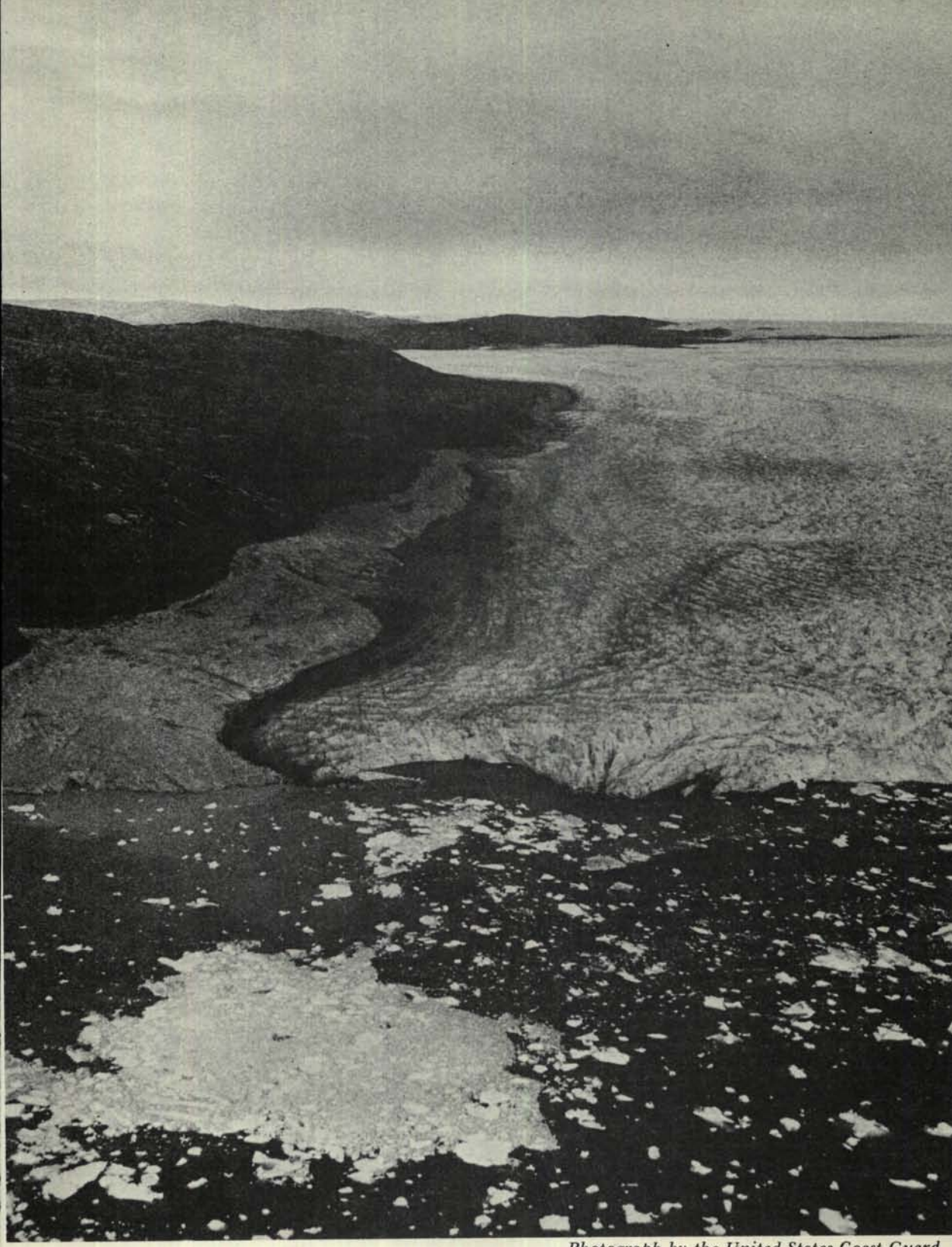

Photograph by the United States Coast Guard

Glacier Terminus and Fjord.

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reau of Commercial Fisheries, have been given permission to contact the bridge during the final phase of the ship's approach to the glacier. Locations for the oceanographic stations and bottom samples will have to be determined from the echo soundings in each fjord. If a major sill is found, the ship will navigate the ridge. These are relatively unknown waters and the charts indicate little of what lies beneath.

The sill is the threshold of the fjord, a terminal moraine marking the farthest advance of the glacier. The terminal moraine consists of rock ranging from huge boulders to "rock flour," a paste made up of powdered rock. The erosive power of the moving glacier is tremendous. Rocky debris, trapped between the bottom and the ice, is dragged over the rocky terrain, causing an abrasive action that grinds everything to dust. Momentarily at rest, the glacial ice attaches itself to rocky outcroppings, which are torn apart when the ice starts to move again. Later, the accumulated rubble may be deposited along the edges of the glacier to form the lateral moraine, work its way through the ice to form the ground moraine, or pile up at the point of farthest advance as the terminal moraine.

The meltwater coming out of the terminus of the glacier at the head of the fjord forms a stream of freshwater that flows seaward along the surface, accompanied by a layer of saltwater beneath, which moves in the same direction. Colder seawater rushes in over the sill and up the fjord to replace the outgoing layers of water, setting up a current in the basin. A layer of warmer still water hugs the bottom of the basin. In order to determine what is actually happening to the water currents, Nansen casts and Expendable Bathythermograph probes are made. The dissolved oxygen and salinity tests of the water samples in the Nansen bottles will identify the currents.

The XBT is an expendable thermometer attached to a stylus in the oceanographic laboratory on the starboard deck—by means of a hair-thin copper strand. When the thermometer is cast over the side, the changing temperatures of the various depths are recorded on a moving graph, giving an accurate picture of the fluctuating temperatures between the surface and the bottom. A second wire, unwinding in the ship's wake, allows the thermometer to fall vertically at a known rate, in spite of the forward move-

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ment of the ship. When the cartridge hits the bottom, the wire breaks and the diagram is complete.

A Nansen cast consists of a series of bright yellow metal canisters strung along a steel cable at prescribed distances from the bottom. Each canister contains three reversible thermometers and an inner reservoir for the containment of water samples. When the bottles are hung in place, a sliding series of steel weights triggers a mechanism at the top of the bottle and causes it to turn over, releasing another weight that slides down the wire, tripping another bottle, and so on. The flipping over of the bottle allows a water sample to be collected, and locks in the temperature at that depth.

After the cast is retrieved, the bottles are hung in racks in the laboratory. The temperatures are read from each of the three thermometers, coded, and sent by wireless to Washington, where they are fed into a computer, corrected, and the results radioed back to the ship. The water sample is divided into three segments, one bottle used for the dissolved oxygen analysis, a second for the salinity test, and the remaining sample quick-frozen and shipped to Washington for later determination of inorganic nutrients.

Veteran scientist of the 1969 International Ice Patrol is David Potter, III, an engineer and glaciologist. Potter's early involvement in aviation led him to Greenland for the initial construction of the airfield at Thule. He has visited the world's major ice fields, and has lived for a time with the Eskimos. He is a member of the Explorers Club and is a participant in the expedition on behalf of the Foundation for Glacier and Field Research in Washington, D. C. The foundation is also represented by Louis Miller, a graduate student at Michigan State University in East Lansing, where he is majoring in geology. When he was stranded in the Alaskan ice fields by a ski plane with a faulty engine, Miller walked the thirty miles to the nearest settlement on crampons. He was able finally to catch a plane that got him to Washington in time to join the expedition.

The *Southwind* also has a training mission. Seven cadets from the Coast Guard Academy are along for field experience in oceanography and glaciology. They represent the academy's first class in oceanography. Standing watches in the oceanographic labora-

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tory and assisting the survey parties ashore, they are integrated into the daily routine of the ship and receive systematic indoctrination in every aspect of the operating departments.

Perhaps the most unusual members of the expedition are the college students. Three science majors—from Drexel Institute of Technology, Alderson-Broaddus College and Virginia Polytechnic Institute—have been employed by the Oceanographic Unit of the U. S. Coast Guard in Washington, D. C. They are under a program of cooperative education, a plan by which the students alternate terms of work with the Coast Guard with terms of study on their home campuses. They are trained in specific areas of oceanography and glaciology and assigned to sea duty as needed. Randal Mraz from Drexel is a sophomore biology major who participated in the underwater filming of the Wilmington Canyon in a 1968 project of the Coast Guard and the Smithsonian Institute. Joseph Boutwell, a senior physics major at Alderson-Broaddus in Philippi, West Virginia, was a member of the 1968 International Ice Patrol survey in southwestern Greenland. The third student, John Poland, is a sophomore and a geophysics major at V.P.I. This is his first field assignment. He will spend the fall term on the campus and return to Washington for the winter work-term. The coordinator of the cooperative education program is J. L. Kranke, whose office is in Coast Guard headquarters in downtown Washington.

Secure from Coffee Break.

It is 10:00 a. m. There is little thought for the coffee as the men line the decks for their first view of the glacier. The sun is bright and warming, the sky blue. Photographic conditions are excellent. Potter is recording our approach with a hand-held movie camera in the bow. Excitement increases as the size of the floating ice blocks grows continually larger. The smaller growlers give way to the bigger bergs. A massive block of tabled ice is looming up in the distance. It appears to be at least one thousand feet long. We are traveling approximately northeast. A chain of rocky islands is developing to the immediate south. Crystallized snow is spilling over the side of one jutting peninsula. The face of the glacier several miles away is becoming visible. The smaller

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floes are being pushed aside or overrun by the double hull of the icebreaker as we approach. One stretch of sea ice approximately two feet thick blocks our entrance to a relatively open area short of the glacier. The *Southwind* drives into the floating white crust, splinters it, slows, backs up and pushes through. The size of the flanking icebergs continues to increase, towering first above the decks, then over the bridge, and finally above the top of the mast. One huge, elongated iceberg blocks direct access to the face. The ship steers carefully around it and into position. The terminus of the glacier at last.

1:15 p. m. Gade Glacier. Both helicopters are out. The face stretches up at least one hundred fifty feet. There is an ice cave to the northeast that tunnels back under the terminus. The blue sky adds a luster to the reflecting ice. There is a discoloring ring along the face just above the surface of the water caused by the lapping of the tide. The edge of the glacier is streaked with ribbons of silt, and the constant sun has etched ragged, vertical seams that erupt at the top into jagged peaks. From a distance the surface of the glacier had the appearance of rows of ice walls marching in regular columns into the sea. Up close, the stress and strain of the pressure ridges and icefalls form individual ice sculptures that defy description, so fantastic are their forms. The enormous presence of the total mass dwarfs the imagination of every man who sees it.

Toward the end of the first afternoon, the oceanographic and surveying parties seem removed as they concentrate on the details of their first real responsibilities. The initial drag finds only a handful of mud in the catch. The weights do not trip on the lower bottles of the Nansen cast at 5:15 p. m. They are lowered a second time. The bottom bottle, 1,600 feet down, is covered with mud. The metal canisters are frigid to the touch, even though the surface temperature from the top bottle reads only 34°F. The top water sample tastes fresh. When the second bottom grab is brought up it is full of sediment. Samples rinsed from the clay-like ooze turn out to be worm tubes, small rocks, grassy tufts and tiny clam shells. The first photo-sled is lowered at 6:00 p. m. and twenty photographs of the bottom are taken with a cylinder camera and strobe lights triggered by a push-button on the end

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of a cable. The ship's doctor brings tweezers, the only piece of equipment forgotten in the throes of packing, and stays to probe into the bottom sample. The ooze is pulverized quartz, cold and greasy to the touch, and it has an odd smell. When the underwater camera is hauled up at 6:40 p. m., Ronald Schultz has trouble retrieving the aluminum rig because of the ice moving in around the hull of the ship. Several of the co-op students push the floes away with long poles until the camera is freed and the signal given to the winch operator to raise the rig.

During the evening critique at 7:00 p. m., Kollmeyer reports that everything has gone "exceptionally well." One laser range finder has a longer range than the other, requiring some juggling of the equipment for future field parties. The soundings indicate that Gade fjord is deeper than indicated on the available charts. The oceanographic work will have to move faster. Extra bench marks may be needed if time permits the surveying of additional glaciers. The valve on one of the Nansen bottles has been smashed when the canister was dashed against the hull by a growler on a retrieve. The expensive thermometers will be transferred to another bottle. Films of the bottom are still in the developer. Morning briefings will take place immediately after the return of the morning reconnaissance flight. Things are going well enough that we may complete two glaciers tomorrow.

Taps . . . Taps. Lights and Smoking Lamp Out in All Berthing Areas. Silence about the Decks.

10:00 p.m. Taps, I reflect, should be music, not a word.

Thus it began and so it continues, until, when the *Southwind* arrives in Thule on the morning of August 29th, the expedition has accomplished more than it had hoped. As the scientific party touches down at McGuire Air Force Base at 1:00 a. m. on Saturday, the 30th, and after the sound of the reversing jet engines has died, the final voice from the speaker above my head says gently, "Welcome Home." Everyone cheers. The International Ice Patrol has come home.

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Campus Rights and Responsibilities: A Role for Lawyers?

NATHAN GLAZER

ON EVERY MAJOR CAMPUS TODAY, law school professors play an increasingly important role in university affairs. This is true at Berkeley, Chicago, Columbia and Harvard. In the present circumstances—with powerful demands for reform in the governance of institutions, for new mechanisms for the discipline of students and faculty engaged in acts not previously envisaged in university rules and statutes, and with growing concern for individual and group rights—it is inevitable and desirable that lawyers should play an expanded role. And yet I look upon this new role with some caution, with some wariness, indeed with a certain skepticism.

My experiences with lawyers on this question go back to Berkeley in 1964. Until the beginning in that year of the disturbances that have become epidemic, professors from Boalt Hall, the Law School at Berkeley, did not play a particularly active role in most of the meetings of the Academic Senate. Once the Free Speech issue exploded, however, lawyers became central figures in its affairs.

First of all, they knew a great deal about the history of free speech and the interpretation of the First Amendment, so they were the first experts to be consulted on the issue of Free Speech itself.

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Second, they knew a great deal about the responsibilities and privileges of such organizations as public universities. A great deal depended on whether these were considered organs of the state, voluntary organizations, or something else in between, and we had to count on our faculty colleagues, the lawyers, for clarification of such issues.

Third, the lawyers began to serve as counselors to students who were called up before disciplinary bodies. In the past, these disciplinary bodies had generally acted, if not actually in secret, away from the eye of campus public opinion. But since political issues were now involved, those charged very often insisted on legal counsel, and Boalt Hall lawyers and students found themselves in the difficult position of representing students and of chairing the bodies that exercised, or rather attempted to exercise, discipline. They also helped develop procedures for these hearings.

Finally, as the feeling spread that a new system of government (or, as it came to be called when the matter became more serious, governance) was needed on the campus, lawyers again played a leading role, and a student-faculty commission headed by Caleb Foote of the Law School helped propose for Berkeley the most elaborate system of panels, courts, appeals and the like to ensure due process for students that I have ever seen proposed anywhere. Fortunately—and here I display my bias—it was never taken too seriously, and the report of the Commission on Governance at Berkeley has been, I believe, quite forgotten.

Nor is it only at Berkeley that lawyers have taken a leading role in campus disturbances. Michael Sovern played an important part in the events at Columbia. At Harvard, where the Law School is quite separate from the Faculty of Arts and Sciences and never meets with it, a distinguished professor of law, Milton Katz, was called in by the Faculty to chair the important special disciplinary body set up after the disturbances in the spring of 1969. A professor of law is president of the University of Chicago, and other lawyers there have also played leading roles in the response to student disturbances.

I appreciate, as does every faculty member, the guidance of

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lawyers on such matters as free speech, trespass, double jeopardy, due process. But on the whole I take the position that the introduction into the university of legal principles and practices drawn from the operations of the body politic and civil society would hurt rather than help the universities and colleges.

I rest this position on two main grounds. The first is that universities and colleges have distinct objectives, objectives that would be hampered by deploying, in the university and college setting, the full range of procedures and rights that we have developed to protect people against the state and its agencies. This is not an easy position to defend. The rights of consultation, participation, due process and formal voting are now being extended into more and more areas that most of us never thought of as suitable for democratic rules and procedures. Thus, in some of the community health clinics set up by the Office of Economic Opportunity, patients as well as doctors play an important role. In welfare, there is a demand that clients be consulted, and there are such consultative bodies in New York City and elsewhere. Certainly, if patients and welfare clients have expanded their power—even if not to a point of equality with doctors and welfare officials—there seems to be argument enough for more power for graduate and undergraduate students and junior faculty.

Yet there is no escaping the reality that the chief purpose of universities and colleges is the advancement of knowledge through research and teaching. This is no justification for arbitrary and irrational authority, but the advancement of knowledge seems to demand its own settings and its own rules, and these are not the same as those that the democratic process requires. When a lawyer whose principal concern is the defense of individual rights against local police departments, vigilante groups, local and state governments, the F.B.I. and a misguided Congress, comes into such a situation, both his model and his reflexes are wrong. His model is that of a conservative or reactionary or puritanical public body that imposes its will on defenseless individuals, using all the power of the state, and his reflex is to move heaven and earth to defend the individual. When one deals with state action, this is on the whole, I think, quite right, because against

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the power of the state, which can wreak such injustice on single individuals and groups, we must be eternally vigilant.

When we come to institutions with subtle and complex purposes, which require certain environments for attainment, I think the lawyers' orientation is inappropriate. The full array of individual rights, which should be paramount in the state, must be limited so that institutions with specific functions can carry them out. I think this is true in any distinctive institution with distinctive ends—a church, a business, a university. The university does *not* have state sanction, and even the argument that it can do terrible harm to an individual is exaggerated. I know of many students expelled from one university who gained entrance to another. I know of none who have been drafted because of expulsion, although some may have been. I have sat on various admissions committees in two universities, and any fragment of merit, in the present circumstances when there are so many universities and colleges and so many kinds of fellowships, is generally rewarded, even if an applicant has been expelled. Actually, only a few score of students in the entire country have been expelled for politically inspired disruption, and most of these by a single university, the University of Chicago.

This is not to say that, because universities have distinct and complex ends, they should be allowed to act with absolute and arbitrary power, with no intervention by the courts, or by individual lawyers defending an individual's rights. But I have seen very few examples of the exercise of such power; and what the case actually is must affect our judgment of the scale of action necessary to defend individual rights in the university. Very few students have been expelled, even though there have certainly been many actions by students that once justified such a response. After all, classes have been disrupted, many buildings on campuses have been burned and bombed, libraries have been intentionally damaged, and research notes destroyed. Academic punishments have been few and far between. The problem of arbitrary action by university authorities does not seem to me a serious one.

On the other hand, the effort to protect individuals, in the

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ways with which lawyers are familiar, from university authority can be harmful. It can mean, for example, that in many cases courts and open hearings, with all the paraphernalia that due process requires, would be substituted for the complex relationship between teacher and student.

Consider one area, the employment of graduate students as teaching and research assistants. At Berkeley I have engaged in negotiations with graduate students over the procedures by which they should be hired as teaching assistants. The choice of a teaching assistant, just as of a law clerk, is a subtle matter and not to be determined by negotiations that would lead to the establishment of superficially objective but really inadequate and arbitrary qualifications. It depends not only on grades and performance in class, but on a professor's judgment of how a student will handle certain material, how he will relate to undergraduates, whether he has problems with authority, how his political biases might affect his work in the course and the like. One can well see that if one let loose lawyers—that is, some lawyers—on such a problem they would come up with an ingenious Rube Goldberg solution involving panels, selections, appeals, arbitrations, *et cetera;* but I submit it would not be a better approach, and indeed I believe it would be much worse than the simple procedures we now use.

We can extend the example to other areas: examining graduate students, forming committees for theses, approving theses, recruiting faculty and granting of tenure and full professorships. In all these areas, a good deal of informality and even secrecy prevails. There are rules and determinations, but they are made by faculty, sometimes by tenured faculty alone or even by department chairmen (but in the leading universities this would only be done because the tenured faculty had decided not to exercise its rights in the area in question). One can think of many alternatives to these arrangements. For example, in various European universities, openings are publicly advertised; in some, appointments are preceded by formal public examination rather than, as is common in this country, by an informal meeting with the department faculty, and perhaps a presentation to the faculty

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and graduate students. Students are now being introduced, both in various West European countries and in this country, into various stages in these procedures. But I believe it is a great exaggeration to think that universities will be much improved by these changes—that is, that they will turn out better students, do better research, get better faculty, become more alert to current problems, less conservative and more flexible.

Do then professors in their wisdom always make the right choice? Of course not. But I don't know a better way to conduct the work of an educational and research institution than through the free choices of men qualified by their professional peers as members of a scholarly and academic fraternity. In Orthodox Judaism, rabbis are qualified when three rabbis say, You are a rabbi. In scholarship, Ph.D.'s are made when a certain number of Ph.D.'s, having set certain tests and qualifications that have been satisfied—and having the power, just as the three rabbis do, to waive whatever they feel is unnecessary—say, You are a scholar. I would not want lawyers and legal principles to interfere in that process. I think they would worsen it. My position is similar to Winston Churchill's on democracy: it's a terrible system of government, but it happens to be better than the others.

The weaknesses of the present system of university government are well understood—conservatism, slowness or inability to recognize the new and important, self-satisfaction and smugness, patronage and personal bias. And yet, despite this bias toward the known and against the new, there *are* academic changes and even revolutions that occur without the pressure of student disruption. Men measure themselves against their colleagues, in the present and the past, and institutions measure themselves, too. Everything of any merit, and a good deal without merit, in the social sciences gets recognized, and fairly fast—if not at Berkeley or Harvard, then at Santa Cruz or Buffalo, or some other aspiring institution.

Thus I do not see that the introduction of elaborate processes of selection, appeal, final determination and so forth would improve the selection of faculty. Nor am I convinced that one major

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change in universities that a number of critics favor, the elimination of tenure, would do much to change them. Would eliminating tenure actually change the reality that it is very hard to remove a man who has been in a position, with or without formal protection, for a number of years? This is, of course, as true in business or government as in universities and colleges.

There is one possibly important point that those who argue for the elimination of tenure often don't recognize. It is one thing for a new administrator to have the power to hire his own staff, and fire those who would stand in his way. Civil service restrictions on whom a new mayor or superintendent of education can hire or fire are generally too restrictive. But it is quite another matter when hiring or firing are in the hands of a colleaguial group, as is the case with faculty appointments. Then inevitably the responsibility for action is a group responsibility, and the power to remove an individual would certainly introduce an additional element of distrust and suspicion into groups that even today are often torn by faction. On the other hand, who would be for introducing the hierarchical principle, in which the superior alone selects his staff? For a group of faculty members is not a staff, but ideally—and often actually—a body of men of independent reputation and power.

Thus it is not easy to think of decisively better ways of faculty selection and promotion. Nor is it at all clear that the relationship between faculty and undergraduates, specifically in undergraduate education, needs new legal machinery, and a new distribution of rights and responsibilities. This is not to say that change should not take place, but a good deal of change has taken place, and I do not see at this point that an expansion of student power in this area would lead to a better process of change. Just as I have seen, during the twelve years or so in which I have been in colleges and universities, a good deal of change in graduate study, and in the bases of faculty selection, I have seen also a good deal of change in undergraduate education.

One of the explanations given for student disturbances at American universities is that there is a failure in undergraduate education and in the relationship between faculty and students.

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And it is often argued that what change we have seen in undergraduate education has occurred as a result of these disturbances. I would agree that a good deal of the change in recent years has been inspired by student disturbances, in actuality or in prospect. But I do not think that the failure of education or student-faculty relations plays much role in the student disturbances. If we look at the actual events, we find that political causes and issues lead to the disturbances. Indeed, there is not a single major disturbance, so far as I know, that can be ascribed to any *educational* issue. (I would consider the battle over Eldridge Cleaver's course at Berkeley primarily a political matter.) Robert Somers' recurrent surveys of student opinion at Berkeley show a still substantial, although declining, majority of students who think they get a good education at Berkeley (presumably even more would think so at Columbia or Harvard). The decline in the proportions of those who think they can get a good education has paralleled the introduction of various experiments and changes that were intended to improve education, such as a new experimental undergraduate two-year program, student-initiated courses, student-conducted courses, and the like. This decline in the number of students satisfied with education at Berkeley is clearly owing not to any "objective" decline in education, but rather to the steady heightening of political sensitivity, in the course of which students are taught to see administrators and faculty more and more as political enemies. Thus it is not the poor education that leads to the political revolt; it is the political revolt that leads more and more students to see the education as poor.

I have left aside the question of whether undergraduate education is good or adequate or responsive to change. Of course, it is not good enough or responsive enough. But it is surprising how often this is seen as the failure of a faculty that is too conservative or too involved in research, rather than as the result of enormously difficult and conflicting demands. For instance, it is not clear whether undergraduate education should be a "liberal" education for an "educated" man (in which case it is not at all clear what *this* should be), or training and education for

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a profession, or the induction of values that support a democratic society, or preparation for a more advanced level of education, *et cetera, et cetera.* Faculty must shoulder a good part of the responsibility for the failure of undergraduate education. (While I find the failure impossible to define, I am willing to accept that it has failed.) But so too must everyone else—students with conflicting expectations and demands, parents with the same, institutions that are unclear about what part of undergraduate education, if any, they should support or reward, and a society in which these confusions and uncertainties are projected on a larger scale.

American universities and colleges probably fail least in undergraduate education. When universities around the world have their uprisings and disturbances, one of the first things that most parties agree on is instituting something *like* the American university and college system—organization by departments, distribution requirements, major requirements, an undergraduate core, a relatively free choice of courses, smaller classes, more discussion. A bad system—just like democracy—but it's difficult to think of decisive improvements, and we do keep on making changes and experiments even without the pressure of student disorder.

One of the myths we have to fight against is that *no* changes occur without student disorder. This is simply not so. The innovative new campuses of the University of California were planned before the onset of university disorder. The plan for Hampshire College, the experimental Monteith College at Wayne State University, and other new colleges preceded student disorders, as did the program of freshman seminars at Harvard, credit in many places for advanced work done as an undergraduate, and numerous other changes. Admittedly, considerably more change has occurred since the onset of student disorder, less because students demanded it than because this was the one area in which response was possible. The university could not end the war in Vietnam, but it could introduce educational changes and give a greater voice to students in making these changes. Many of these changes are valuable. Some of them conceivably would

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have been instituted without student disorders. There was already considerable discontent with undergraduate education, even though there was no major constituency, student or faculty, that could force change. But many other changes were made simply to facilitate political activity of students on the campus. Whether this is a necessary or desirable change in undergraduate education depends in part on one's judgment about the desirability of the political viewpoint that radical students propagate as a result of these changes. Other changes, to my mind, involve an adaptation to the reality that many students are not interested in intellectual discipline, in any field, and want in their college years experiences of a different sort—they may be more interested in political organization and social action, in sensitivity training and intense personal relations. To make such experiences possible may be a valuable and necessary change, if we are to accommodate many thousands of students who are now in colleges and universities, although I think we could more efficiently provide for these experiences in other kinds of institutions. But it is hardly likely that these changes would have taken place as rapidly and on the same scale without the student disturbances.

Thus my first major ground for viewing with skepticism the entry of lawyers into the university on a large scale to define and protect rights and responsibilities is that I do not think universities will be improved thereby.

But there is a second major reason why I am unenthusiastic about proposals to change the distribution of rights and responsibilities on the campus, and this is the heart of the matter as far as I am concerned. What we have in the universities is not, as so many public figures are fond of saying, archaic and sclerotic institutions that are incapable of understanding what the youth are saying and of changing in response to their demands. What we have rather is a political struggle—one that on the whole pits students against faculty and administration, but that also pits faculty against faculty and student against student, even if the latter struggles are somewhat more muted and less sensational.

Lawyers understand that in a political struggle the issues are not only legal ones—issues of rights and responsibilities—but

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also issues of the distribution of power among certain interests and, even more, of the substitution of one ideological outlook for another. Many lawyers now seek to expand the rights of the poor, of welfare clients and of Negroes. In doing so, some operate within a traditional legal framework, and some more imaginatively and daringly outside it, trying, instead of only implementing and asserting established rights, to lay a foundation for new rights. Many such lawyers think of students as part of this complex of the underprivileged whose rights must be established, expanded and fixed in law. I think this is fundamentally in error.

The issue of student rights has come up not primarily because of defects in the institutions (although they do have defects) but because of a political revolution among young people in the way that they see the world, the role of capitalism and the military, the effectiveness of democracy and the character of America's place in the world. Views on these have undergone incredibly rapid and astounding changes in the last six or seven years. Two years ago, to wave the "Little Red Book" was a put-on, a year ago a dare, and today it is waved in dead seriousness. Five years ago, all the talk was of participatory democracy, and participation was really open to all. At the last convention of the S.D.S., it was pretty much back to "democratic centralism" again, and those of us with long memories know that has nothing to do with democracy. Five years ago, to use words like "imperialism" and "capitalism" marked you as a square, even if a left square. Today it is all the rage. I have referred, I know, to some rather far-out developments. As we know, more young people worked for Senator Eugene McCarthy and Representative Allard Lowenstein than are concerned with the rehabilitation of Joseph Stalin, and yet . . . don't underestimate the number or importance of the latter.

In such a situation demands are often purely tactical. Issues are sought for and created because of an initial conviction that society is rotten; the university is implicated by being associated with society; the faculty is corrupt because it works in the university; and the whole thing must be brought down. Even the Free Speech Movement, pure, innocent and fresh as it was, compared

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with many things that followed, thought very much this way. By the time the Movement got to Harvard, the issues hardly mattered, and the revolutionizing of potential cadres was everything. So, for example, when at Harvard students urged that the issue of R.O.T.C. be determined by a majority vote of the students, this was denounced by the radicals as "counterrevolutionary"—in just those terms. Following the antiparliamentary position in Marxism (which all the major leaders of the Movement fully avow), they naturally consider elections purely tactical maneuvers. If they advance the revolution, one is for them; and if they do not, one is against them.

It is an unfortunate thing when the truth sounds extravagant and hysterical; one is almost embarrassed to refer to it. But I believe we must overcome that embarrassment.

Now the civil rights and liberties lawyer, finding himself in this rather extreme situation and proposing elaborate approaches to due process and rights as a means of dealing with it, is not very helpful. In responding to a political movement, one must decide what the aims of the movement are, whether one wants to advance those aims, and what the effects of those aims will be. If one is convinced that those aims are to destroy the freedom of scholarship and teaching, this should certainly affect one's conclusions. Of course, in fighting those who wish to destroy freedom, one of the major constraints must be that one does not destroy freedom oneself. Here lawyers are helpful in explaining how the principles of due process are necessary to defend freedom. But when student radicals are quite explicit about their intention to make it impossible for those who disagree with them to teach, or to turn the campus into a recruiting ground for revolutionaries, then I think a primary emphasis on defining and protecting a new legal status for students is somewhat beside the point. The issues are, does one agree with the political revolution, has the university really served capitalism and imperialism, should it now serve revolutionary socialism, do objective knowledge and scholarship exist in the university, can they exist, should they be protected, do they matter, and so on.

I believe the issue is political, and of the kind I have de-

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scribed; but, unfortunately, most students do not. One reason is that, along with the political revolution, another revolution is taking place, a cultural one that cuts off young people from older people, makes them sympathetic with other young people who participate in this cultural revolution, and makes them open to the leadership and influence of radical students. This cultural revolution involves sex, drugs, music, hair and dress. Many students confuse their demands for freedom in these new cultural styles with the political demands of radical students. On the whole, the better-known universities and colleges are quite tolerant of these new cultural styles, even if parents, the police, and the outside communities are not, and they do their best to ignore the sex, drug and dress habits of their students. But very often they are not allowed to do this, and, as quasi-public bodies, they are forced to cooperate with the public authorities. These are complicated questions, but if one looks at the actual practices of universities in this respect, one cannot say that they have not changed to move along fast enough with student practice and demands. There are now almost no parietal rules in the best-known colleges and universities, and the case of Linda Le Clair—the girl at Barnard who was censured for living with a male student—reads as if it were in another century.

There is another reason why the appeal of radical students to liberal students is so powerful, and that is that there are terrible things wrong with the world, and American government and society, and a good part of American enlightened opinion is responsible for just about the worst of these things, the Vietnam war. I understand the feelings aroused by these horrors. But I don't think the universities are responsible for the war—although they share in the blame, as citizens all do in a democracy; nor do I think the destruction of objective research, scholarship and teaching, and of the conditions that have developed to protect them, will do anything to end the war or atone for our crimes; it will only destroy something that is generally found to be of value in all kinds of societies. Nor do I think that our complex social problems, about which undoubtedly we could have done more, are sufficient justification for the attacks of radical students on

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the universities. It is a serious failure of logic to argue that because we are in Vietnam or Negroes are poor or policemen are brutal, classrooms should be disrupted, buildings occupied, and libraries destroyed. President Plimpton of Amherst, in a letter to President Nixon on student disorder, seemed to say that as long as we did not solve the problems of war and poverty, there would be disorder in the universities. Yet when those problems are solved, there will be other problems. To say that until social problems are solved there will be student disorder is to say there will be student disorder forever.

There is one other argument raised to explain student disorder and to justify it. This is that the universities are filled with conservatives, that there are no radical professors, and that it is necessary that the radical perspective be present in the classrooms and the research activity of the university.

First of all, it is a substantial exaggeration to say that there are no radicals in the universities. The agitation against the Vietnam war, the revision of the established view of the origin of the Cold War, the claim that America is dominated by a small elite committed to imperial expansion and to military adventure —all these owe a good deal to the universities. In fact, it is there that these positions have been formulated and argued in books, lectures and discussions.

Second, if radical positions do not achieve their proper share of attention in the university (and what is a "proper" share?), it is less because there is discrimination against radicals—there is rather more discrimination I would guess in the better-known universities and colleges against conservatives and reactionaries—than because the processes of selection, which place scholarship at the top of the necessary qualifications, do not turn up as many radical faculty as radical students would wish.

Third, it would be a disaster to replace the present criteria for selection, already sufficiently flexible in response to public demand (many faculties today are looking for radicals, just as many are looking for Negroes), with even more sharply political criteria. In the 1950s, William Buckley and others argued that there were too many liberals in universities, and not

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enough conservatives, and professors were horror-struck to think that anyone could propose political representativeness as a criterion. Governor Ronald Reagan has also recently pointed to the dearth of conservatives, and the professors again resisted the idea that they should appoint conservatives to balance the scales. I am not so rigid. I think in the social sciences Buckley and Governor Reagan have a point. But only a small point. In the social sciences—particularly in such fields as sociology and political science, where the scientific component stretches only so far, and where social and political philosophy must play a large role—it seems reasonable to me that the representation of major different outlooks, philosophical as well as scientific, should be *one* basis, although not the most important, for making faculty appointments. While to select faculty on the basis of truly partisan positions (Democratic, Republican, S.D.S.) would be a disaster, I think most reasonable men would agree that it would strengthen departments of political science and sociology if they had strong advocates of the general outlook underlying conservative, liberal and radical positions. The fact that some faculties do not reflect the strong place of radical thinking among intellectuals and students stems from a time lag. How long, after all, have radical positions had intelligent and articulate defenders? The scarcity of radicals among older faculty members would not have been changed by strong student representation in the appointment of faculty in the fifties or early sixties. In the end, the position that faculty should be appointed by faculty, their qualifications judged by the qualified, still seems to me better than any alternative.

If, as I have argued, the issue is primarily a political one, in which various discontents are mobilized and exacerbated by a committed core of radical students in order to transform the university and society, what should our response in the universities be? I do not believe that student rights are ignored in the present situation, and I do believe that there is a role for an institution in which some people come to do research and teach and others to be taught and to learn how to do research. I do believe, moreover, that these institutions now have some

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flexibility and capacity for change, and I doubt that they could be much more flexible and responsive without harm to other objectives. My major response, therefore, to the political attack on the structure and character of present-day American universities is also political—that is, I think of what is necessary to protect these institutions and their distinctive functions.

I do not believe for an instant that universities need any special assistance or legislation from government to deal with student disorders. It would only be damaging by encouraging the false opinion of student radicals that universities are not autonomous but simply arms of American imperialism and the military-industrial complex. The chief task in the defense of the universities must fall on the faculties and on the administrations, which so largely reflect faculty views. Thus, when students engage in attacks on other students and prevent them from attending class, or professors from teaching them; when they destroy books and notes and research materials, the *universities* should deal with them quite independently from the state. It is an unpardonable withdrawal from responsibility for universities to leave all questions of discipline and punishment to the civil authorities. Universities may have to call on the police to defend students, faculty and property from militant students. Beyond that, however, they themselves must determine proper standards of conduct that make it possible for a university to continue. They must find ways to assert and maintain these standards without turning the university into a police state or into a parody of the court system. If they cannot, if they fail to reach and educate enough students and faculty so that a university can be maintained without these conditions, then I think the proper response is to close the university and to set up a new one with faculty and students who do accept the common code of conduct required in an academic research and teaching institution.

It may well come to that, and I do not think that it would be a disaster if it did. We may well come to a situation in which some universities will be molded to the present desires of radical students, with students playing a key role in the choice of

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faculty, the determination of curriculum, the selection of students and the granting of degrees, while other universities will maintain a more traditional style of government.

What should be the role of new organs of university government—the university-wide elected bodies with representatives of students and nonteaching staff, the student committees elected to play a role in faculty recruitment and departmental policy, and the other changes we see coming, not only in American but also in French, German and other universities? The demand for some change is strong, as is the demand for representation and participation. I think both demands can be met to some extent, and these new procedures are means of meeting them. I do not in all honesty expect that they will improve the universities—quite the contrary. My own expectation is that the universities will become somewhat worse. But I would expect and hope that these new participatory institutions would serve an educational role. By teaching students (and also faculty) something of the realities of university government and the complexities of the problems they deal with, participatory institutions might have a somewhat conservatizing effect on students. On the other hand, we also know from experience that the radical students will be interested in these institutions in order to use them as forums for further radicalization, or, if they decide that this is impossible, they will simply boycott and try to destroy the new institutions, as they are doing in France. In either case, my own feeling is that the universities would be well advised to set up systems of participation, although I realize all the dangers.

The variable and informal processes by which students have influenced universities will have to be made somewhat more formal in the future, and will involve elections, representation, formal notification of proposed faculty appointments and curriculum changes, some fixed voice in these decisions and the like. Inevitably, this will mean an additional degree of politicization in the university; there will be caucuses of professors and students, electoral campaigns, arguments over credentials and voting rights and efforts to expand the powers of student and other

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groups. In the varied patterns of representation now emerging, we see that the nonteaching staff is beginning to play a role. Recently a German professor told me he was rather happy to see the nonacademic staff in his department have a vote, under their new statutes, because the janitors would vote with the professors. Similar calculations will prevail in this country—in fact, they already do. How this could improve the universities is unclear to me. But it is necessary because only through greater responsibility can we expect students to consider more seriously just what they want from universities and what they can hope to get from them, and in so doing we hope they will moderate behavior that at present is all too often irresponsible. While, then, I am not convinced by anything I see in universities that there is a need because of academic failure to expand student rights, I support the expansion because I believe it is the only way, at this point, with the loss of authority by so many institutions, including universities, that we can induce in students a greater measure of responsibility.

I am skeptical then of the effects of the new forms for restructuring that universities are now establishing. If we think of them as expanding and transmitting learning, I do not see how a larger role for students or for community representatives will particularly advance these aims. But these larger roles may make it possible for universities to survive. Whatever the procedures that emerge from the present turmoil, the most valuable contribution of law school professors and lawyers, to my mind, will be to help make those procedures workable and to defend them from the attacks that we can be sure will be made upon them. I have emphasized attacks from the left, but there have been in the past equally serious attacks from the right, and these may become more serious in the near future than they have been in recent years. Lawyers have powerful tools with which to protect procedures. I would hope that their valuable energies could now be enlisted not only in the defense of individuals, but in the defense of a distinctive institution that needs to be in some measure set away from and protected from the pressures of society.

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The Rite of Summer

T. S. MATTHEWS

ATTENDANCE IS PERFUNCTORY, except on Holy Days (sometimes called Tests); and today the congregation is sparse. Nor is it evincing much reverence: the babbling of the crowd persists throughout the lengthy annunciatory mumble from a loudspeaker which is obviously not meant to be heard but which heralds the start of the ceremony. But now, at the harsh jangling of a bell, the murmuring of the laity sinks to near-silence.

Out through the tall doors and down the steps of the sanctuary, side by side, come two bareheaded, elderly high priests in long white habits. Sedate, in silence, not leaping nor uttering the sacerdotal cries that, later in the liturgy, will be heard from lesser celebrants, they pace together from the holy pavilion, out to the center of the hallowed sward, the most sacred spot in England, fittingly called Lord's Ground. They are going, as the rubric has it, "to inspect the pitch." The rite of summer, the celebration of England's true religion, has begun.

It seems odd that in all the studies that have been made of comparative religion so little consideration should have been given to cricket. The Established Church in Britain does not count for nearly so much as the religion of the Establishment. With typically sly British understatement, cricket is sometimes referred to as if it were a game—but it is certainly not a game in the usual sense. Who ever heard of a *game* that goes on for five whole days? Regarded *in vacuo,* cricket is a situation. Not necessarily a static situation; it may or may not develop. You cannot play a situation: you try to cope with it, you let it unfold, you make the best of it. Occasionally you master it; sometimes it overcomes you.

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Thus cricket cannot properly be regarded as a thing-in-itself: even if it could be considered only a game, it would still be much more than that. It is in fact, as I have said, a religious rite or mystery, celebrated during those months that the British grimly call spring and summer, written and talked about with passionate intensity for the rest of the year.

These rites have been celebrated since the beginning of the eighteenth century, although it was not until 1814 that the present site was consecrated. By that time the Marylebone Cricket Club (known to all civilized people as "M.C.C.") was recognized throughout cricketing Christendom as the exact equivalent of the Vatican. (I am choosing my words with care.)

To the uninstructed or merely impious eye, the mysteries of cricket must seem impenetrable. Its liturgy has taken on a richness and complexity daunting to the layman, yet the central faith it enshrines remains simple and compelling. To put it curtly, cricket is the embodiment and the celebration of the English creed of hypocrisy, or sportsmanship: the art of winning without appearing to try, and always without seeming to care.

To say of any human behavior "it's not cricket" is to damn it with the heaviest anathema known to the English soul. Cricket itself is supposedly the epitome and the supreme test of gallant behavior. Is the object of a cricket match to win? This question seems to me so complex that it could be unraveled only by the accredited theologians of the cult.

The *desire* to win should never be too nakedly shown: it then becomes "not cricket." There was a recent instance of such shameful behavior during the Test match at Adelaide between the West Indies and Australia. Redpath, one of the doughtiest of Australia's batsmen, had just scored a single off Griffith, the West Indies fast bowler. Now at Griffith's end, Redpath had apparently strolled out of his crease, as batsmen often do between bowling deliveries—to have a word with his partner or to tamp down an irregularity in the pitch—and was backing up to his proper position. Griffith saw his chance. He started his run-up, broke off at the last moment, stumped Redpath and shouted his appeal to the umpire. The umpire had no choice but to give Redpath out. But Griffith's teammates, instead of indulging in the usual leap and yell of triumph,

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and running to congratulate him, sat down and pulled their caps over their faces; and when the teams came off for tea, Sobers, the West Indies captain, went straight to the Australian dressing room to apologize to the Australian captain for an unsavory piece of cricket.

(Cricket is untranslatable; but to put the gist of this situation in baseball terms: with the count three and two, the pitcher sneaks a strike across the plate while the batter is in his box but—almost a contradiction in terms—obviously unready for the pitch. Yell of fury from the crowd. But here the analogy breaks down completely, for it is quite conceivable that the baseball umpire, on the principle of righting one wrong by another, might call the strike a ball, thus walking the batter and causing a second and louder yell of fury.)

In cricket there is also an apparent contradiction between the theory and practice of sportsmanship—a contradiction puzzling to outlanders but no stumbling block to cricketers themselves—which was once translated by a Canadian journalist into plain English (tinged with barbarian blasphemy): "Never give a sucker an even break." It must be admitted that there is a dark side to cricket, as to all religions; although it stops short of actual human sacrifice, it must have its victims.

Such words as "hostile," "aggressive" and "threatening," applied usually to bowling but sometimes to the grouping of the fielders, appear frequently in the exegetical commentaries of the scribes whose duty it is to record every celebration of the mysteries at Lord's Ground, and at certain provincial holy places as well. These commentaries serve a dual purpose: no less than the silent watchfulness of the high priests they ensure that no slightest deviation from the canon or liturgy shall be permitted, by immediately calling attention to it; and when, as on great occasions, the divine frenzy seizes them, they also add to the hymnology.

It is undoubtedly true that, beneath its peaceable aspect—the white flannels, the smooth, clipped lawn, the stately pace—this most ceremonious of all British rites half conceals strong hints of violence and terror: aspects of primeval godhead which the British delight to worship with their backs turned. A fast bowler ap-

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proaching his prey, bursting out of his loping run-up into a Kali-like whirling flail of arms and legs and hurling his dark thunderbolt at the waiting batsman, immobilized before his frail wicket, can be a terrifying sight. There is also the ever-present possibility, if the defender is not both adept and lucky, that the leaping ball may break one of his fingers, bruise a rib or strike him senseless to the ground.

The paired batsmen, alternate targets of this combined assault by the hurtling or cunningly crablike ball and the network of surrounding fielders, some crouching close, the rest advancing with sinister and catlike tread whenever the bowler attacks, do their best to emulate Churchill's motto: "In war, defiance"—and some manage a brave presence; but others, not. The inspired few who survive an hour or more of the relentless assault achieve a kind of courage that enables them to appear easy and even careless of their peril: but every one of them knows he is a doomed man who may attain celebrity before he falls but who sooner or later must, as inevitably as Hector, bite the dust. All but one: the last man, stranded in partnerless limbo by the striking down of his comrade, is spared; and instead of being carried out on the (invisible) hurdle that has borne all his predecessors, he is allowed, in cricket's Doric term, to "carry his bat."

The liturgy of cricket is punctuated irregularly by *appeals*. These are sometimes audible to the congregation, as when the fielding side leap into the air, arms extended over their heads, crying in unison "ZAT!" This is usually an appeal for l.b.w.—the mystic shorthand for "leg before wicket," which in turn is the mystic shorthand for "the batsman has been tricked into making a fatal error." The sound of this sort of appeal is indistinguishable from the holy yell of triumph permitted or even enjoined on the players by tradition when a batsman is flagrantly out: clean bowled or caught.

The inaudible appeal can only be seen being made, as when the umpire receives from one of the opposing captains "an appeal against the light,"* meaning that the batsmen are complaining

* The famous appeal, "Rage, rage against the dying of the light," was of course uttered by a Welshman; no Englishman would ever put it so rhetorically or with such un-English emphasis.

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that they can no longer see the ball properly, so how can they hit the damn thing?

One recurring feature of cricket's liturgy that the novice may at first find puzzling is the *applause*. This is sometimes barely audible: a low murmuration and faint patting together of the hands. These muttered and muted responses are like the sentences whispered by a congregation during the Litany ("We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord"), but their import is altogether different. Groaning and gloomy though they may sound, these responses are intended to express approbation, sometimes even delight or wonder. At certain points in the rite a perfunctory applause is traditional: after a maiden over (that is, the bowling of six balls with absolutely no result); a batsman reaching the score of 50; the combined score of the side reaching the same figure. A more heartfelt response is reserved for the positive events which do occasionally break the smooth surface of the somnolent liturgy: hits to the boundary or super-hits, a yorker, a deft catch, a brave stop of a hard-hit ball.

The congregation at Lord's Ground, sophisticated, Vaticanized, whaleboned by the Sanhedrin of M.C.C., carries applause a subtle step further, to *re-applause*. None but the initiated can really be sure of getting this right, and when the descant rises the congregation is content to follow its leaders. So far as I am aware, *re-applause* has not been explained, or even mentioned, by any of the accepted commentaries that form the Talmud of cricket. Perhaps, like the Constitution and other pawky emanations of the British spirit, it is best left in a floating state. I must confess, as a mere beginner in the study of cricket, that *re-applause* contains profundities quite beyond my powers of apprehension. On its most superficial level I think I understand and accept it: after an over when something meritorious has occurred.

A friend of mine, much more deeply steeped than I in the knowledge of these rites, has told me that *re-applause* is always invoked on occasions such as these: on a day when W. G. Grace, if he were still alive, would be one hundred and fifty years old: and on the bicentenary of national triumphs like the Battle of Waterloo. Was he—could he have been—pulling my leg? That would not be beyond the bounds of England's true religion.

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In the Greenhouse

GARY MARGOLIS

Twice daily, to water and to pot,
away from class and lists of things,
he slipped to gloves and pruning shears.
Old vines and violets found his hand
familiar as the steam and heavy air.
Down each row he went to snip a leaf
or snap a broken stem. You watched
the shadow through the tinted glass,
his back the bend of Black-eyed Susans.
He said this was your inheritance and
on occasion took you through his will,
giving names to what you saw was blue
or green, curves and lines.

Sixteen years buried between brothers he lies,
the greenhouse key left safe to you.
Know they are there, the Yarrows and
the Meadowrues. Ironweed and Innocence
outgrow his pots and beds, bluebells
and chicory. Trilliums sneak through
the doorsill.
Remember what you did not know.
Unlock the door and touch the Shootingstars.

Gray

DIANE EAGLE

You know
it's rather like
the beach in winter
this feeling.
The ocean breaks hard
upon itself.
The cold metallic sky
has taken away the waves.
And the sand meets

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my tentative steps
unyielding.
But now fall is close:
a new time.
Oh but please,
I am so wearied of playing
my smiling companion.
My muscles ache from
hugging myself
And even sleep is no longer
warm.
My bed does not greet me
as it used to.
It lies there,
arms at its side,
unrelenting.

Through the Country

H. R. KENT

I am beginning to care
about an old man trying to get west

I passed by going places
saw your thumb accuse me
Your eyes did not forgive

You just stood there
as if I was supposed to run you over
You did not even move

overcoat tightened collar tucked up
expecting something
like a shop-lifter with too much to carry

In the mirror I saw the fields of corn
stumble like cities around you
the only survivor

And when I came back to get you
you were missing

I will never make it home

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Mercy General

David Ryan Luhn

I have cut its life blood off
and it is doomed, doomed to grow no further,
doomed to transgress not beyond

my sealed aperture of entry,
doomed because my butchered vessels
can sustain its size no more—

doomed because some sorry surgeon
hacked through me on a kosher chore.
Cut off! I have cut its sweet blood off,

and it knows this, even without a name
it knows this, kicks its stumps and gasps
through gills, shakes a cord, a silken cord,

as for a deaf or willful doorman.
It is frightened, it is fighting,
it knows but does not understand,

it shrinks and feels itself less living,
it hunches in but does not understand.
It is mine, it is me, a part of me—

I have carried it and felt it grow to burden,
felt it build to where it threatened,
believed my pain, believed the doctors' lore.

God help me, I am killing it,
I am helping to unmake it, reduce it to a spit
of warmth, a lucky hit, a happy score—

I am in league with murderers,
and will rejoice, dear God, I will rejoice,
as they scrape me of my heaviness

down some quiet corridor.

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Of Orléans

ELLIOT ABHAU

To stand that close to death,
To go out of this world on the vertical,
To feel that wooden spine replacing mine,
To become blind and drunk on that smoke.
We who could bear to observe
Saw but one small girl,
Though not a girl, for when she died
I swear we saw her soul depart.
She felt no pity for herself, but for us—
We, who should have pitied her.

Best in my memory (for I stood near)
Was the hand that passed the fire to the stack
As flesh and burlap fused and went.

The Evangelist

MARKUS TRICE

I shall pick up the sack no more.
For the strength which carried me
to those hellish fields, is gone.
Step back, white man, you've seen
a dead animal before.

You can take back that sack I've
carried so long, and if your frail
white neck can bend so low, look at
my hopes, my pride, and my soul,
strewn amongst those cotton bolls.

Now get out, white man. There's
nothing left for you to take.
Tomorrow my son will come and pick
the dirt from between my toes,
and the day after tomorrow, white
man, you'll be dead.

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From a Few Minutes Spent in a Shaded Courtyard

Susan-Lou Schwartz

Here,
fall is camouflaged by insolent concrete
which hovers over walkways
and obstructs the groping, brooding sense
of time and wind and transient color.
Where, (everywhere), trees should be proximate,
cumulative,
these are inconspicuous occasions overlooked:
forgotten feastdays,
empty salutations.

I am not moved
to sit beneath these upstart, upright fledgling trees—
the ones we designate, consign
to calculated interims of soil:
tidy geometric units
rising from lean, granular bark
to frail, stirring tendrils in the wind at 4 or so,
which touch and rub and ruffle and relent.
Each remitted, all-encompassed
by the square and cautious rims of stone.

Besides,
I tell myself that I am busy—
don't have time to pause with trees,
to sit beside the tousled water here
and dally with my senses.

I am busy and I have no time
to pose on shaded benches,
to ally in ceremony
(stirred and silent)
even with old trees:
those aging antecedents to red brick
branched in isometric tension against sturdy walls
for brief repose amid an ambience of broken earthstone
and unnatural growth.

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Again and Now

RONALD GOODMAN

Again and now, the robins flow,
In a dark arc arching low.
They flee from dawns that cannot be
Beginnings for a sky and go,
Along, alone, and riverine,
To where the sun's asunder in the grass,
To where what is was brought to pass.

WONG MAY

Report I

(after Eugene Ionesco)

With what hands
Seize the throat of lilies
the mirror strikes
and withdraws again.

I've bad dreams.
They're not real.
No more

than the killer
you read about,
the daily reports.
They leave me dumb & cold.
I see no evil

Speak no evil. Ten
rubies stuck
in my vocal cord. They're
not for sale. What

Good could all this
do you. Would you
learn. Could it
be taught. Light

Wraps around
me. Topaz. To-day
peace settles over me
like a pool. I am
the water

that seeks again
& again to recover
the same face
the old level.
I am the killer.
Hell
is in another world.

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Report II

Footsteps
underground
hurrying to sapphires

to strange Gods
How your absence
endows me—

Memory
You've grown inhuman.
I've twelve senses

all knives.
Like a stone
I've a secret—

It is not dead. Light,
I learn to read
without.

Without needs,
wholly abstract
I've grown eyes at my back

acquired
6 pots of geraniums
all red: gifts

I've not wanted, knowledge
I despise.

I've wandered to dark places

Made discoveries
I've no words for. In my absence
the dog has grown strange

the tree turned black
the milk sour
My acts have given me power

I've not dreamed of
nor asked for.
The black lake

has nothing in it.
These bloody stones
I bring back

Yours
These hands Yours
These jewels I wear Yours

Cool
and congealed
in the inhuman light

they crawl
like insects
round my neck

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✪ SUSAN-LOU SCHWARTZ, a graduate of Smith College in 1969, is working toward an M.A. degree in communications at the Annenberg School of the University of Pennsylvania.

✪ RONALD GOODMAN lives near Hinton, West Virginia. "Again and Now" has been set to music by Joyce Yarrow. It is one of ten poems by Mr. Goodman chosen by Philadelphia artist Samuel Maitin for a suite of lithographs completed in 1968 at Curiven Studio in London.

✪ WONG MAY's first collection of poems, *A Bad Girl's Book of Animals,* was published in 1969. She is at work on a second volume.

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Under the Junta

NICHOLAS GAGE and ELIAS KULUKUNDIS

The hold of Greece's military dictatorship on the average Greek citizen might be compared to the effect of a choke collar on a dog. The colonels hold the leash carefully—the repression, the controls are there—but the leash is so long that it is not felt until someone forgets and steps too far, and is brought to the realization that the initiative for his actions is not his own.

The regime has an unusually good sense of when to pull and when to give rein. At the funeral of the late Premier George Papandreou, the junta did not use its full police power to scatter the huge crowd that had gathered. Had it done so, it probably would have caused further demonstrations that would have been hard to put down. But when some newspapers tried a little criticism of the regime after direct censorship was lifted recently, the colonels made sure the papers never reached the countryside.

The colonels have gone to great lengths to make it clear that they will not tolerate open opposition to their rule, but they have been careful not to make such lessons so painful or so dramatic that they incite even greater opposition. In a number of areas in the provinces, people have been arrested for insulting a representative of the regime, condemning the coup or other such offenses. But they have been held only briefly and then released. In one village in the northwest corner of the country, for example, a merchant was arrested for calling the new junta-appointed monarch of the province a thief, in the heat of a debate with fellow villagers. He was arrested, imprisoned for a month and then tried and acquitted. The purpose of such arrests is to cut off open criticism by making the threat of imprisonment real in every village. People are made an example of, and then freed to create the impression that the regime is not arbitrary and oppressive but capable of compassion and even justice. These arrests are also used by the colonels to dramatize the difference between them and the Communists. In many of the same villages during the Greek civil war of 1946-49, Communist guerrillas executed as many as a dozen people for criticizing them or their methods. (All told 57,383 Greek civilians were killed by the guerrillas and 684,607 driven from their homes.) In the village where the merchant was arrested, the Communists in 1948 publicly executed five persons, including two women, and piled their bodies in a gully. In comparison, the junta's treatment of the merchant did not seem oppressive to his fellow villagers, but rather restrained. One said, "I would rather have the junta for a hundred years than to have those bastards back for one day." Knowing the depth of such feelings, the colonels still maintain in the villages that their intervention on April 21, 1967, kept Greece from falling to the Communists, although in the cities they find it hard to

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justify such a line, and now say that they saved the country from political chaos.

It is in the villages of Greece that the junta enjoys its strongest public support, and for good reasons. The governments that ran Greece before the coup concentrated on developing and expanding the cities, neglecting the villages on the theory that most Greeks were leaving them for metropolitan areas anyway. The junta has gone to some pains to redress this imbalance. It increased pensions for agricultural workers, which were the lowest in Greece. It cancelled the outstanding loans of all farmers, a move highly criticized by economists but roundly applauded in the countryside. It accelerated programs of electrification and road construction. Plans are underway, for instance, to build the longest highway in Greece across the rural northern section of the country. The highway will stretch from Igoumenitsa on the Ionian Sea to the Turkish border in Thrace. Economists have argued that there is not enough movement in this area to justify the $150 million that will be spent on the road, but the junta seems determined to go ahead with the project.

There is another, perhaps equally significant, reason the colonels are strongly supported in the villages. They were born and brought up in isolated villages and the puritanical measures they have tried to enforce throughout Greece epitomize the values of such villages. The colonels may seem old-fashioned and foolish to urban Greeks when they are expounding on such evils as miniskirts and beards or such virtues as church attendance every Sunday, but they appear strong and wise to rural Greeks. "The closest analogy to the kind of people the colonels come from is the poor whites in America who support George Wallace," says an American educator who has lived in Greece for many years. Premier Papadopoulos, who grew up in a small Peloponnesian village which now has a population of 280 people, is considered upper-class by the other officers who staged the coup because his father was the village schoolteacher. Stylianos Patakos, the deputy premier, is from the tiny (population 154) Cretan village of Aghia Paraskevi, and Nikolaos Makarezos, the minister of coordination, comes from a village in the Peloponnesus called Gravia, which has a comparatively large population of 613 people. In such villages women do not smoke, wear makeup or speak to a man who is not a close relative except to say good morning or good evening. The colonels still hold tightly to many of the values they knew in such villages, and Greeks still living in the countryside admire them for it.

Despite attitudes in the rural areas, however, the regime is strongly opposed by large numbers of Greeks in the cities and on the islands. It is in the cities that the damage done by the colonels has been felt most. Greeks in Athens and other cities were moving rapidly toward a European life-style and standard of living. But the colonels have slowed the movement down and in some cases stopped it altogether. The slowdown of the economy and the drop in tourism that followed their arrival has lowered the incomes of many Greeks by as much as thirty percent. In addition, thousands of people have been dismissed from their jobs because they were considered unfriendly to the regime.

The regime's harassment of artists and writers has stunted cultural life in the country and aroused a great deal of controversy. Almost all of the plays produced in Athens last season were revivals or imports and there have not been any significant books published in Greece since the colonels seized power. Because of the reputation of the junta abroad, there has been little cultural communication with the rest of Europe. The Athens Festival, which has featured some of the best performers in the world in past summers, did not boast one major name last year. Aristotle Onassis tried to persuade Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev to perform at the festival, and their appearance was widely publicized in advance, but they thought it over and declined.

Continued censorship of the press in Greece constantly frustrates this nation of insatiable newspaper readers. "The newspapers were hardly objective before

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the coup," says a hotel manager in Rhodes, "but at least you had the freedom to choose what lies you read. Now it is all one lie." Circulation of Greek newspapers is at sixty percent of the level before the coup. Six papers stopped publishing after the takeover; the crypto-Communist ones were banned and the publishers of the others refused to publish under censorship.

On October 3, 1969, the junta announced with great fanfare that it was lifting press censorship. At the same time, however, it handed editors a long list of forbidden subjects that in effect kept press control almost as tight as before. The regime has published a code of 101 articles designed to "cleanse" the press. Stories that the junta feels undermine public confidence in the economy could bring six months imprisonment under the code. Editors convicted of inciting sedition, as the junta sees it, could get life. When the code was announced, Mr. Patakos offered the junta's philosophical reasoning for making it so harsh. "Severity," he said, "is the mother of justice and freedom."

When censorship was in force, even papers supporting the regime had to follow the censor's commands, as we witnessed one night while visiting the offices of *Eleftheros Kosmos*. It was December 29, 1968, the day Israel retaliated to an Arab terrorists' attack on an El Al jet in Athens airport by launching a helicopter raid on an airport in Beirut. We were sitting with one of the paper's editors when his assistant came into the office carrying a piece of paper with a list of shorthand messages on it. "The Censor's office just called," he said. "You want to go through it now?"

"Yes, all right," said the editor. "What is it tonight?"

The assistant said the paper was instructed not to print in any form the New Year's message King Constantine had issued from exile in Rome, but to give prominent display on the front page to the regent's message, and it was not to mention the statement of former foreign minister Evangelos Averoff calling on the government to move toward parliamentary rule. Then he looked from his list and said: "The big thing is about the attack in Beirut. The censor said we must not mention that it was in retaliation for the attack at our airport."

"There must be some mistake," the editor said. "We can't run a story about an attack and not give the reason for it. He must mean they don't want us to emphasize the shooting at our airport. Call him back and ask him to repeat the instructions, please." The assistant left the room and returned a few minutes later. "I had it right the first time, and he wasn't too happy I called back," he said. "As far as we are concerned there has never been an attack of any kind at our airport. For tonight we should just forget we have an airport."

We asked the editor how he felt working under such conditions. "What can you do?" he said. "The only option you have is not to work at all. It is not much of an option."

Perhaps the most destructive intervention of the regime has been in education. The Greek educational system was anachronistic and inadequate to begin with, but the colonels have pushed it even further into the tunnel. "Young People of Greece, the Revolution Is for You" proclaim signs on highways leading out of Athens. But in its educational policy the regime seems primarily interested in making certain that the young people of Greece are for the revolution. Hundreds of teachers and professors considered unfriendly to the regime have been dismissed. All the others have been required to submit detailed histories, especially on what they were doing during the period of the civil war, and a statement of political beliefs. In public schools the indoctrination of students is a part of the curriculum. In the lower grades, for example, students are asked to rise and repeat slogans such as, "My mother is Greece. My father is the national government. And I am the Greek people." The climate of chauvinism in Greek schools, which has always been heavy, is now more intense than ever. "The children of this country are sick and tired of being taught that Greece is the navel of the world," says an

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American educator who teaches in a private school in Athens. "*Patrida* [fatherland] should never become a dirty word, but it is with students now."

In the universities the *asphalia,* the security police, has built up a network of informers to report on the activities and attitudes of fellow students. Early last summer the regime also appointed a government commissioner for every faculty. The job of the commissioners, mostly retired army officers, is to see that teaching programs are in line with the goals of the junta. To keep tight control of the teaching staffs at universities, the regime has not only dismissed numerous professors, it has also restricted the numbers of new appointments and lowered the retirement age of teachers so that older, respected professors of independent minds can be replaced with ambitious younger ones more to the regime's liking. All this naturally has created a shortage of qualified professors and a considerable drop in the quality of instruction.

The regime's intervention has not been limited to Greek schools. Private institutions such as the American-sponsored Athens College have also been affected. Professor Costas Kalokairinos, a Greek national on the college faculty, was dismissed in March, 1969, by the then minister of education, Theophylactos Papakonstantinou. (Greek instructors at Athens College are not considered civil servants, but they are pensioned off by the government and on this ground it holds the right to fire them.) The justification for the dismissal: Papakonstantinou said a book Professor Kalokairinos had once published on Bvzantine history quoted directly from the *Great Soviet Encyclopedia* and contained "Communist reasoning" such as the claim that Macedonia was once a part of Bulgaria.

Many Europeans and Americans, who tend to think all Greeks are brothers to Alexis Zorba, find it hard to understand why so passionate a people have accepted dictatorship so passively. Greeks themselves give many answers. They point out that there have been some forms of resistance. Intellectuals and professionals have refused to collaborate with the regime and they continue their boycott even though many of them have suffered for it. More active resistance is developing fast, as a rash of bombings last summer in Athens demonstrated. But full and effective resistance takes leadership, and the colonels have been careful to exile to remote villages and islands military men and political figures who might provide it. Those still around don't want to take the personal risk involved in leading a rebellion against the junta. "They want the people to throw the colonels out first," says a truck driver from Larisa, "and then call them to take over. The people are not that dumb anymore."

There are, however, more subtle reasons why resistance to the junta has been minimal. One of them may be understood quickly by a visit to Athens. The city is punctuated with the skeletons of hundreds of buildings now under construction. Every morning crowded buses roar out of Athens for the nearby beaches at Glyfada, Vouliagmeni, Varkiza and Lagonisi. The better restaurants are almost full most nights, and the hawkers of lottery tickets at Omonia Square still do a good day's business. In other words, life under the colonels may be unpleasant—particularly for students, professors, politicians, journalists and artists—but it is not so unpleasant that it's worth risking imprisonment or death to change. Incomes have fallen, but not so much that a couple can't go to a taverna once in a while. Greek newspapers are disappointing, but there are *Le Monde,* the *International Herald Tribune* and *Le Figaro* at the kiosks for those who read other languages or the Greek programs on the BBC every night for those who don't. Uncles and friends are dismissed from jobs but at least they get part of their pensions when they go. "They have not really squeezed us," a tailor in Piraeus told us. "I wouldn't cast my vote for them if I had a choice. But things are not so bad that I'd throw myself in front of a tank to get them out."

The colonels have been careful not to display their power beyond that necessary

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to keep themselves in control. There are no more soldiers in the streets of Greek cities than anywhere else in Europe, and uniformed police seem less visible now than before the coup. Although arrests continue, Greeks don't seem to concern themselves unless their own families are affected, and most are not. Of the six thousand people who were sent to prisons following the coup, more than two-thirds have been released. Most significant, the colonels have not executed anybody. "Greeks are wonderful, but when they start to kill, they can be the most terrible people in the world," Mrs. Constantine Mitsotakis, wife of the Greek politician, told us in her home last year, a few months before she was allowed to join her husband in exile in Paris. "I remember during the war when you would walk into the street and find somebody's body riddled with bullets and you didn't know whether it was the Germans, the rightists, the leftists or a jealous husband who killed him. I am terribly frightened for Greece if the killing ever starts."

Students of Greek history see a good reason for the absence of strong resistance to the junta in the fact that the country has developed during the past twenty years a significant bourgeois class. For the first half of this century Greece was involved in five wars and numerous upheavals. The only period of stability and progress came after 1950. During this time most Greeks were able to acquire something—a house, a farm, a business—for the first time in their lives, and they want to be around to enjoy it, even if it's under the colonels.

Finally, Greeks feel it's not *their* responsibility to drive out the colonels. "The Americans brought them in," a high school teacher on Corfu told us, "and the Americans can get them out." If there is one belief about the colonels that most Greeks share above all others, it is that they are in power because the United States wants them there.

Over a period of ten months we talked to several members of the United States diplomatic mission to Greece both informally and officially. The comments of most of them are reflected in those stated in an interview we had with one of the senior men in the American embassy. The interview was held in his large, panelled office and began with a question we had asked every other member of the mission we talked with: Did the embassy know beforehand about the coup?

> We had no idea at all [he said]. We thought there might be a coup from royalist generals but not from populist colonels. When it happened, everyone here flopped around in complete confusion. We didn't know what to do. The colonels, whatever else may be said about them, are very skillful conspirators. Papadopoulos, Patakos, Makarezos all served in the Greek intelligence service at one time or another and are very good at keeping secrets.

We asked if conditions in Greece prior to the coup had deteriorated to such an extent that intervention by the army was necessary. Would the elections that had been scheduled for May 28, 1967, have led to a center-left coalition that would have resulted ultimately in a Communist takeover, as the colonels claim? He answered:

> The situation was bad but hardly as bad as it has been made out. The violence—demonstrations, student riots, strikes—took place mostly in 1965 when George Papandreou was pushed out as premier by King Constantine—not in the period immediately preceeding the coup. George Papandreou had promised that he would not have cooperated with the Communist-front party no matter how the elections turned out. I think he would have kept his promise.
>
> For two years before the coup you had a deteriorating political situation in Greece, but the palace is primarily responsible for that. In a parliamentary system, when you reach a political impasse as Greece did in 1965, you go to the people. The palace maneuvered for more than two years to prevent elections by promoting makeshift governments that had no basis of support. But even though the parliamentary system was not working well in Greece, there was no Communist danger. The Communist-front party, EDA, had actually declined in voting strength, and the Communists simply didn't command the means to cause any other kind of trouble. The idea that there was an imminent threat of a Communist takeover is for the birds as far as I'm concerned. In fact,

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the colonels themselves have backed away from their early statements that Greece would have fallen to the Communists. Many people believed these statements largely because of Andreas Papandreou. Andreas represented a new and somewhat dangerous force in Greek politics by questioning everything that Greeks felt secure about—NATO, the close ties with the United States, a strong stand against Russia. His statements made a lot of people afraid, made them think that Greece was heading toward Communism or chaos as long as he had any access to power.

We then asked what the attitude of the American mission was toward the colonels. He said:

Well, there is a split in the mission. The military advisers think very well of them. As military allies they are as cooperative as one could wish. [Former Ambassador Phillips] Talbot leaned heavily on a wait-and-see policy, that we should give them time to show their intentions. I think they have done that. I think they have no intention at all of moving toward parliamentary government. Their slowness in implementing the constitution approved in a referendum in September, 1968, is a certain sign of that. I see no evidence whatsoever that they are preparing for elections. Even if Papadopoulos wanted to hold them, I don't think he would be allowed to do it.

The Revolutionary Council, which is made up of some thirty key military officers and is the primary policy-making group in the government, has made known its opposition to elections. Elections, no matter what their outcome, would carry the seeds of the colonels' removal from power. Elections would lead to more criticism, more demands for change. And I don't think the colonels believe their own propaganda that the bulk of the Greek people are with them. They're too smart for that.

We asked if the United States could pressure the colonels to hold elections. He said:

No, we could push them out if we tried hard enough, but we don't force them toward elections. They'll just say no and we'll either have to accept that or try to push them out. Let me hasten to add here that I don't see us pushing them out.

We asked why.

It's hard to prove that the people of Greece are that unhappy over them or that oppressed by them [he said]. The colonels have not been that oppressive as far as dictators go. They have not executed anybody. The number of political prisoners is small and most of them come out if they sign a pledge that they won't engage in political activity. People are not exactly dropping dead on the streets from starvation or wasting away in concentration camps. A large number of Greeks, probably the majority, may not be happy about the junta, but they are not very active in showing their discomfort. So I don't see Washington taking any strong action against the junta until the problem becomes acute.

(What bothers opponents of the junta is not only that the United States is not doing anything against the junta but that it seems to be doing a lot for it. For example, Washington actively tried to persuade the members of the Council of Europe not to expel Greece. "The American government is always sending someone to decorate or to be decorated by the colonels," says Helen Vlachos, the exiled publisher, who refused to publish her papers under dictatorship. "Ambassador Talbot was always trying to persuade me to start up my papers. 'Oh, come on now,' he would say, 'these guys are not so bad.' ")

We asked the American diplomat in Athens how the United States could bring down the colonels if it wanted to. He answered:

There are several ways. If Washington decided that this regime is bad for Greece, bad for the NATO alliance, bad for this section of the world, and said so publicly, I think the junta would topple. Also if the Administration contacted Constantine Karamanlis, the former premier to whom most people hopeful of a return to parliamentary government are looking, invited him to Washington and indicated American support for him, elements in the armed forces would push the colonels out and invite Karamanlis back.

We asked if he saw any chance of that happening.

Right now none at all [he said]. What I do see is the colonels going on for a long time, probably getting tougher as they go. There are some very hard-liners in the army making their influence felt right now. If the regime gets tougher, resistance will develop, pushing the

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colonels to harsher measures, which will in turn stimulate stronger and wider resistance. Then, I think, Washington might take some definite action.

If that is a possibility, we asked, why doesn't the United States do something now and save Greece from all that violence? He said:

That would be nice, but it's unrealistic to expect any government to be that logical. Governments are geared to respond to crises, not to anticipate them. It is difficult for a government to take preventive action in an area that involves the internal affairs of another country unless its interests are clearly and directly threatened. This is particularly true now, after Vietnam.

If Washington won't take direct action, we asked, is it at least trying to let the colonels know that it wants to see them move toward elections?

We are [he said], but they don't seem to believe us. They think we say we want elections only for public relations purposes, which is a view I find difficulty in avoiding myself at times. Patakos went to Washington for Eisenhower's funeral and Secretary of State Rogers asked him when the junta planned to go to the people. Patakos said it had done so already in the constitutional referendum of 1968. Rogers told him Washington would like to see the junta move toward direct elections as soon as possible. Patakos nodded and smiled. I'm sure he didn't believe him.

Before we left, we asked him what he thought about the reports of tortures. Did he have any knowledge that the junta was torturing political prisoners? "We don't know for certain," he said. "They seem to get a lot of information fast from people they arrest, which leads us to believe that prisoners are beaten. Greek police have a reputation for beating prisoners. But we are not absolutely sure of anything. We just don't know."

Torture has been the *bête noire* of the Greek government, and, although it was not on the agenda when the ministers of the Council of Europe met in December, the rash of unfavorable publicity probably enabled the plaintiff governments to rally the votes necessary for Greece's expulsion. (At the last moment, as a face-saving measure, Greece voluntarily withdrew.)

The government's troubles began in January, 1968, when two lawyers, James Becket and Anthony Marreco, went to Athens to conduct an investigation on behalf of Amnesty International, and returned to write two reports describing the practice of torture by the Greek security police. Later, as a result of charges brought by the three Scandinavian governments, the European Human Rights Commission took up the question and completed a report which found that the Greek government was practicing torture as a matter of policy.

The great majority of Commission witnesses said they were tortured by *falanga,* an ancient practice originated under the Ottoman Empire and employed by both sides in the Greek civil war. (In some instances, men and women reported sexual tortures, and some dozen witnesses said they were tortured by electric shocks.) The victim of *falanga* is usually strapped to a bench or a flat surface and beaten on the soles of his shoes with a club or an iron bar. "After a dozen blows you don't know where the pain is coming from," one person explained. "You think they are hitting you on the top of the head." After twenty or thirty blows, the victim usually loses consciousness, to be revived with cold water so that the beating can be carried on. At regular intervals, he is made to stand, walk, or even jump to revive the circulation in his feet and thus to maximize the pain. Since the victim has his shoes on, the beating leaves no scars, and although the pain may be unbearable at the time, he may be able to walk as early as ten days later. Some persons have said that they were subjected to *falanga* several times during interrogation periods that have lasted as long as forty days.

The Greek government rejected the charges of torture as lies and Communist propaganda, making much of the lack of physical evidence for such charges. In some cases it has employed the Soviet ploy of claiming that the witnesses are mentally deranged. In November, 1968, it brought three witnesses to Strasbourg

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to testify that they had been in the Security Police Headquarters and had not been tortured, but two of them defected to the opposition and testified that they had been, after all. (Then one of them disappeared under mysterious circumstances to reappear in the Greek Embassy in Stockholm where he repudiated his testimony a second time before returning to Greece.)

In addition, the government has made a more subtle attempt to defend itself by appealing to the authority of no less prestigious an organization than the International Red Cross. Since May, 1967, the Red Cross has made repeated visits to Greece, mostly to island detention camps, prisons and prison hospitals.

Under the terms of the Geneva Conventions, which apply not only to Greece but to any signatory, the Red Cross must make its reports available to the host government and may not publish them unless the government does so first. To date, the Greek government has chosen to publish only two of four general reports, both following Red Cross protests against its attempts to quote from the reports in a tendentious and misleading manner. In one case, Foreign Minister Panayiotis Pipinellis said that the Red Cross delegate had utterly repudiated the charges of torture, an allegation that was proved false when the published report revealed that the delegate had not mentioned the subject at all.

In fact, there are only six pages in one of the published reports that deal with torture. They concern the visit in March, 1968, of the Red Cross delegate, Laurent Marti, to the Security Police Headquarters in Bouboulina Street where much of the torture has allegedly taken place. Mr. Marti (who was recently replaced as the Red Cross representative in Athens) requested permission for this visit in advance, and since he does not speak Greek, he was accompanied by an interpreter who was a permanent employee of the Greek Red Cross. When he arrived, he found only two detainees in the Security Headquarters and, in the presence of the interpreter, both of them told him that they "did not know if torture was being carried on there." In addition, Mr. Marti says that the chief of police "was able to affirm that no ill-treatment or torture was inflicted on the prisoners." He also mentions that three detainees interviewed after they had been transferred from Bouboulina Street were able to show wounds "which they said they had suffered in the course of torture," but he does not say where these wounds were located or what they looked like. He says ten detainees said they had been given *falanga* once, twelve said they had been given it more than once, twenty-four said they had been punched with fists, and eighty-five said they had been well-treated. Finally, the conclusion he draws from this evidence is a syntactic and semantic labyrinth: "The I.C.R.C. limits itself to reporting these contradictory declarations from which it does not feel it has to draw conclusions about the reality of the alleged tortures."

Quotations from this report became the substance of a government pamphlet entitled "The Truth About Greece," hailed as a "smashing reply" to the allegations of torture. The pamphlet was withdrawn following vigorous Red Cross protests, but criticism of Mr. Marti's investigation did not subside.

"The Red Cross was under pressure to investigate the torture question," says Anthony Marreco, one of the authors of the Amnesty International Report, which asserted that the Greek government was practicing torture. "But they were determined to do it without being conclusive. In other words, Mr. Marti's main concern was not to say anything that would result in his being thrown out of Greece."

On this last point, Mr. Marti readily agrees: he believes he can be most useful to the Greek political prisoners if he is allowed to visit them, instead of being barred from the country as Marreco was. Like Mr. Marti, Red Cross officials define their role precisely as that of a relief organization, and they point with pride to their success in convincing the government to close the detention camp on the island of Yaros and to release some aged

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and infirm prisoners. Here too they have had their failures, for the government will not usually respond unless continually prodded. For example, in March, 1969, Mr. Marti complained to the government of the overcrowded condition of one of the detention camps on Leros, where people were reported to be sleeping in corridors, and the Red Cross later suggested that the government release the more aged and infirm prisoners to improve the general morale. Mr. Marti has made at least four visits to Greece since that time, but it was not until December that he was reported to have returned to Leros to see if these suggestions were carried out. Since the report on this visit will probably not be published, any further pressure on the government will again be up to Mr. Marti.

As for the torture issue, Mr. Marti explained his criteria in an interview during one of his recent trips. He is a well-tailored Swiss with an oval face and receding hair. He showed us to the terrace of his office, which offers a beautiful view of the Acropolis.

You cannot imagine what we hear from former prisoners [he said]. But we cannot go by what we hear, only what we see. Journalists can print stories of former prisoners who say they have been tortured and let their readers judge if they are true. I cannot make judgments. I must say only what I see. I must see evidence in the prisons or on the prisoners. That is the only evidence I can accept.

We asked Mr. Marti if he had seen evidence of torture on the prisoners. He said:

That's confidential. But I can tell you that you cannot get much evidence unless you have free access to every police station in the country, because it is at the stations where the beatings are likely to take place. By the time people get to the prisons, it is too late . . . Besides, the problem here is not a problem of torture. It is different and worse . . . When a government wants everyone in the country to think as it thinks, to believe what it believes, to follow to the letter what it commands, then you have pure Fascism. That is the problem here. It is not a problem of beatings. All the hue and cry about the tortures draws attention away from the real problems of Greece—press censorship, no elections, suspension of civil liberties. It would be much better if people on the outside stopped shouting "Stop the tortures" and started shouting "Start the elections."

But despite Mr. Marti's political indictment of the Greek government, many critics believe he has given it ample room for maneuver in the torture question. For example, one of his subordinates has seen the physical evidence of torture and reported it to his superiors. After a visit to a detention camp in the summer of 1968, a Red Cross doctor reported that in unusual instances "certain . . . detainees were able to show us the physical evidence of torture," and he suggested that the Red Cross urge the Greek government to stop all forms of torture. People who have seen both the published and the unpublished reports say that Mr. Marti has not included this mention of torture, a fact that would support his critics' most serious charge: that he has his evidence but is not using it.

"No one will show Mr. Marti a man in the process of being tortured," says Ole Espersen, the assistant Danish agent before the Human Rights Commission. "But he has seen prisoners with the marks of torture on them. Now why doesn't he put that in his reports? The Greek government could suppress the report if it wanted to, but the Red Cross has the responsibility to report the facts or not make any report at all."

Partly as a result of such criticism, the Red Cross has recently adopted a more activist interpretation of its powers. According to a source close to Red Cross circles, one official recently described it as an attempt "to obtain increased freedom and to use it . . . to make tests, see the response, and on the basis of those tests, either continue our work or discontinue it." In keeping with this policy, the Red Cross successfully pressured the government to sign an agreement providing for a degree of intervention usually unacceptable to a nation in peacetime. In June, 1969, a Red Cross official presented it to Premier Papadopoulos, and on November 3, with just over a month to go

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before the meeting of the Council of Europe Ministers, Papadopoulos signed.

Under the terms of the agreement, the Red Cross is granted the right to visit any detention center, whether civilian or military, and to demand to see any political prisoner. After every visit, the Red Cross will issue a communiqué announcing the dates, places and conditions of its visits. Lest anyone miss the point of this last provision, the agreement specifically prohibits the government from misrepresenting the reports in any way. As a result of these increased activities, the Red Cross announced that it is establishing a permanent mission to Greece, to be housed in quarters separate from the local Red Cross chapter.

The Red Cross clearly won the first round, and the victory belongs to those officials who have long been arguing that the Greek government would submit to a more activist policy. Even so, the Red Cross has still not attempted to assert the full measure of freedom that officials believe is necessary to make a thorough investigation of the torture question. According to informed sources, these officials believe the new agreement can be fully effective only if the delegate asserts his right to make his visits without serving notice ahead of time. Nothing is stipulated to require the delegate to announce his visits, but for some reason Mr. Marti has always done so.

"You may wonder why we let them know [we are coming]," he told us last July. "Because it gives them time to fix things up. I say fine to that: let them fix things up. That is our job, to improve conditions for political prisoners. If they improve them because they know we are coming, that's fine."

On this issue, Mr. Marti has found himself at odds with the new policy, which obviously presupposes a much wider conception of the way to improve conditions. Informed sources say that after the agreement was signed, Mr. Marti was instructed to conduct his visits without serving notice, but nevertheless he continued to submit written requests to the foreign ministry in his accustomed manner. In the words of one source, "there was a misunderstanding . . . there were delays," but finally a decision was taken by the Committee itself that makes it a matter of policy for the delegate to make his visits "on the shortest possible notice."

Greeks call the chauvinistic, puritanical and single-minded men who command power in Greece today *stenokephaloi,* narrow-heads. But in some ways, the king and the politicians who ruled before them could have used some of their ability to bury their differences and focus on priorities. In April, 1967, Greece had the highest per capita income of any country to have suffered a coup, well over double the average. Nevertheless, the intrigues of the palace as well as of the politicians had contributed to a state of uncertainty that left the country defenseless, ripe for a military takeover.

Constantine Karamanlis and several of his ministers believe that if King Paul had not pushed their government out of power in 1963, it would still be serving today and there would be no colonels. Andreas Papandreou and former ministers of the Center Union party claim that if King Paul's successor, Constantine, had not done the same thing to George Papandreou in 1965, the Center Union would still be in power and again there would be no colonels.

"From 1946 onwards, the king ruled with complete authority over the armed forces," says Constantine Mitsotakis. "And he intended to keep his powers. The first victim of this system was Karamanlis. The second was Papandreou."

The monarchy has never had solid roots in Greece. It dates from 1830 when Greece drove out the Turks after four hundred years of occupation only to become a protectorate of the European powers, which promptly installed an adolescent and ineffectual Bavarian prince named Otto as ruler. Since there is no hereditary aristocracy in Greece, the monarchy has no natural allies among the people and has used the armed forces to safeguard its position. With the support of the military behind them,

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Greek kings seldom paid much attention to public opinion.

In 1963, Karamanlis advised King Paul to cancel a state visit to London, because he anticipated demonstrations by the British Communists. King Paul ignored his advice, forcing the issue to a crisis which ended with Karamanlis' resignation. According to one of his former ministers, the king had been looking for a reason to push him out of power. "On one side he felt threatened by Karamanlis," the minister said, "because he had been making increasing demands on the palace to loosen its hold on the armed forces. And on the other he saw that public support for the monarchy was falling rapidly. Aware that the public had also grown disenchanted with Karamanlis, he used the London visit to force his resignation and bolster the monarchy."

A tough, able leader, Karamanlis had done much to build up the country since taking office in 1955. By 1960 the economy was growing annually at a rate of almost eight percent and some $100 million in foreign investments were pouring in annually. In his zeal to build up a strong economy, Karamanlis had neglected education and social services, and his government was repeatedly accused of strong-arm methods, particularly in the rural areas. But Karamanlis claims there was an overall strategy in his methods.

"You think I don't care about people?" Karamanlis asked a visitor to his home in Paris last year. "I care very much. But I knew that the most important thing for Greece after the wars and all the devastation was to build her up. To do that sacrifices had to be made. What good is it to turn out one thousand engineers a year if there are no jobs to put them in? I did what was best for Greece . . . During the eight years of my administration, we built a strong economic foundation that would have had Greece on the level of Italy by now if my policies had been followed."

In the elections of 1961, Karamanlis' party, the National Radical Union (ERE), had been strongly challenged by the Center Union, a coalition of splinter parties led by George Papandreou. In fact, the Center Union claimed that the winning margin had been the result of coercion and fraud in the rural areas, where the army gendarmerie had considerable arbitrary authority. (When the Center Union finally came to power in 1963, it discovered a so-called "Plan Pericles" which the ERE had left behind in army dossiers. It provided some evidence for the claim.)

Having learned a lesson from his narrow margin of victory, Karamanlis was apparently planning to embark on an enlarged social program to woo popular support when King Paul pushed him out. "Our government was well aware that its standing with the people had deteriorated," said a former member of Karamanlis' cabinet. "The reason was our heavy emphasis on capital investment at the expense of social services. But we had a plan to do something about it. If Karamanlis had not been pressured into resigning, he would have given himself a year's leeway and during that period he would have launched a series of programs to upgrade education, increase pensions, expand public services and all the rest. Enough voters would have been won back to ensure victory for Karamanlis. But we never had the chance to use the plan."

The intervention of the monarch undoubtedly cost Karamanlis the election. When the ballots were counted in November, 1963, it became clear that Papandreou's Center Union had won by only three percent of the vote. Without a clear majority, Papandreou rejected a parliamentary coalition with the Communist-front party, the United Democratic Left (EDA), and called for new elections in February, 1964. Many Greeks tend to vote simply for the party they think is going to win, and this election was no exception: after the slim victory three months earlier, the Center Union in February won fifty-three percent of the vote—the largest plurality in postwar Greek history.

Nevertheless, according to George Pa-

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pandreou's followers as well as his critics, he remained an opposition leader even after he became prime minister, and during his scant sixteen months in office, he failed to develop a clearly formulated policy.

Andreas Papandreou believes the downfall of his father's government was ensured in Washington in June, 1964, when George Papandreou refused President Johnson's request for a meeting with Turkish Premier Inonu to defuse the Cyprus crisis. But many people in the Center believe another cause of the party's downfall was Andreas himself.

Andreas Papandreou had left Greece in 1940 to study economics at Harvard University. A rapid rise in the academic world brought him to the University of California at Berkeley as a full professor in 1955. In 1961, he gave up teaching and returned to Athens at the invitation of the Karamanlis government to be director of the Center of Economic Research. Three years later, having given up his American citizenship, he ran in the elections as a deputy in his father's party.

When his father became prime minister, Andreas became his chief aide. During the same year, however, he resigned under a cloud of never-proved scandal, involving the awarding of a government contract. When his father brought him back in the powerful post of minister of coordination, a lot of people thought Papandreou was determined to make his son the future leader of the Center Union.

"Andreas wanted swift advancement," says Constantine Mitsotakis, his possible rival for the party leadership. "Twice he had to be rescued by his father from ministries where he had failed. Our party was a new party of many smaller groups with much less discipline than the ERE, and whatever balance existed between them was destroyed by Andreas. He had great influence over his father. Usually we would take one decision as a group and in the evening Andreas would go alone to his father's home at Kastri and convince him to do something else."

A number of men in the councils of the Center Union decided that the only way to prevent Andreas from taking power was to bring George Papandreou down as well. One of them was Panos Kokkas, the powerful publisher of the Athens daily *Eleftheria,* who favored replacing him with Mitsotakis. *Eleftheria* attacked Papandreou on the issue of the army, claiming that it was a party unto itself which should be made directly responsible to the elected government. But, according to Andreas Papandreou, these attacks were really a provocation, calculated to bring government into conflict with the monarchy and thus remove it from power.

Pressured by his own party and public opinion, George Papandreou started replacing rightist army officers with liberals, including those on Cyprus and other sensitive posts. General George Grivas, the rightist commander of Greek forces on Cyprus, was not happy at the influx of such officers, and after some digging, he claimed to have discovered a secret army group named ASPIDA, alledgedly headed by Andreas Papandreou. Grivas took his allegations to Defense Minister Petros Garoufalias, warning that the aim of ASPIDA was to overthrow the monarchy and pull Greece out of the Atlantic Alliance. (Some twenty-eight officers were ultimately convicted of conspiracy in the ASPIDA affair, but it was never proved that their intention was to overthrow the monarchy or that Andreas Papandreou was their leader. There had been in the army a secret rightist group called IDEA, whose members determined promotions and assignments, and thus it was not strange that an opposing group of liberal officers should form an organization to counteract it. Unnoticed at the time was a third secret organization in the army, made up of rightist officers who resented IDEA's power. This group, called EENA, was headed by a then unknown colonel named George Papadopoulos.)

According to Andreas Papandreou, his father's trusted friend Garoufalias actually contributed to the misunderstand-

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ings between Papandreou and the king, hoping to be called as prime minister of an interim service government.

Another man standing in the wings was Constantine Mitsotakis, who Andreas says had promised Queen Mother Frederika that in the event of Papandreou's fall he would break with the party and bring eighty Center Union deputies with him. (Mitsotakis denies the charge and says he continually urged George Papandreou not to force a confrontation.)

When Garoufalias brought the news of ASPIDA to Constantine, the king demanded a full investigation. "I regard it as your duty to proceed at once to do what I ask," the twenty-eight-year-old monarch wrote to the seventy-seven-year-old prime minister. "This is my very last warning."

When Papandreou refused the king's request, Garoufalias promptly launched the investigation on his own. Papandreou called for Garoufalias' resignation, and, as a temporary measure until another minister could be appointed, he announced that he was taking over the defense ministry himself.

But the king refused to accept Papandreou as defense minister in his own government. Even Mitsotakis now says the king's position was indefensible. "If Papandreou was good enough to be prime minister, he was good enough to be defense minister," he says. Papandreou clearly reached the same conclusion himself. On July 15, he declared that his resignation would be effective within twenty-four hours, obviously assuming that the king would then have to call for new elections in which he could take his case to the people. The king did no such thing. He simply accepted Papandreou's resignation, effective immediately. To the amazement of everyone who was not in on the plot from the beginning, several gentlemen in frock coats—including Mitsotakis—showed up at the palace, ready to be sworn in as the new government.

The king's high-handed dismissal of Papandreou triggered events that ultimately led to the coup. "Papandreou would have collapsed on his own in six months if the king had left him alone," says an ERE politician who has served in several governments in the past twenty years. "He was being undermined by members of his own party and his failures were beginning to catch up with him. But by dismissing him, the king made him a hero."

If Mitsotakis had counted on eighty deputies for a government to replace Papandreou, events were to show that he had seriously miscalculated. Many deputies were intimidated by the immediate pro-Papandreou popular reaction, and refused to defect. The Communist-front EDA party, which had been preparing to attack Papandreou before the crisis, now took the lead in organizing demonstrations in his support. Every evening, the city resounded with the rhythmic cadence: "Pa-pan-dre-ou." When a student was killed during a clash with the police, the left seized the opportunity of staging a dramatic public funeral. Hundreds of mourners marched with upraised fists behind the grieving mother and sister of the victim.

In the meantime, the Mitsotakis group, already stigmatized as the *Apostates,* jockeyed to put together a parliamentary majority. The first politician entrusted with this thankless task was the elderly speaker of the house, Ioannis Athanassiades-Novas. After an undistinguished but dignified political career, Novas found himself in a parliament where chairs were thrown in the course of debate.

The Novas government lasted a matter of days until it was overthrown by a vote of no confidence. The next patchwork coalition lasted a matter of weeks. Meanwhile, the crowds in the streets demanded that the king observe the constitution and appoint a caretaker government to prepare for elections. But the king refused to call for elections, which would have amounted to a referendum on the monarch and which he was sure to lose. Instead, he played for time, drawing one prime minister after another from the ranks of the *Apostates.*

In opposition, the role he loved best,

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Papandreou showed his great talent as a campaigner. A consummate orator, he stumped the countryside, asking, "Who rules Greece? The king or the people?" Massive crowds roared the answer. At the same time, his son went even further, broadening the attack to include what he called the "ruling establishment," composed not only of the palace, but the armed forces and the American embassy as well. Despite the Papandreous' popularity, Andreas' suggestions that Greece review the relationship with the Atlantic Alliance invited the charge of Communist sympathies and aroused deep anxieties. The charge was not altogether mitigated by the fact that the Communists bitterly attacked him as a paid American agent whose aim was to draw away their votes.

For almost two years, the deadlock continued. Instability dried up foreign investments, and in all respects the country was at a standstill, paralyzed by unrest, insecurity and general disgust. In mid-April, 1967, when Panayiotis Kannellopoulos, ERE leader and head of the fourth coalition, announced that it was impossible to postpone elections any longer, Athens already abounded with rumors of an impending coup. Everyone believed that generals close to the palace, eager to save Constantine from the humiliation of a Papandreou victory, would intervene. But whether or not such a plan in fact existed, on the morning of April 21, a triumvirate of colonels stole the march.

The officers who staged the coup numbered about three hundred out of approximately ten thousand in the Greek army, and the tanks surrounding government buildings and power installations numbered thirty-eight. For the colonels it was a bold gamble, and they were well aware of the risk if they failed. A close friend of the family of Stylianos Patakos told us that, on the night of the coup, he gave his strong-willed older daughter a pistol and told her that if he did not get word to her by three o'clock the following morning, she was to shoot her mother and her younger sister and then take her own life.

But the colonels succeeded with incredible ease. Officers not in on the plot followed their orders, because they thought they were coming from the generals, and by implication from the king. For a while no one knew who had taken over the country. So deeply rooted is the fear of Communism in the Greek mind, that many people thought it was the Communists. In the space of several hours, six to seven thousand Greek citizens were arrested. George Papandreou and Panayiotis Kannellopoulos were confined to house arrest; Andreas Papandreou was taken to prison. At the same time, boats began to leave for the island concentration camps with suspected Communists and other leftists.

It is tantalizing to imagine what would have happened if the king had made some gesture of protest, or if some prestigious group such as the ambassadors had resigned in a bloc. One year later, the Czechoslovakian experience offered some suggestions as to how passive resistance can delay a takeover, and in the Greek case the element of time might have been decisive. But the king said nothing, even though the colonels had signed his name to their first governmental decree. Meanwhile, in all walks of life, Greeks resumed their daily affairs. For many of them, after almost two years of the most extreme political haggling and maneuvering, the coup actually came as a relief. The colonels had no trouble finding the words for their first message to the public:

> We have long witnessed a crime which had been committed against our society and nation. The unhesitant and shameful party dealing, the misconduct of a great part of the press, the methodical assault against all institutions, their corrosion, the debasement of Parliament, the slandering of everything, the paralyzing of the state machinery, the complete lack of understanding for the burning problems of our youth, the ill-treatment of our students, the moral decline, the confusion and the blurring, the secret and open cooperation with subversives, and finally, the continuous incendiary slogans of unscrupulous demagogues have destroyed the peace of the country, have created a climate of anarchy and chaos, have cultivated conditions of hatred and division and have

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led us to the brink of national disaster. There was no other way of salvation left than the intervention of our Army . . .

The colonels said they had come to save the country from the Communists, but it soon became clear that they had come to save it from many other people as well. Through the summer and the autumn, they began to dismiss hundreds of royalist officers. The colonels themselves were all from poor villages, and had never been favorably treated by the upper-middle-class military establishment. (Patakos, for example, had languished for ten long years as a lieutenant colonel.) So they took their first opportunity to settle some old scores and put their own men in key posts.

By the end of 1967, the extent of the military purges alarmed King Constantine enough to move him to action. On December 13, King Constantine launched his famous countercoup, departing in a plane for northern Greece, accompanied by his queen, their child, and his mother Frederika.

"The time has come for you to hear the voice of your monarch," he said, but the recording of his message was broadcast on a weak radio in Larisa and not many of his subjects heard their monarch's voice. In Kavalla, where the king spent the afternoon, huge crowds demonstrated their solidarity, even though this capital of the tobacco country is traditionally leftist in orientation. The king's plan was to send a column from there to occupy Salonika, to establish this Macedonian city as a secessionist capital, just as Eleftherios Venizelos had in his dispute with Constantine's grandfather in 1917.

But he was having trouble getting the powerful army divisions in the area to come to his support. There were still many generals loyal to him, but by the time he decided to act, the colonels had put their own men in key posts and they were able to intercept the generals' orders before they reached the commanders in the field. One general caught two of his subordinates countermanding his orders and had them arrested. But they persuaded him that they were really working for the king after all, and he let them go. A few minutes later, they returned and placed the general under arrest.

"Constantine should have gone to Crete," says an American military attaché. "His strongest support has always been the navy and the air force, both of which have extensive installations in Crete. With the support of the navy and the air force, which the colonels had not got around to purging yet, he would have quickly taken control of the island. Crete would have given him an unassailable base and divided Greece. The colonels would have had to bow to him or risk civil war, the very thing they said they had come to prevent. Washington would not have been able to tolerate the situation and would have used its influence against the colonels."

The Greek political world was put into a deepfreeze when the colonels took over on the morning of April 21, and if it were to be taken out tomorrow, it would emerge more or less in the same form. Except for George Papandreou who died in October, 1968 (leaving the party without a leader) the dominant personalities are the same, and the junta has not been able to make any inroads into their opposition. With the exception of the present foreign minister Panayiotis Pipinellis, an extreme Royalist and frequent advocate of dictatorship in the past, no former politician has agreed to join a junta cabinet, occasional rumors that some would do so are probably only encouraged by the junta because it looks good to have someone talking about future political developments. In reality, a deadlock continues: the politicians have the experience to run the country, the colonels have the country to run.

Any list of the political opposition must include the king, a fact that says more about the traditional powers of the Greek monarchy than it does about this particular monarch. There are occasional suggestions that Constantine should appoint a government-in-exile to induce diplomatic pressure by its sheer nuisance value.

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"The king is playing his last cards," Mrs. Helen Vlachos says. "The junta will soon set a date for a referendum on the monarchy which the king would lose now even if it were free."

But even Mrs. Vlachos concedes that the king is not likely to take the offensive. Like most kings, he faces the problem of being surrounded by courtiers who attempt to shelter him from advice that is likely "to upset him." Their own advice to him is that any overt act of opposition on his part will hasten the day of the dreaded referendum, and his best chance of survival is to assume a passive stance. One of them said he believed that "Constantine is gaining in popularity because he is not doing anything, and only lives on as a suffering symbol."

The Athens politicians have not done anything either, although they have a weaker claim to symbolic suffering, and, except for a few on the left and center-left who are in prison or exile, most of them cannot claim to be suffering at all. They go to their offices regularly, stay up to date on the latest Athenian rumors, and generally behave as though something were about to happen. They are not unwilling to dwell on the junta's weaknesses or to castigate the United States for not overthrowing it, but in two and a half years they have not launched a single offensive against it on their own.

Instead they have allowed the initiative to pass almost entirely to the politicians in exile abroad, who naturally have greater difficulty remaining in touch with the political realities within the country. These include Constantine Karamanlis, Andreas Papandreou, Constantine Mitsotakis, the former finance minister who broke with the Papandreous' in 1965, and George Mylonas, former Center Union minister of education.

Prime minister of Greece for eight consecutive years (a record in twentieth-century history), Karamanlis has lived in Paris ever since he gave up the leadership of his party before the elections of 1963. Almost as soon as there was a junta to overthrow, he was mentioned as the man to head a successor government, and in this capacity he has important qualifications: 1) during his eight years as prime minister, he made a reputation for strong authoritarian rule; 2) having lived in exile for the last six years, he is not compromised by the events leading to the junta; 3) there is no one else.

Karamanlis does not give interviews but, in an informal conversation with a visitor to his apartment in the fashionable Montmorency section of Paris, Karamanlis viewed the recent events philosophically and with a touch of "I told you so."

> It is unfortunate what has happened in Greece [he said]. But I warned them in 1963 that they would be voting for chaos if they voted for the demagogues who opposed me. Greeks have always had a built-in destructive sense and whenever they start to move forward, they always do something to ruin it. Whenever someone comes along and tries to show them which way to go, they listen for a while and then they turn on him and try to destroy him. You see that throughout Greek history—Aristides, Themistocles, Pericles, Kolokotronis, Venizelos. The Greek people are a smart people but a difficult people to talk sense to. There comes a time when they will seek out the most foolish voices in a crowd and listen only to them.

Karamanlis is still a massive presence at sixty-one, although now he seems a little pale, and the gray in his hair is closer to white. He regards the colonels as insolent amateurs, but he is under no illusions about what will be required to overthrow them. He said:

> These colonels know nothing about governing a country. You would think that a military regime would be cautious economically. But the colonels are more foolish than even the demagogues who followed me. They have taken a whole series of short-term loans, three to five years, to pay for grandiose projects that are not going to return an income for ten to fifteen years. What kind of regime would do a thing like that? A reckless regime. A foolish regime. But only the United States can change the situation in Greece. Until Washington decides to act, nobody else can do anything. You cannot fight a man with your fists when he has daggers in his hands. Someone stronger has to come along and take the daggers away from him first.

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Should Washington decide to take action against the junta, Karamanlis has indicated that he is willing to supervise the country's return to democracy. In doing so, he has insisted he would not be acting as the leader of the conservative ERE party, but as a national figure, in the words of one confidant, "as a sort of referee, almost above politics."

Other politicians have tried to determine what is meant by a "referee, almost above politics." In particular, they have tried to get Karamanlis to commit himself on the question of what constitution would apply during the hypothetical transition period. If it were the 1968 Constitution with its authoritarian powers passed by the junta under martial law, many of them feel a new dictatorship would be in the making, this one under Karamanlis.

While such fears may seem farfetched, they have been encouraged by the fact that Karamanlis has done little to clarify his views, and has steadfastly refused to sign any sort of written agreement. In September, 1969, however, he made his long-awaited public statement, calling on the junta to retire or to be overthrown, and inviting the Greek army to overthrow it, if necessary.

"If . . . those who govern at present . . . fail to appreciate their duty [to resign]," he said, "it will have to be pointed out to them by those who joined them in good faith." At the same time, he was at pains to reassure anyone in Washington that the junta could be overthrown, if not without violence, at least without threatening Greece's membership in the NATO alliance.

> I must take the opportunity also of assuring those who are anxious about the future that I would not have broken my silence if I did not believe that the country can be restored without danger to conditions of normalcy, and if I were not prepared to make my contribution if need be toward that end.

Despite this statement, Karamanlis has frustrated even his staunchest supporters, many of whom have hoped that he would use his immense influence among the foreign-based Greek capitalists to raise badly needed money for the opposition. So far he has not been willing to do so. At the very least, they hoped he would add his voice to those of the other exiled politicians lobbying for Greece's expulsion from the Council of Europe. But when the Council invited Karamanlis to testify before its Political Committee in Paris (along with Mitsotakis, Mylonas and Papandreou), he declined on the ground that he had already said all he had to say.

At the opposite end of the political spectrum, Andreas Papandreou is a complete antithesis to Karamanlis. He loses no opportunity to make a public appearance, and outlines his prescriptions for the future in great detail. Not only is he making no effort to woo United States support, but his campaign seems predicated on the belief that such support is not forthcoming. In fact he may have good reason to believe that it is out of the question for him.

"I think Andreas Papandreou is a major obstacle to the restoration of democracy in Greece," said one official at the American embassy in Athens, who at the same time is highly critical of the junta. "The smartest thing the colonels did was to let him leave the country. Now they can use him as a bogey man. They can point to him and his statements and say 'That is what we saved you from.' "

This view is shared by some members of Papandreou's own party, and one of them in Athens told us in all seriousness that he thought Papandreou's staff was riddled with junta spies who are advising him to do and say just those things that will help the junta.

We visited Papandreou not long ago and asked him what he proposed as an alternative solution if the junta could be overthrown.

> This dictatorship can fall in any number of ways [he said] so that what one proposes depends a great deal on how one foresees its demise. Now I have two hats, and I'd be glad to make this clear for you. One hat is my resistance capacity, so to speak. I am in charge of the Panhellenic Liberation Movement, one of the organizations engaged in resistance

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against the regime. We of PAK have put out a statement on how the next few steps in case the resistance forces occupy the seat of power. . .

Papandreou lit a cigarette and blew the smoke toward the ceiling.

But this is not really what you are asking me [he said]. Rather you are asking if there is a political solution short of a takeover by the people. Naturally a possibility for this exists in principle . . . in principle. It can happen by a decision on the part of the sponsors of the regime, which means the Pentagon, that this thing is not working out, and in that case they would change the signals to the Greek military. Now in this case, I shall not speak anymore with the hat of the resistance movement but with the hat of the Center Union party of which I am the spokesman abroad. So far as the party is concerned, my stand is the following: there should be a get-together of the Greek parties elected in the last free elections in 1964, with one exception—the Progressive party of Mr. Markezinis which has been collaborating with the junta and has therefore become unacceptable to us. These parties should attempt to draw up a magna carta for the transitional government. For this purpose, I am prepared to sit around a table with the right and with the left. By left I do not mean the Communist party which was not elected, but the EDA party which was elected and represents a proportion of the Greek voters, a small one to be sure.

We asked Papandreou if he would support Karamanlis as prime minister of the interim government.

If both the left and the right were agreed [he said] and if at the same time the program were acceptable. I would not consider any solution that is based on the concept of a führer, no matter who he is, even if it happens to be me, which is not at all likely. If the representatives of these parties choose someone to be prime minister—I don't care who—I will accept him on the provision that he commit himself to following the program—the magna carta—which has been jointly approved. I do not accept the procedure of finding a man first and saying, "In you we trust, do what you can to get us out of this mess."

Papandreou supported Karamanlis' recent statement with the reservation that the policies of any interim government must express "the joint platform of the political parties and the resistance organizations." These include the Communist-dominated EDA party and its resistance counterpart, the Patriotic Front, whose cooperation Papandreou knows is unacceptable not only to Karamanlis and the ERE but to most of the Center Union as well. ("I don't know what Andreas can be thinking," says George Mavros of the Center Union in Athens. "We have had to apologize for his leftist affiliations before, and now we have to apologize for them again.")

Papandreou must have known that Karamanlis could not accept Communist cooperation and hope to win the support of the staunchly anti-Communist Greek officer corps, nor for that matter the United States. But if he had had any doubts as to Karamanlis' reaction to his proposal, he had learned the answer exactly one year before.

In September, 1968, Papandreou made his only attempt to communicate with Karamanlis since before the coup. It was not by telephone or even by letter, but by a telegram that Papandreou simultaneously made available to the press in which he invited Karamanlis to sit down with him and Antonios Brillakiss of the EDA party to work out a joint program authorizing an interim prime minister to lead the country to democratic rule.

Even on strictly logical grounds, it is hard to see why a leader of the EDA party, which won twelve percent of the vote in the last Greek election in 1964, should have an equal vote in working out a joint program with the ERE party, which won thirty-five percent of the vote, or with Papandreou's own Center Union which won fifty-three percent. But the thought of Karamanlis sitting down at such a table is so inconceivable that it is difficult to believe that Papandreou was serious. Karamanlis' reply was terse and negative (Papandreou says he is not at liberty to disclose it), and the two men have not communicated since. One year later, in September, 1969, when Papandreou hailed Karamanlis' declaration with the same condition, he was simply repeating a proposal that he knew beforehand would be rejected.

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Papandreou told us that his position was inspired by political logic.

No matter what we do in the transition period, it will be the most difficult thing in the world to take this wreck of a society and turn it into a viable and free country. He who stays outside will have the great benefit of free criticism. In the elections afterward, the left will pick up thirty to thirty-five percent, the Center will pick up twenty-five percent. We will be the third party, not even second. My political acumen, such as it is—and I think I have a good sense for events—convinces me that this is the case. I do it as a matter of principle, but I do it also in the interests of Greece.

He may also be doing it because his personal influence would be greatly reduced if he were to be absorbed into a coalition supporting Karamanlis. If the Karamanlis solution were brought about in spite of his objections, he would probably want to remain outside, to have what he calls the benefit of free criticism, and to lay claim to the thirty to thirty-five percent leftist vote in the next election. For good measure, he stipulates that in order to lead the interim government, Karamanlis should disqualify himself from running in the next election.

"If I were in his role, I would not hesitate to accept this restriction," he said. "I will not be and I do not ask to be, but if I were, I would not hesitate."

We asked Papandreou if he would be willing to participate in a transitional government.

"Personally, I would not wish to," he said. "If I can possibly avoid it, I will. The more freedom I can have in such a period, the more I would like it."

Of course, the success of Papandreou's strategy depends on the next election being held at all. Papandreou admits he is looking to the distant future when the resistance organizations overthrow the junta, and despite the fact that he will spend that time in exile, he is confident that he will be able to keep the resistance movement under his control. In the meantime, he has outlined a detailed contingency plan.

In case the resistance forces occupy the seat of power [he says], we are committed to a transition period of one year, during which neither the 1968 nor the 1952 Constitutions would be in effect, but instead we would employ the United Nations Bill of Human Rights as a guide. We would call for free genuine elections by the end of the first year. All parties—none excluded—would run for office . . . and the first parliament would be a constituent assembly to write a new constitution. In the meantime, on the basis of the law which existed in April 1967, we would try the junta on two counts, one on treason and high treason which under Greek law carries a maximum sentence of twenty years, and secondly on the basis of a common criminal law because all actions they have taken are considered by us to be illegal and shall be studied nakedly by the courts so that torture, imprisonment, and so forth, would be treated as common crimes.

Whatever his critics may say about him, Papandreou takes clearly defined positions on all issues, from the king, whose return he would make subject to a referendum, to Aristotle Onassis, whom he would banish from the land without appeal. His uncompromising attitude has probably alienated many people whose support he would need to carry out a program, but at the same time it has projected him among people in Greece as a symbol of the resistance, which is particularly vivid because it fills a void created by the absence of vigorous leadership. Here, many people believe Karamanlis is partly responsible. Karamanlis' own supporters believe Papandreou can say so much mainly because Karamanlis says so little himself.

"If we have free elections in Greece," says Constantine Mitsotakis, "I think there will be three parties: Karamanlis, Andreas, and the EDA. The rest of the Center will have to make its choice."

Mitsotakis' choice is facilitated by the fact that he made it in 1965, when he broke with the Papandreous. He now maintains that in doing so he was attempting to avert the confrontation that led eventually to the coup, but he does not conceal the fact that he is carrying a heavy burden of shame for his past machinations. With pungent irony, he observes in effect that what he did was worse than a crime: it was a mistake. And perhaps since he

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has nothing to lose, Mitsotakis has thrown himself into the struggle with fewer pretensions than either Karamanlis or Papandreou. Unlike Karamanlis, he is willing to travel all over Europe and the United States to win support for the opposition, and unlike Papandreou he does not seek publicity. He is a tall imposing figure, with large eyes and a high forehead that makes him resemble, of all people, his old antagonist, Andreas Papandreou. Unlike many Greek politicians, he answers questions directly and with a few words, and he creates the impression of having decided ahead of time what he is going to say.

We asked Mitsotakis what would bring down the junta, and he said,

> The resistance of the Greek people. Then we Greeks must agree on a minimum political program. We cannot have elections right away. We must have an interim transitional government which will be made up of all political parties with the exception of the Communist party, by which I also mean the EDA. I know there are two communist parties, or maybe five, and we want to exclude all of them from the interim government. It won't be the sort of coalition in which different parties bargain for ministries. It should rule for a short time. Some people say a year, but I say six months, or even four, to hold elections.

At the same time, Mitsotakis does not hide his poor opinion of Andreas.

> I told Andreas he can expect one thing from us [he says]. Free elections in which he can return to Greece and take his case to the people. But he can expect nothing else. I think Karamanlis would certainly win an election against Andreas. Some people object to me. Others object to Andreas. But I think everybody would accept Karamanlis. After the junta, there will be such work to put everything back in order, and for this job we want the man who has the greatest influence and provokes the smallest adverse reaction. No one can deny that this man is Karamanlis. They can say they will not give him a blank check, but they cannot deny that he is the man.

George Mylonas has also declared his support of Karamanlis as interim prime minister, provided that elections are held within four to six months. In fact, there is probably greater unity in the Greek political world than at any time since the coup. In July 1969, a political officer in the American embassy in Athens told us that Karamanlis and the politicians had to come together before the United States could contemplate taking any action. To a large extent, those conditions have been satisfied, but the merry-go-round still goes on. Karamanlis keeps his own counsel, Washington vacillates, and time works in favor of the junta. The colonels are stronger today than they were two years ago and their strength is only likely to increase in time, along with the extremists among their opposition.

"They came from a void, and they are supported by a void," says Helen Vlachos. "They are like hover-crafts supported by a cushion of air."

One by one, the politicians take their turns at the podium, like the Greek chieftains in *Troilus and Cressida,* but the ill-conceived adventure does not come to an end. Karamanlis has retreated to his tent, and only peeks out occasionally to look one way to Washington and the other to the Greek politicians. The politicians in turn keep one eye on Karamanlis and the other on Papandreou. Finally, near land's end, on the promontory where he has placed himself, Andreas Papandreou looks stonily out to sea.

The colonels are well into their third year in power, but Greeks are an optimistic people and many of them spend long hours among themselves analyzing the pressures they believe are going to drive the junta out. There is little agreement as to what these pressures are, but a lot of Greeks are convinced that it won't be long. On the other hand, many foreign observers are more pessimistic. "There is a good chance that what you'll have here is another Spain," says a British diplomat. "They've dug in deep and it's going to be damn difficult to push them out." The colonels moreover are not showing any signs that they will move toward parliamentary government in the near future. As necessary requirements for elections, Premier Papadopoulos recently listed the

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reorganization of government machinery, the "cleansing of social institutions," and economic, social and political reforms.

The colonels may find, however, that they cannot run things on their own and have to invite broader participation in the government. "The colonels are not men of great intelligence and they have no experience or talent for government," says a representative of an international agency, who has had dealings with them. "Papadopoulos is intelligent, quite intelligent. But the others are not. And Papadopoulos has little imagination. His views are very narrow." The most conspicuous failure of the junta has been its inability to attract talented and experienced men to serve in the government. It cannot hope to achieve most of its ambitious goals with the men serving it now. "Most of the men running ministries are unbelievably incompetent," says a German businessman with extensive interests in Greece. Premier Papadopoulos has found it so difficult to get competent men that he has held as many as five ministries at one time himself. The situation is certain to get worse because military men now in secondary positions in the government are pressing for top jobs, and they are even less experienced than the civilians in the government.

The junta has had its most difficult time handling the economy. In the seven years before the coup the gross national product grew between seven and eight percent annually, but the first year the colonels were in power the increase dropped to less than half the rate. The colonels attributed the decline to the crisis in the Middle East in the summer of 1967 and other factors beyond their control. In 1968 they launched a five-year development program with a growth target of eight percent. Last year, the first year of the plan, the growth rate was only four and a half percent, according to the junta's figures, or less than three percent, according to American economic analysts.

To make up for the decline, the colonels have gone in for big dramatic projects. In 1967 they contracted with Litton Industries, the United States conglomerate, to have the company promote $840 million in foreign investments for Greece in the next twelve years. Fifty million of that was supposed to come the first two years, but the deadline passed in May last year and only two projects, worth less than $1 million, had reached the groundbreaking stage. Finally, both Litton and the junta gave up a few months ago and cancelled their agreement. The junta has also tried to persuade some of the more famous Greek industrialists to get involved in the economy of Greece, including Aristotle Onassis, Stavros Niarchos and Thomas A. Pappas.

Pappas came to Greece in 1961 and won the concession for an oil refinery in Salonika. He has been a controversial figure in Greece ever since, particularly after he told a Greek journalist that he had done some work for the Central Intelligence Agency on occasion while living in the country. It has been reported that he is close to the junta, which is supposed to admire his contacts with the Administration in Washington, but the enchantment between them is fading. In an interview in his office early last year, carefully supervised by public relations men, Pappas said the present regime is doing fine and his relations with it are excellent. But we ran into him a few months later at the Astir Palace Hotel overlooking a beautiful cove about fifteen miles from Athens, and he appeared much less pleased with the colonels. He was waiting for guests—relatives of the late President Eisenhower—to join him for dinner. We asked him how his plans for developing a meat industry in Greece were going. "I'm not optimistic about anything with these people," he said. "They just don't know how to act in a business way. But you know their biggest problem? They don't trust anybody. They keep stalling and shifting and stalling, and you never know what to expect from them. How can you deal with people like that?"

In 1969, Greece had its best year economically since the coup. The junta says the country's economy grew eight and a half percent during the year. Independent economists say the increase was around six

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percent, but even so it is not bad. The high growth rate was partly due to a good farm yield and partly to an increase in tourism, which rose thirty-one percent over 1968. But the country's big problem is its wide trade gap, which last year amounted to $700 million. It makes up for much of this with tourist income, remittances from Greeks abroad and other sources, but a gap still remains and capital from foreign investments is needed to fill it. The investments have not come since the junta took over and they do not appear to be on the horizon for the next few years. In 1967, 1968 and 1969 the regime made up for the lack of investments by borrowing extensively from banks in the United States and Europe, in some instances putting up gold as security. These have been short term loans—mostly three to five years—and they will start to come due by late 1970. Further borrowing will not be so easy after that; so unless Greece can get some big investments, and soon, it will face a serious balance of payments problem in 1971 and the whole economy could be affected. Touched in the pocketbook, the new class of bourgeois Greeks is not likely to be as complacent about the junta as it has been up to now. "If the colonels fall on any field," says Frank Butler, who was chief of the economic section in the American embassy in Athens until he retired from government service last July, "it will be in the balance of payments field."

They could fall in other ways as well. The chance, an outside one at best, exists that they will be pushed out by discord among their own men. The corps of officers in the army who are the backbone of the regime includes a strong element of hard-liners, many of whom are in key command posts in northern Greece. "They're a pretty puritanical bunch," says an officer in the United States mission in Greece. "If they become convinced that the boys in Athens have taken to the good life and are selling their concept of the revolution short, they won't hesitate to march on the capital. Some of the hard-liners are already suspicious."

Although the colonels have a reputation for honesty, having been poor for years makes them easily impressed by men with great wealth. Papadopoulos has developed a budding friendship with Aristotle Onassis that has already gotten him into trouble with the hard-liners. At the urging of the premier, the government last fall rushed to accept a $400 million investment proposal from Onassis for the concession to a seven-million-ton oil refinery. The international press and even one of the local newspapers, the conservative daily *Estia*, criticized the deal as much too generous in its terms to Onassis. The shipping magnate's longtime rival, Stavros Niarchos, then announced that he had submitted an even better deal but it was not given proper consideration. The hard-liners were so angry they forced the government to go back on the tentative agreement with Onassis and ask for new bids. Finally, the regime placated both Niarchos and Onassis by promising to give the former control of the state refinery and the latter the concession for a new refinery. (Papadopoulos' private ethics have long been held suspect by puritans in the army because he left his wife more than a decade ago for someone else's wife. Papadopoulos has been living with the woman, Mrs. Despina Gaspari, ever since but their spouses have refused to consent to divorce and they have not been able to legalize the relationship. Papadopoulos almost always appears in public alone.)

Papadopoulos is not the only one being carefully watched by the hard-liners. Stylianos Patakos, the deputy premier, is also suspect because of his association with shipowner I. S. Latsis. Patakos is frequently seen with Latsis and has accepted the use of one of the shipowner's houses in Kifisia, an exclusive suburb outside Athens, for members of his family. While nothing improper appears in the friendship thus far, a free press would probably raise questions of a conflict of interest since Latsis last year received part of the lucrative rights to ship crude oil to the state refinery in Athens.

If the colonels are not pushed from within, they could be pressured from

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without. Although most Greeks are still hopeful that change can come peacefully, a few have turned to drastic methods. During the past months bombs have been exploding throughout Athens with increasing regularity. Last July alone, opponents of the junta set off ten bombs. The Athens Hilton, the Bank of Greece, the foreign press and information office and numerous American cars, including one belonging to a U. S. Army attaché, have been hit by bombs. Some of the blasts are thought to be the work of the right-wing National Resistance Movement (KEA), and American property seems to be one of the primary targets. "You have become more hateful than the Athens regime," a leaflet addressed to Americans from the KEA declared. "You will be responsible for the civil war that will follow." The leaflet was signed by "General Akritas," the mysterious leader of the movement. (The name comes from Dighenis Akritas, a Byzantine hero. General Grivas used the first part, Dighenis, as his code name while leading the fight against British rule in Cyprus during the 1950s.) In its leaflets the group says it wants Constantine Karamanlis to be brought back to restore parliamentary government in Greece.

In addition to the KEA, there are more than two dozen other resistance groups operating throughout Greece, including one called the Patriotic Front, which is directed by Communists. The strongest groups belong to the right and center, the left being weak and disorganized at the moment. The bombs that have exploded thus far have been timed to go off at night to avoid hitting people, although about half a dozen people have been injured as a result of the blasts. "You can tell the Communists are not behind the blasts," says a Greek journalist. "If they were, the bombs would have been set up to kill." The most seriously injured victim was apparently a member of a resistance group. Dionysos Karageorgas, a professor at the Pantios School of Political Sciences in Athens, was trying to fix the detonator on one of thirteen bombs in the basement of his house, according to Athens police, when it went off. As a result of injuries from the blast, he lost his right arm and the sight of his left eye. Karageorgas, who served in the Center of Economic Research, was among the professors who were dismissed when the junta seized power, but he was later reinstated. In April he was sentenced to life imprisonment after being convicted of sedition by a military court. Twenty-six other Greeks tried with him received long prison terms.

All the resistance groups have a long way to go before they are strong enough to threaten the regime, but many of them seem determined to try, particularly the right-wing groups that include former army officers with training and experience as fighters. The right-wing establishment is strongly opposed to the junta because it lost the most power and influence with the arrival of the nonestablishment colonels. The left has been out of power since the civil war. Although it is quite weak now, the left commands considerable support among students and certain groups of workers and can call on them when it decides to move.

The right and the center may be behind much of the little resistance there is now to the junta [says a former minister in the Karamanlis government], but you can be sure that as it builds up, the left will get into it in full force. It did not take much for the Communists to seize control of the resistance movement during the occupation. I don't think there is ever going to be another civil war in Greece. I think Greeks learned their lesson the last time. But if things don't change, we're going to have a lot of violence in Greece, a lot of senseless killing and a lot of destruction. I don't say that as Andreas Papandreou says it—as a threat. I say it because I am afraid of what is going to happen here.

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A Certain Hidden Place

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

In the late evening a full moon looks down
Into the garden and on you, dear house,
Whose el-like shape shelters that garden
Along its eastern and northern borders.

Heaven overflows with light, but flying scud,
Borne on by a fresh wind, diminishes it,
Filtered through vapory clouds; between them,
Trembling, a few faint stars are sprinkled.

Touched by far ocean airs, the poplar leaves
Whisper in the soft light. The woodlands stir.
Deep peace. On slope and hollow, heaven
Lets down a paradisal dimness.

Never have I loved you so, dear house, dear place,
In eighty years never more beautiful—
Dear haunt of youth, childhood's far country,
Lost Eden of manhood, age's refuge.

Here I lived the long dream of youth; here
I grieved and exulted, loved and labored; here
Life has told me the ageless story;
Here first I heard the angelic voices.

O earliest days, fresh from the source of things,
Dawn's dew still on them, childhood memories,
Still mine! O primal and morning music,
Blown on gold horns from the gates of sunrise!

And you, with whom I shared them, my vanished ones,
Dear father, mother, brother, sister, now
Lost to me, mine no more—dear people,
Who lived here once, long since departed—

Old house, you remember these you so often laid
Kind arms around, and in me their memory still
Reverberates; but the rooms are vacant
And the beds empty, where they rested.

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Like swallows in autumn they fled, and left the house
Silent, I share with one now nearer than all,
And dearer; though, from a great darkness,
Sometimes will sound that earlier music.

Closer we draw, in age, to the fountainhead
And springs of being; closer, in age, we draw
To the death that is rebirth; spirit
Puts on a new self, with each new body.

The primal and early music sounds nearer now.
Those faces out of the past come nearer now.
I set my feet on the road toward sunrise,
Toward life, toward love, and the new morning.

Yet not in Lethe's but in Eunöe's stream
Let me be bathed, so I remember well
The happiness here, the pain also.
I would know them again. May this be granted.

And if, as is said, for every soul, at birth,
Somewhere a mother waits with open arms,
Ah, might they again be yours, my mother,
Your arms again that wait to receive me!

Nor to what lovelier place could I return,
A new-born self, than to you, dear house, dear place,
Where every room listens to the ocean,
Where all the woodland paths are peaceful.

Heaven is clear of cloud now, and the moon,
Declining in the west, casts her full light
On the little garden, where a cricket
Sounds his one note ever so softly.

Bless you, dear house, on which the moonlight falls.
Bless you, all those I love, those here, those gone.
All lovely things that have so blessed me,
Take from me now this benediction.

✪ JOHN HALL WHEELOCK's first book, *Verses by Two Undergraduates* (in collaboration with Van Wyck Brooks), appeared in 1905; his latest, *By Daylight and In Dream: New and Collected Poems, 1904-1970,* will be issued by Scribner's in September, 1970, on his eighty-fourth birthday. In the interim, he has published ten books of poems, and introduced, through his *Poets of Today* series, twenty-four young, hitherto unpublished American poets, among them May Swenson, Louis Simpson, James Dickey and Robert Pack. Mr. Wheelock has received many honors, most recently the Bollingen Prize.

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Letter from Europe

ANTHONY BURGESS

You received no letter from me for the last issue of the SCHOLAR. I take it that you wish to hear from my small version of Europe, and I have been a great deal in America lately. For the whole of the Fall (I capitalize deliberately, to bring out the lapsarian associations) I was in the South, which is perhaps the least European part of the Union, and also Oklahoma and Colorado (Denver, with its keen and scanty air, where that annual flesh market of the Modern Languages Association was held). I spent Christmas in New York, which to me is pure vertical Europe with snarls added. But wherever I cannot easily get a drink, or where I see the term "brown-bagging allowed here," or see the scrupulous dissemination of a few eating-house gimmicks to fulfill the sacred Franchise, then I know I am not in Europe. I merely point out basic differences; I intend no odor of odium. I love America more than many Americans do, but I regret an occasional failure to conserve the best of Europe, which—especially in this year celebratory of the sailing of the Mayflower (you must all by now have received letters from England with the new one-and-sixpenny stamp, Pilgrim Parents and Union Jack fluttering in the breeze of one Plymouth or another)—I like to think of as one of the basic American tasks.

It's a task that the South has totally jettisoned, except perhaps in New Orleans. I can't get used to hominy grits and corn pone, restaurants called the Colonial Inn which ask if you'd like tea or milk to drink with your meal, wine called Roma Rocket and raw apple brandy, things deep-fried in tepid fat, crab patties with the refrigerator-ice glittering in them; hotel clerks who, when they deign to regard a British accent as at all intelligible, look upon it as the stigma of a faggot; fat-bottomed policemen swaggering through hotels fully armed (even in the old West a man was supposed to take off his gunbelt in the presence of ladies) and counseling me, when I enter the hotel cafeteria (very Southern, most un-European), to join the chow line, buddy. And, when the chow line has reached the counter, I shudder at "Just slip me some of them lil ole carrots," which sounds sinister, like a quiet prelude to a noisy death. Finally, I can't get used to lecturing on *Paradise Lost* with an armed squad outside the window. When I mildly pointed out that it was bizarre to see guns in the Groves of Academe, I was told that the University had to enter the Modern World. I don't object to that, but I'm uneasy about the Modern World, in that particular form, anyway, entering the University.

America and Europe came very curiously together for me when I went to Mallorca to assist, for no fee (it delights me to be able to do something for America for nothing), in the establishment of an American Institute of the Mediterranean. The idea is perhaps a good one: students come from urban America to spend a postgraduate year study-

✪ ANTHONY BURGESS, born in Manchester, England, in 1917, tried for a time to be a painter, then for a longer time to be a composer, before he turned to literature. Since 1956 he has written and published some twenty-four books, eighteen of them novels. This year he produces a new biography of Shakespeare and next year, he hopes, "a new novel scandalous in title but harmless in content." He is married to an Italian *contessa,* has one son, and lives on the island of Malta, although he spends much time off it, traveling the world.

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ing in a part of Europe where the only luxury is the scenery. They do, say, Creative Writing; they learn a language in the place where that language is spoken; they eat fish and rice and drink rough diarrheal wine; they attend talks on local customs; they yearn for a Howard Johnson's and a multichannel television service. The village of Deyá in Mallorca is not perhaps the best place to choose for such an educational venture: there is nothing to do in the evenings except play pop music or poker for dangerous stakes; there is no garbage collection; there are eccentric expatriates who may prove corruptive; there is fascism. But Deyá is sanctified by the presence of *El Gran Poeta Inglés,* Roberto the Heavies or Robert Graves, and that makes all the difference.

There are a lot of hippies in Deyá, and they, if too negative to be corruptive, are nevertheless a bad influence, bad in a way not applicable to a conurbation like San Francisco. For it is the job of hippies to dress easy, like wretched peasants, and mock the vanity of industrial or bureaucratic toil. In Deyá their dress looks like a mockery of the circumambient poor, and their lying around while these poor scratch their living from the rocks or dredge it from the sea is, to say the least, an indiscretion. I became, at the end of my month, so oppressed by the jeans and espadrilles and torn maillots, as well as the mindless solar gawping and coffee-cadging, that I gave an evening lecture on Shakespeare, the great bourgeois, the T. S. Eliot of his day, and I gave it dressed in a suit with a collar and tie. This was the first tie anybody in Deyá had seen for a long time.

Mallorca, being Spanish, is fascist, but in a sloppy way. If anybody believes that fascism grows more liberal the longer it stays, they should take a look at, say, Spanish magazines, which have pretty things like babies and flowers on the covers and totally eschew anything like real information or the ratchet engagement of controversy. Information—even about why aircraft are late leaving or arriving, or why they don't arrive at all—is hard to get in Spanish territory, but the very notion of imparting true, or even plausible, facts is alien to a tradition that has already subsisted for thirty-odd years. The *tonton macoute* look of the police is not, I fear, a monopoly of the *Falange,* for there are plenty of bogeymen with dark glasses and thug jaws in the American South, but one curious custom of the *policía* is ritualistic as the Mass and hence un-American. Hippies are tolerated, but periodically one scapegoat is chosen from any given hippie band and taken away to be ritually castigated. I heard of one thin harmless boy called Michel, who suffered for his harmlessness and for his group. "Like he's like Jesus Christ, man. That's his trip, I guess."

Talking to one of my classes, the thought struck me that these young people were Americans and I was European: I was, comparatively, on home ground and they were strangers. How true is this, I wonder? The students assumed that I was a kind of marginal American: I spoke English, although with a foreign accent, and I shared a large part of their cultural background. I come from a non-wine-producing country whose national religion is Protestant; I am used to drainage, garbage collection, even refrigeration (although not central heating). I subscribe to the doctrines of democracy. I have, then, nothing in common with the Spanish. Yet there is a sense in which I am more at home in Spain than in America.

Distance, or lack of it, has something to do with this. One can flip over to Spain—from either England or Malta, my present home—quickly and with little cost, so that Spain takes on the properties of an English province—the temperament and language different, but no more different than the Welsh and Welsh. To go to America from Europe is a major undertaking: return flights for my wife, myself and my son cost a sizeable chunk of money. Again, America is expensive ($1.50 may be little enough to pay for a whisky sour if one is American, but to an Englishman it is twelve shillings and sixpence, and to a Spaniard it is something over a hundred pesetas). Europe is poor. The fact that West Germany no longer feels like Europe may have something to do with Berlin and Hamburg prices be-

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ing so high. In a sense, an Englishman and a Spaniard define a common European quality in terms of not being affluent in the American manner.

On the positive side, there is an awareness of opposed histories that stretch back as far as the Roman occupation of both countries. Our enmities are ancient and have become a bond. And we have the social inhibitions of old countries: we are polite but not friendly. I see that, whether I like to or not, I am forced to bring in "new" America as a control or standard of comparison. Ultimately, our characters are formed, finished, capable of decadence, while the American character is still emerging. Ultimately, our migrations are prehistoric: we've been in this part of the world a long time and, in the presence of a people whose migrations are historic and, indeed, recent, we become the more strongly aware of this.

I descry the seeds of a Henry James story: American meets Englishman in New York, proposes Englishman help him with establishment of American European Institute: after all, Englishman is English-speaking, just like American, is clean, democratic, *et cetera*. In Europe, Englishman suddenly becomes strange to American, behaves decadently, turns against American, wrecks his plans where he should have been helping to implement them. Something like that.

Life here in Malta is preferable to life in the American South in certain minor respects: one can buy Havana cigars and drink in restaurants, cafés, hotels, even in the street. But the philistinism—a fruit of the British occupation, helped along by the obscurantism of the Church—is growing oppressive. I saw many interesting films in America—*Midnight Cowboy, Easy Rider, The Rain People* and so on—but I'm quite sure that they'll never get past the censor here. The banning and burning of books goes along merrily: a recently published *index librorum prohibitorum* shows that Voltaire's *Candide* is still proscribed. I grow ashamed and angry when I have to submit, each time a book is sent to me from America or England, to the cursory vetting of a post office clerk. The other day I was sent a copy of the poems of Thomas Campion. "Richard Campion," said the official. "That's all right—he was a great English Catholic martyr." More and more I consider the prospect of migrating north to Rome. Rome still finds it hard to get a government, and it has its share of repression and corruption, but the air smells of the anarchic full life. Every visit is a refreshment.

In Rome I become fully aware that I'm a European, despite my bad Italian and my dissatisfaction with the State's tobacco products (there is a wretched small cigar called Avana which, if water could be smoked, would taste like water). I like eating in Rome—the *cappuccino* in the morning, the lunch at miday that can go on until three, the very late and very leisurely dinner, with no importunate check-handing from a harassed waitress. No brown-bagging, no gimmicks, no franchise. Cheap red wine, thick soup crowded with vegetables, Roman lamb with garlic, ice cream soaked in whiskey and the bottle left on the table. No *pizza,* except in the American-hunting snack-bars. The ancient ruins and the megalomaniacal monuments of the *Risorgimento* and after. The new Fellini film about midnight, and the bars still open when I come *out,* so that there's time for a leisurely *esprèsso* and a Strega. No nocturnal dyspepsia (no animal fat). The admirable Roman hypochondria and the excellent patent medicines (an anal pessary is the best way of treating bronchitis).

When the Romans are horrible, which they often are, it's in a liverish human way that seems (by courtesy of the Vatican) to demonstrate the Fall, not in the maniacal, self-willed, prelapsarian way of some New York taxi drivers. And the corruption is never maleficent. I understand that the Vatican is the best place to get black-market American cigarettes. Which brings us back to America again, which none of us can do without, our smart, clever, harassed stepmother, with so many gifts and so many anxieties, who best gets our love and devotion when she least seems to seek it. I shall be back.

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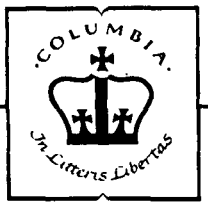
COLUMBIA  COLUMBIA

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JOURNEY

Manchild in the Promised Land: To Israel and Back

PAUL SCHWABER

Episodes emerge to clarity in time. One evening in Eilat, Israel's outlet to the Red Sea, I sipped a soda in the youth hostel, wondering disconsolately whether I had baked too long in the Negev sun, whether the carbonated drink might calm my innards' protest against desalinated water, why the fetching girl on my right (although she looked uncannily like Joan Baez) had not the slightest wish to talk with me. I drifted to haze, then slowly focused on a nearby conversation. An eight- or nine-year-old orthodox boy—*payis* and skull cap, *tsitsis* trailing from his shirt, talmudic slouch and all—was interviewing a handsome dark man in khaki, whose insignia and battle ribbons revealed him to be a fighter pilot, an Israeli Steve Canyon: a pleasant man, munching his sandwich, his good humor at the excited attention not spoiled by his slight embarrassment. The youngster's eyes shone—not with love of God but with adulation for man, with plain, unadulterated hero worship. Soon, his nerve or his well of questions exhausted, he ran happily to a clump of friends: "I *spoke* to him . . . I spoke to *him!*"

Often in Israel one recognizes such profound opposites coming together with surprising ease. The modern and imponderably ancient, the West and the East seem there, colorfully and with no little grace, to strike a balance. Tensions abound not only with the surrounding Arab countries but between generations of Israelis; between religious and nonreligious groups regarding public transportation on the Sabbath and the right to civil marriage; and between the founding Westerners and the Middle-Eastern and North-African "Orientals"—who in the past decade have become a majority in the population. Difficulties seem not to oppress, however; they add tone, some anger and humor, too, to a present already enriched by a consciousness of the past. Some problems cannot be solved. Others remain untended because more important matters come first: settlement and education of the immigrants, irrigation of the land, constant training of the citizen army, the necessity of heavy taxes and a sustained coalition.

I felt uneasy at first, then encouraged by people who thrive on inclusiveness, who are not frightened by contradiction, complication and variety. They nourish innovativeness and deep patience, vibrant optimism without illusions, as befits a young nation that counts among its major cities Beersheba, where Abraham and Abimelech aeons ago pledged to live peaceably, and Jerusalem "the Golden." Their style suits the country that two years ago fought brilliantly to secure trade from its southern port—a town rumored to have been settled by criminals who chose to go there rather than to jail and now, within clear view of Jordanian Aqaba, Israel's most popular resort—Eilat, where Solomon sumptuously greeted the Queen of Sheba. One gets used to Biblical echoes and even to the actuality of driving through the Judean hills or camping near the Sea of Galilee; there is seemly pleasure in discovering Jerusalem's Hillel and Shamai Streets running adjacently—the great

PAUL SCHWABER teaches in both the College of Letters and the department of English at Wesleyan University. For the 1970-1971 academic year he will be American Council of Learned Societies Fellow to the Society for the Humanities at Cornell University.

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rabbinical disputants still charting parallel courses that never meet. What surprises is the special Israeli breeziness about the past, their ability to live easily with it, to revere but not mummify it, to assume that patterns can be changed. Early in my stay I strolled through the Arab markets of Jerusalem's old city. Some Israeli soldiers came by on patrol, unobtrusive in the crowd, relaxed and confident. Astonishingly, they looked like my old mates from Hebrew school—but leaner, tougher. They had authority, and guns slung over their shoulders. What species of Jew was this? I recalled a picture postcard I had pondered of a squad of Israeli soldiers casually resting atop Mount Sinai. Lo, something new under the sun.

Except for the wonderfully cold water of the Gulf of Aqaba, multicolored fish that swim close to shore and vacationing young people, a stay in Eilat resembles life in an oven. The fierce sun and desert winds drain one's energy within minutes. So I was startled, waiting in the shade for the air shuttle north, when the Israelis on the flight bolted toward the sun-drenched boarding gate, leaving the tourists to glance doubtfully at one another. An airline employee had sauntered to the gate, but he would not collect tickets for another fifteen minutes, when the plane would be ready. All seats were reserved, but there they stayed, milling closely in the pitiless sun—women too—jockeying for position, baking. Somebody else might get ahead.

It was silly but also typical: a national instinct at that moment laughably on display. Israelis push, push, push. Remarkably easy to meet and extremely hospitable, they are rarely polite. If a visitor does not learn to push back and preferably also to shout in Hebrew, he will miss essentials, for in Israel the meek inherit nothing. Occasional rudeness I came to recognize as an immediately visible aspect of a determined and utterly serious national character. The Israelis did not declare their independence in the aftermath of the Nazi apocalypse and survive thus far for twenty-one years in the Middle East by being nice. Nor did the original Zionists settle in Palestine because they were made welcome, or because they were loved in Russia and Europe. Survival remains the order of the day, and the quality of life is quite rough. Women shy away from glamour or try for it awkwardly; one notices an insistent, if genial, philistinism in most discussions. Where were the skeptical, penetrating, sarcastic, poignantly sad and richly cerebrating intellectuals—those disillusioned princes I count as my own? Either well hidden or barely present. In Israel the big problems are external and communal. People feel ambitious for themselves, their families *and* their country. I do not remember a conversation of any length that did not include, eventually, the well-being of the state. Israelis share an extraordinary loyalty to the larger group—a kind of happy fanaticism, rooted in common danger—with which many Eastern Americans may have difficulty identifying but which American blacks now seem to have, as do, from all I have heard, the Cubans who stay with Castro, and the North Vietnamese. A college-age girl I met on a bus was returning to her *kibbutz* in the Golan Heights, near Syria. She had come home for the funeral of a school chum who had been hit by Egyptian artillery near the Suez Canal. Her troubled parents argued her own danger, and she too admitted worry. Why then was she going back? A sweet smile: "Somebody has to. For a while it will be me."

In a disproportionately young population, the young must be responsible; but they are accorded respect and lend their verve and courage to the national tone. Indeed, at moments, in cities, towns, *kibbutzim* and *moshavim,* on paved and dirt roads, Israel resembles a massive summer camp. But the camp is for keeps. Israel accepts victimization from nobody. All men and women serve in the armed forces from eighteen to twenty-one. On time-off —in a country not much larger than Connecticut—they hitch home, or anywhere. Trucks, cars, station wagons dependably stop for them, and in they pile, as many as can fit. Easy-going communal-

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ity seems practical, as is reflected even in the jokes about the democratic and obviously excellent army, whose officers are said to weep because nobody will follow orders. (An old story given new form: every Jew his own general.) There is gaiety but much purpose, a willingness to accept challenge and moral burden. Some teenage *kibbutzniks,* I heard, after being shown films of Nazi concentration camps and crematoria, volunteered that they did not believe them: it was impossible that so many people could be so treated and not fight back. Recently, when Golda Meir, the chain-smoking, grandmotherly Premier, was asked whether persistent militancy might pose a danger to traditional Jewish values, she replied (approximately): "Yes. We worry about that a great deal. But we have no interest in a cultured, liberal, sweet and dead Israel."

Sherut (service) taxis run from city to city at slightly more than bus fare and much more dependably. Almost always they are old American cars converted to seat nine. When the driver has enough passengers, he starts, and because Israelis like to talk to strangers, one usually arrives in a new place with connections. On one such trip between Jerusalem and Tel Aviv, I enjoyed testing my Hebrew by listening to an exuberant and rotund gray-haired man flirt with the lady passengers, argue with the driver about Al Fatah's strength and recall for anyone who would listen the battles in which he had fought along that stretch of road. Turning to me, he continued in English about his army days—dating back to Wingate's commandos in the 1930s, the first Jewish offensive group in the British Mandate forces—and about his son and daughters, one of whom studied biology at Berkeley. He asked about me, praised Israel some more—pointing to the cotton crops growing where once there had been wilderness—then sobered, met my eyes and asked the question all visiting Jews hear: "So when will you move here?"

"But I have a *life* there—ties, responsibilities."

"This is your home. We need you. Well, here you can come if you have to, if it ever starts again."

"Oh, there are troubles in America, but the Jews are safe. It's not bad there."

"It wasn't bad in Germany."

Hopelessly oversimplified, and not a little infuriating. How could he blithely compare America and Germany? The generalization exploded in my brain anyway. Hadn't I heard about the past two thousand years? The man was serious; as the only survivor of his European family, he knew something too. Besides, assuming his arguments were not cogent, why did the invitation upset me? Was the C. I. A. listening? Hadn't I been euphoric about this land since I arrived? Despite reservations, wasn't I extravagantly proud? Didn't it make me feel stronger, safer?

I hadn't expected to love Israel. Early scars from Hebrew school, a few onerous *Sabras* during graduate years, uneasiness about too much toughness and doubts about the foreign policy restrained my affections. And certain things proved troublesome: retrospectively, the philistinism, and from the first the plight of the Arabs in Israel. Some, especially the Bedouin and the Druse, have long preferred the Jews, because the Moslems persecuted them. The Druse have fought in Israel's army since 1948. In the Gaza Strip and on the West bank of the Jordan River, occupied territory since 1967, the condition of the Palestinian refugees seems to have improved considerably, as the Egyptians and Jordanians allowed them neither to work nor to move. Most Arabs, however, contend with second-class citizenship. For instance, they are searched at police roadblocks while Israelis and tourists get waved through. Of course, Israel considers itself at war, and not because it wants to be; guerrillas smuggle arms in and kill people, necessitating precautions. Moreover, Israeli Arabs may be far more fortunate than the pathetic young Egyptians, Syrians and Jordanians, who are rounded up and sent to the front, badly trained and poorly motivated, to take on the Israelis. The situation is murky, and I could feel myself

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sinking in, no more able than anyone else to find a way out until peace can be negotiated.

Shortly before flying home, I dined with an American couple. We shared impressions, pleased that Israel had heartened us, that it refuted tragic notions of history. We moved to different matters and soon to home: the Vietnam war, the blacks, the cities, the campuses, Woodstock, nirvana, inflation, the market, General Motors, the military-industrial complex, the President. I warmed with priorities and commitment but sensed sadness. The literary enterprise seemed too frail. As my gloom deepened, I realized that not the problems themselves but their massiveness, and especially their distance, staggered me. I doubted I could reach them, could affect them in any way. For a month—for the first time and without recognizing what was happening—I had known the expectancies of public authority. Now I was a minority again, and now I understood. So *that*'s what the WASPS have been holding on to so well for so long! Small wonder.

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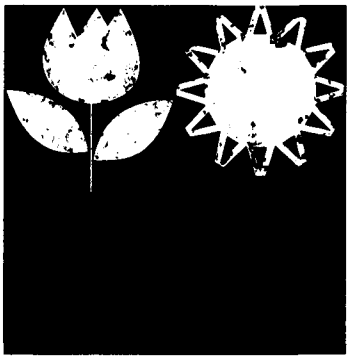

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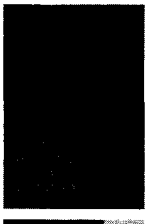

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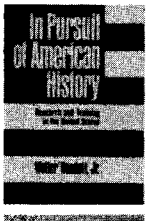

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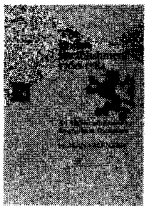

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CONtroversy

The Horizontal Life

The Winter issue of the SCHOLAR contains a valuable essay by Mr. Buckminster Fuller where, in keeping with the ebullience of his undoubted genius, he makes at least one statement that is contrary to fact—not, certainly, to mislead, but simply to keep afloat the dubious metaphor that constitutes his title: "Vertical Is to Live—Horizontal Is to Die." I should like to question the metaphor and refute the "fact."

Unless "life" is limited to the so-called human being, it is obviously not always vertical: the centipede, the snake, the cheerful alligator are horizontal, at least for the most part. The hero in uniform and in bronze is vertical only thanks to his horizontal horse. Nor do fish swim with their heads held high. Some indeed (like the appetizing sole) lie so flat that one of their eyes soon after birth rejoins the other on the upper side.

Many plants likewise—think of the prim strawberry and the promiscuous melon—spread by means of horizontal lifelines. In man himself one important phase of life is horizontal, namely its transmission—unless Mr. Fuller would persuade us to a standing act of congress, in which event it is to be feared that even the stubborn motility of sperm will be defeated by an all-too-vertical gravitation.

So much for the image; now for the fact. Mr. Fuller says: "[man's] total record of flying has proven it to be . . . the most spectacularly safe mode of travel known to us"; and he rejoices in the vertical aspect of the device. But that proffered record is made by Mr. Fuller out of whole cloth. For one thing, he compares air travel exclusively with motoring and forgets rail travel. What are the unbiased statistics? When railroads in this country were decently kept up, the fatalities were 0.78 per thousand million passenger miles; air fatalities for the same period were 5.63; that is, rail travel was more than seven times safer. And these figures from the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Civil Aeronautics Board present but a bald numerical contrast. If one considers that airlines suspend service in bad weather and railroads do not, although also adversely affected; that the air record takes in only the scheduled flights, and not the private and military; and that air trips are on average three times as long as train trips, the probable safety ratio of train to plane is something like 25 to 1.

But look at the most recent figures covering the last ten years, during which maintenance and concern for train passengers have reached rock bottom: The fatality rate was .10 per million passenger miles; on the highway, 2.4; scheduled flying: .30. The corrected estimate comparable to the 25 to 1 cited above has perhaps come down by neglect and inefficiency to 24 to 1.

Dare I add that the flanged wheel on the rail is patently more vertical than the plane wing zooming through the clouds? But to be fair I must admit that it will be a long time before the Metroliner gives us a sonic boom.

Respectfully yours,
JACQUES BARZUN

A Modest Dissent

We have read with great interest and appreciation the Autumn issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR on "revolution on the campus." The judicious statement of varying opinions on issues engaging the larger public as well as the academic and scholarly community is a welcome contribution to the current debate.

One article has particular interest for us

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as readers personally concerned not only with the whole broad issue of women's place in society, but with the specifics of Elizabeth L. Cless's "Modest Proposal" for their betterment. The disclaiming title and the quiet tone of the piece belie its implications, which seem to us far-reaching and unsettling to a degree not equalled elsewhere in the issue. We wonder whether Mrs. Cless made her points to be seriously evaluated on their own terms, or presented them more daringly to force attention to the plight of women by any means. We write here not so much to reject her piece out of hand as to express a few of the questions it has raised for us.

Crucial to Mrs. Cless's article is the proposed replacement by interrupted part-time study of "the compulsive uninterrupted full-time study sequence of high school, bachelor's degree, then the master's degree followed by the Ph.D., M.D. or LL.D." The recommendation to abandon "an academic pattern consecutive in time and specialized in content" she bases on "an acceptance that the intellectually productive periods of a woman's life may be different in time from those of a man." This acceptance, she predicts, "will produce a response from the feminine student to her preceptors that is impossible when that student is forced into an ill-fitting masculine mold."

However "modest" a proposal, it should have clear premises of some validity. We would ask here for her evidence showing that women and men reach intellectual maturity and peak intellectual productivity at different age levels or spans. The only evidence we know of suggests quite the opposite—that the peak years for learning and producing intellectually are the same for women as for men, and that these years, for both sexes, are between the teens and thirties. If this does not always appear to be so, the qualifying factor is a cultural not a biological one. We are not speaking now of realized productivity, which is not at issue. At issue is the idea that women reach intellectual maturity and power at a period different from that of men, that during women's peak physical years—from the late teens through the early thirties—their intellectual machinery is still, to resume activity on order when the last child enters kindergarten, and to reach full operation some years thereafter.

The premise of an intellectual time-lag seems to us untenable, but it is the basis for proposing what amounts to a system of deferred higher education for women. We question the results that logically such a scheme must prefigure for intellectually mature women. Practically it means that they will join the "great, wide world, not . . . the semi-isolation of the P.T.A. and the car pool"—that is, the world of business and the professions, technically the labor market—a decade and more later than their masculine counterparts in age and education. On what level are they to join that world? In measurable terms they will be competing for jobs with men perhaps fifteen years junior to them and also just out of college. If we assume that their education was interrupted at the graduate school level, then upon completion of advanced degrees they are still competing for places with younger candidates, including younger women in predictably greater numbers. The existence of this fresh and demanding competition must be taken into consideration in any proposal to aid an older and no better equipped group of women.

Mrs. Cless's rejoinder is that the older women are actually better educated than the younger career candidates, although admittedly not in ways traditionally

> measured and recorded as progress toward a diploma. . . . Colleges and universities must begin to look for ways to utilize nonclassroom learning within the degree system. . . . Able women may deserve advanced educational placement when they return to formal education after work in the League of Women Voters, a cooperative nursery school or a secretarial job. Colleges and universities concerned with the education of women will have to admit that raising a family and serving a community are learning experiences as valid in fact, if not in kind, as sitting in a history classroom or standing in a biology laboratory.

Of far greater import than the rigidity of academic institutions are the unexamined implications of this "answer," which

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seems to assume a radical change in higher education, in its very conception, foundation and practice. There is no suggestion of the effects such a change must have upon several academic disciplines or upon the greater world of which the academic is a part. The years spent standing in the biology laboratory lead to the mastery of a method and a body of knowledge that is the very least prerequisite to a full-time, serious career in biology. How is one to be envisioned without that preparation? How other is that preparation to be gained? In certain disciplines, such as the social sciences, field work and research are currently being given ever more justified academic equivalence. We do not question the propriety of this: we only call attention to the long-range implications, which should be anticipated now, of the practice freely extended. "Colleges and universities concerned with the education of women . . .": again that premise that the intellectual stuff of women is different from that of men, and that they are to be accorded different treatment therefore—here apparently preferential. Do not logic and justice demand that men be given academic credit equally for a variety of "living experiences" unrelated to the academic, and does this not mean, again, that the whole academic picture and structure must be changed? We take exception throughout to Mrs. Cless's failure to discuss women in any context beyond the immediately biological and presently stereotyped. To point out that nothing can be effected in behalf of women that does not actually, experientially, also affect men, that is, the rest of human society, is not to introduce yet another "factor" into the discussion. It is to note a fact of life basic and preliminary to any plan for altering, not to say improving, the position of women.*

As we try to see women as part of a total picture, and lacking documentary evidence to the contrary, we can only see the lately educated older women, perhaps of considerable ability, settling for what the younger competing men and women pass over professionally, positions labeled "careers" in that a college degree is prerequisite and they exist outside the home. Simply, we ask what pursuits does Mrs. Cless have in mind for women entering a field several college generations after the current one and offering credentials and academic training "not specialized in content"? It cannot be assumed that good openings will exist in any number—and this not for reasons of discrimination. While women are withdrawn for years in childbearing and housekeeping, the offices of the world have to be kept running. All the evidence is that they will be, by men and by those women who know the meaning of the term career. Will careerists, men, and women too, who are themselves, after several years of apprenticeship and experience, just hitting the peak of their productivity and proficiency, yield their places for the convenience of latecomers who long since elected another kind of career?

There seems considerable reason to suspect that the lot of the older returning women will be to fill in and help out more than to advance in or take over the professional and business world. We do not relish this result of deferred education any more than we do the present situation, in which, when a man and woman of approximately the same age and preparation apply for a given vacancy, the man is likely to get it, at the going top salary.

But need we be thinking at all in terms of continued inequity or the accommodation of it that the deferred rights and belated compensatory treatment of the present proposal seem to us to offer? Need we yield to the lure of the Feminine Mystique? There is at least some statistical evidence to show that while the advancement of women in the professions is uneven, in a number of instances the overall growth rate is higher than that for men, and it has been created by women taking up their professional lives at the same time as their male counterparts. It is unhappily also true on evidence that in many areas women have been discriminated against in matters of promotion and tenure. These

* Far from denying this, the more exasperated members of militant feminist groups rejoice in their threat to male equanimity, let alone superiority. But presumably the goals of the intellectually gifted and mature woman are freedom and justice, not revenge for past wrongs.

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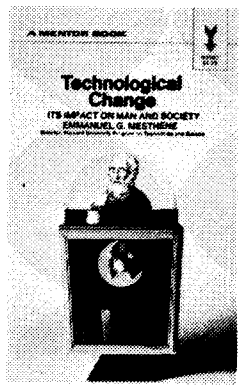

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are wrongs that must be publicized and righted. They have nothing to do, however, with the substance of Mrs. Cless's article, and they may well change drastically when circumstances contributing to the hardening of prejudice and resistance are changed. In the past the married or courting graduate student or the young career woman was a too often verified risk for admissions and employment officers. Even when she might have wished otherwise, pregnancies and family demands made professional work impossible for her, and she either did not begin it at all, or she dropped it under way, thereby becoming one more statistic citable against the seriousness and reliability, if not innate capability, of women in a man's world. The practice of contraception is one obvious solution to this problem. We do not think that Mrs. Cless's arguments have much appeal to today's young women (we have not touched upon their meaning for coeducation). If they interest those now thirty-five or over, will they continue to do so for that age group in future years? Mrs. Cless seems to assume a static society and pays no attention to the realities of today's real and swiftly changing world. As we contemplate it, we wonder whether the question of deferred education or singularly preferential treatment on any grounds is of genuine significance (or "relevance"!).

VICTORIA SCHUCK
Professor of Political Science
PHYLLIS P. A. SMITH
Associate Professor of English
Mount Holyoke College

MRS. CLESS replies: The lucid, measured questioning of my "Modest Proposal" by Professors Schuck and Smith is welcome. Space limitations in a brief article obviously produce oversimplification. Qualifying statements may easily be overlooked by the reader. The "Proposal's" suggestion of possible academic solutions for a particular segment of the population at this particular moment in time is misread as a universal, unchanging prescription. Nowhere do I suggest "replacement" of uninterrupted full-time study or that we "abandon" our current pattern of consecutive study. Instead I hoped to emphasize the danger of limiting academic options to this traditional pattern in a culture that demands repeated, recognized intellectual renewal.

Professors Schuck and Smith quote, ". . . the intellectually productive periods of a woman's life may be different in time from those of a man," ignoring the operative word *"may."* They go on to request evidence "that men and women reach intellectual maturity and peak intellectual productivity" at different times. Maturity and productivity are not synonymous; only the latter was discussed in my article. That hypothesis was based on data primarily from the Radcliffe Institute for Independent Study, the Minnesota Planning and Counseling Center, the University of Michigan's Women's Continuing Education Program and the Claremont Colleges.

A necessary limit on the length of authors' dialogue with their critics prohibits discussion of other important questions in the foregoing letter. "A Modest Proposal" was conceived to encourage such questions, and I hope they will be met, not only in the interest of older returning students, but also for the "new," pill-carrying young woman without a completed college or professional degree.

In conclusion, one Schuck-Smith statement needs emphasis—"nothing can be effected in behalf of women that does not actually, experimentally, also affect men. . . ." Our mutual exploration of options for academic change must continue, utilizing the past and present experience of returning women students as one way to illumine inherited assumptions about the structure and timing of higher education for all people.

CORRECTION: In John D. Gordan's "A Legend Revisited: Elinor Wylie," which appeared in the Summer, 1969, issue, the sentence on page 462 reading "She went to the Baldwin School, to Bryn Mawr, and to Holton Arms in the capital" should have read "She went to the Baldwin School in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, and to Holton Arms in the capital." We regret this typographical error.

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"The Poet Is Always Present"

THE SEAMLESS WEB. *By Stanley Burnshaw. Braziller. $7.50.*

Reviewed by GERMAINE BRÉE

"Although everyone knows that humanity is only one strand in the web of creation, one can rarely speak about man's condition as a creature without eliciting defensiveness and confusion." It is to man's condition as a creature, his need and indeed drive to regain his primary organic unity with the rest of creation, that Stanley Burnshaw's title refers. It is to that particular drive that he connects the work of the artist—all artists, but more particularly the poet, whom Stanley Burnshaw considers to be the archetype of the artist. And it is to an elucidation of the nature of the poet's activity that *The Seamless Web* addresses itself. From time immemorial, the poet and the nature of his activity have been topics of much contradictory speculation. Paradoxically enough, our own epoch has combined a quasi-obsessional preoccupation with the "creative mind" and an almost total inability to define what, if any, are the functions and uses of literature—particularly of poetry—in our society. Yet the question calls for some serious thought, even if we consider only the investment our whole educational enterprise is making in the study of literature and the arts, an investment that we are being asked to explain. It is one of the many major qualities of this book that it approaches the question from a new angle, drawing support from such scientific pioneers in psycho-physiology as René Dubos. Burnshaw's book is richly documented. In his investigation he considers a wide variety of approaches to art: Freud and the various brands of psychoanalysis; structuralism and the "new critics," exploring the limits of their approach with great clarity and intellectual precision. The discretion with which he uses his vast knowledge is a measure of his mastery over it; the extent of that knowledge is apparent in the range and accuracy of the notes that accompany each chapter of the book.

Besides being himself a poet, willing dispassionately to examine his own activity as poet, Burnshaw is a man with a wide knowledge of his fellow craftsmen, past and present, writing in different languages from within different cultures. He can approach without fumbling even the more abstruse speculations of a poet such as Mallarmé and he is completely at home with the speculations of a Valéry. But, beyond the whole range of testimony concerning the creative act gathered from the artists themselves, the volume brings to the reader a wealth of examples, a rich harvest of verse in an analytic context that illuminates and appeals simultaneously to the reader's imagination and understanding. Stanley Burnshaw is a man who can range far and wide in the world of poetry itself, a critic with an acute sense of the precise techniques and the imponderables that make up the poet's craft and of the many traps his use of words will set a reader bent on some single explanation of a poem's meaning. He is as nondogmatic in his approach to poetry as he is unpedantic in the formulation of his ideas. He has a thesis concerning the nature of the poet's activity that he puts forward unequivocally in his Introduction and develops from various points of view in the three parts of the book.

Much has been written about the "creative mind." In his Introduction, Burnshaw raises the question of "who does the creating." Poets have often spoken of the "other

✪ GERMAINE BREE, Vilas Professor of French at the Institute for Research in the Humanities at the University of Wisconsin, is author of *Camus* and *The World of Marcel Proust.*

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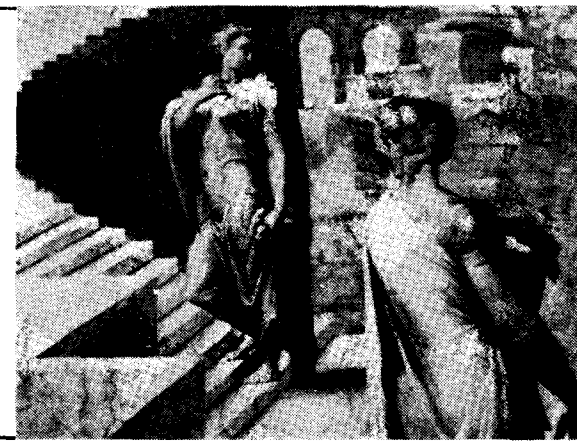

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I" who speaks through the poem, suggesting the presence within themselves of a mysterious power. Burnshaw shifts the terrain of the debate from the mind to the body. "Poetry begins with the body and ends with the body" is the thesis he puts forward. Before exploring the realm of language itself, he examines the mode of existence of the human creature, within this world, the manner in which, according to our scientists, brain and body function in a single organism so that existence is sustained in the environment that is ours without our ever being aware of it. That "much of the time we are being thought," and "much of the time, perhaps most, we are being lived," is a biological truth that destroys the image of the consciously directed, rational human being. As Burnshaw reminds us, "paraphrase invites distortion." But essential to the understanding of the book is realizing that it links poetry to the biological processes described by scientists, whereby the "human creature" responds as a total organism to the world so as to maintain the equilibrium in which he may survive. Poetry, in these terms, is "the joint creation of a man and his universe." In our complex society, it becomes the expression of "primal" organic impulses driven underground by the overcontrolling abstract thought processes. As such, the aesthetic experience is a "life-sustaining activity," an "unburdening" for poet and reader charged with a "creature-knowledge" that establishes a "truce" in the conflict-ridden existence that is ours. The point of view, personal as it is, is rich in suggestiveness and very amply sustained by the analysis.

The three parts of the book examine different facets of the question. "Language thinking," the first, and perhaps the most original, part, develops the central thesis of the book and then proceeds to explore the act of composition and the "ways in which poems speak." The second part, "Creature-knowledge," examines the difficult problem of form and meaning, leading to a definition of the poem as an "act of uniting," that is of re-creating the sense of the unity of existence in "the seamless web of creation." The third part considers the "Art-experience," the autonomous life of the poem once it has become "Object"; the reader's encounter with the poem, the role of the critic. The book progresses with great honesty and thoughtfulness, opening up new avenues for speculation along the way. The poet is always present, throughout the book, which is most certainly, as Hiram Haydn has said, a "pivotal book," and a much needed book, which may well influence the general approach to literature, and perhaps, to some degree, the poets' own understanding of their art. It requires careful reading if one is to come to grips with the "common and uncommon" sense it makes, with Burnshaw's deep concern with the human sensibility and his unerring aesthetic sense.

Mister Lonelyhearts

NATHANAEL WEST: THE ART OF HIS LIFE. *By Jay Martin. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. $10.*

Reviewed by DAN WAKEFIELD

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✪ DAN WAKEFIELD is waiting for his first novel, *Going All the Way*, to be published this month, and hoping that no oak trees fall on his house.

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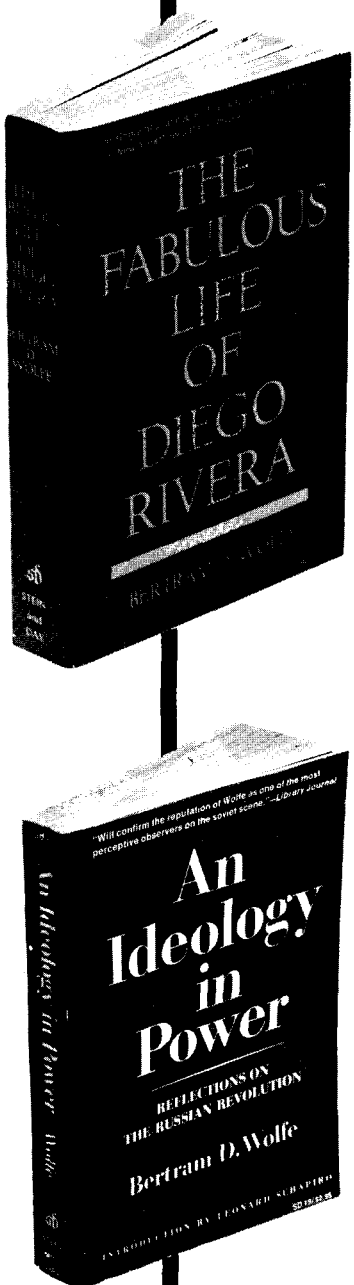

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The story of the life of West (née Nathan Weinstein) is as poignant and terrifying as his *Miss Lonelyhearts* and *The Day of the Locust*. It is all the more depressing because West himself comes through so clearly as a man of extraordinary gentleness, decency, and generosity of spirit.

His biographer, Jay Martin, received the cooperation of West's sister and brother-in-law, the S. J. Perelmans, and was given access to West's papers and correspondence. Mr. Martin, a professor of literature at the University of California at Irvine, has done an exhaustive job of research, but I think that he has fallen prey to the temptation of putting in more than the reader wants or needs.

It is interesting to know that as a young man West wanted to excel in sports and was nicknamed "Home-Run Weinstein," but we hardly need be informed that while playing for his summer camp baseball team, "West compiled a record of five hits in twenty times at bat and one error while making twelve putouts," and that he batted eighth or ninth in the lineup.

It is grimly relevant to know something of West's reckless driving habits, but we hardly need the details of his entire driving history, or the general traffic problems in the state of California, and indeed the Western part of the nation, at the time of the fatal accident. In what almost could be a parody of West's own kind of satire, we are told that on the day of West's death,

> four sailors were killed in San Diego in a head-on collision with a bus, and Lucille Marshall, known as "the original cowgirl of vaudeville," was killed in an auto crash in Oklahoma. In the Imperial Valley there had been twenty-seven auto fatalities for the year . . .

In far-off Marrakech, a rickshaw collided with a schoolbus, injuring three . . .

Despite the sometimes artless execution of the book, it is immensely valuable and fascinating, because of its subject and the quoted conversations and correspondence of West, heroically surviving successive disasters and disappointments and managing always to get his work done. After finishing *Miss Lonelyhearts* and going back to some hack film work in Hollywood, he wrote his editor in New York, Saxe Commins:

> I got back to this sundrenched desert with everything intact except my spirits, which are lower than _____ of Liveright's Inc. moral standards. During the four months I was away I think that the sand has encroached at least a few feet on this town and if I can get a group of people together to hide the brooms of the Japanese gardeners for a few weeks, maybe the surrounding desert will overwhelm it. That is my present bent.

West's well-justified sardonic view of life, as expressed in his talk and letters as well as his novels, never seems to have lessened his genuine compassion for people or his fierce dedication to his art. I wish I had known him, and I wish he still were here.

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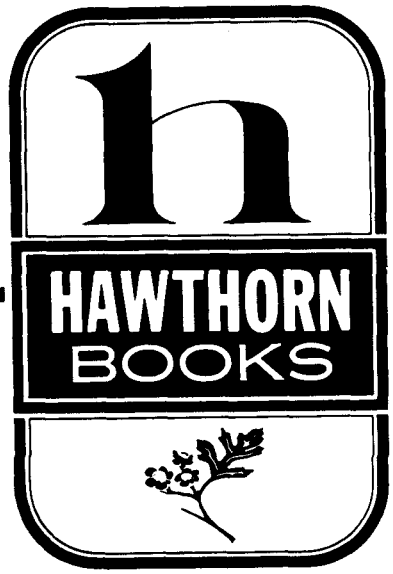

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Tibet in Political Perspective

THE GOVERNMENT & POLITICS OF TIBET. *By Ram Rahul. Vikas Publications, Delhi, India. 20 rupees.*

Reviewed by WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

Ram Rahul, an old and honored friend of mine, is India's foremost Central Asian scholar. He is fluent in English, Hindi and Tibetan; he has traveled extensively in Soviet Central Asia, Outer Mongolia and Tibet; he has spent two years here, studying Central Asia both at Harvard and at Columbia. He is a Buddhist and a friend of the Dalai Lama, who contributes a foreword to this volume.

To the average American, Tibet is practically unknown save as my own writings and those of Lowell Thomas have brought it partly to light. It is largely unknown even to our Department of State, to our international trade groups, and to our centers of learning except where the C.I.A. has instigated some limited studies. Hence this book—which I hope will be widely read in this country—comes as a very special dividend.

It is a book—rather *the* book—that puts Tibet in political perspective. Tibet—surrounded by Russia, China and India—has been a part of the designs of each of these powers. In addition, Japan has had a hand in Tibetan affairs. For most of its history, Tibet was stoutly independent. But, in olden days when communications were clumsy, it was torn by divisive internal factions. As a result, Tibet in modern times has been increasingly dependent on some outside power.

China was expelled in 1912, but Chinese designs on Tibet never slumbered. Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Tse-tung agree to this day that Tibet is part of China—although legally, historically and culturally, it was not and is not. China, to be sure, at one time controlled it as a department or region. But if Tibet still belongs to China, then we still belong to England. Tibet was under the Manchu yoke from 1720 to 1912; but it never acquiesced in Chinese claims to superiority. China, however, never relented. Under Red China the propaganda was to "liberate" Tibet—from whom, it was never clear.

Tibet was never a democracy. It was a theocratic state, whose temporal and ecclesiastical affairs were combined and run by the Dalai Lama. Landlords and Buddhist monasteries dominated the politics of the nation, although, as I explain in *Beyond the High Himalayas,* those regimes were not nearly as oppressive from the point of view of the peasants as the other land tenure systems in the Middle East and in Asia. Perhaps it was at those interests that Peking's drive for "liberation" was aimed.

Tibet under great pressure from Peking in 1951 signed a trade agreement with Peking that acknowledged Tibet as an integral part of China. India—shamefully and regretfully—also recognized Tibet as a part of China, in an agreement denounced in Parliament as "born in sin to put the seal of our approval upon the destruction of an ancient nation which was associated with us spiritually and culturally."

China's 1950 invasion of Tibet went on ruthlessly, and the Dalai Lama finally fled in 1959; and it was from the Chinese Tibetan bases that China's invasion of India was launched on October 22, 1962.

India was not the only Great Power to turn her back on Tibet. Russia did the same. So did England. So did the United States. The options were not (a) fighting a war in Tibet or (b) agreeing to Chinese ambitions. The main alternative was marshaling world opinion against "aggression." Even the United Nations sat on its hands. Although we were loudly protesting aggression in Korea, we supinely acquiesced in Tibet's disappearance as a sovereign power. The American acquiescence sadly reflected our subservience to Chiang Kai-shek in our Asian outlook.

For centuries the oracles have been behind all important Tibetan political decisions. What accuracy their "predictions" have is known only in the inner circles and perhaps not even there. There is one

✪ WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS has been an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court since 1939.

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prophecy that the office of the Dalai Lama will disappear.

The Manchus were particularly clever in manipulating the affairs of the office of the Dalai Lama. The main device was the use of the regency during the minority of the Dalai Lama. A regency is often easy to manipulate. The problem of the Manchus in their period of control was to keep a Dalai Lama, who took office at the age of eighteen, from living a long life. His life expectancy was indeed brief.

The book is mostly about politics and Tibet's administration of domestic and foreign affairs. Interesting sidelights concern the enforcement of civil and criminal laws, the imposition of the death penalty and the lesser penalties of cutting off the "offending" hand, the making of surveys and the collection of taxes. The Yellow sect of Buddhism dominates the lives of the people. Ever since the Yellow sect became powerful in the fifteenth century, the Dalai Lamas have been dedicated to celibacy. One Dalai Lama had a hobby of staring at beautiful women on the streets of Lhasa and following them. The remedy was not to curtail the activities of the Dalai Lama, for his powers are absolute. The crisis was solved by requiring women to paint their faces in hideous designs before going to market.

Buddhism was used by the Chinese during their period of control both in Tibet and in Outer Mongolia as a device to make the people more "peace loving." It worked, since most of the men were sent to monasteries while the excess of women either ended up in Chinese houses of prostitution or was disposed of to those who operated the caravans on the Silk Routes out of China.

What has happened inside Tibet is not widely known except that it is surmised that some six million Chinese have been settled there. Only the oracles know whether the ancient kingdom will ever experience a renaissance.

This book should be required reading for all Central Asian students and for those who pontificate on American foreign policy whether they know little or much about Asia.

Cleaver and Lester

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER: POST-PRISON WRITINGS AND SPEECHES. *Edited and with an introduction by Robert Scheer. Random House. $5.95.*

REVOLUTIONARY NOTES. *By Julius Lester. Baron. $5.95.*

Reviewed by MICHAEL G. MICHAELSON

Robert Scheer warns in his introduction to *Eldridge Cleaver: Post-Prison Writings and Speeches* that the volume ought not be considered a sequel to *Soul on Ice.* Certainly it appears unworthy of that designation. It is more reporting than literature, more anger than analysis and, at its worst, it abandons the introspection of the earlier work for facile ostentation. A hastily compiled collection of *Ramparts* articles and extemporaneous speeches topped off with a lengthy interview ("Which is the *real* Black Panther philosophy?" *Playboy* asks), this "book" suggests an exercise in public relations.

It is more. Carefully considered, its lineage is clear: the poetry of *Soul on Ice* is here, and the humanity. Cleaver re-creates the surreal horror of the shoot-out with Oakland police in which his companion, Bobby Hutton, was killed (murdered in cold blood, the author insists, and is most credible) and he himself wounded. He warmly recalls his first encounter with the Panthers, mixing wonderment and fear and admiration and pride and sexuality, capturing finally what Black Power must mean to the "good nigger" who, after four centuries, is struggling to reclaim his manhood. ("Work out, soul brother!" Cleaver shouted after Huey P. Newton, Panther minister of defense, had stared down an Oakland policeman—"You're the baddest motherfucker I've ever seen!")

Of course, violence, or more properly

MICHAEL G. MICHAELSON, a medical student and a graduate student in sociology at the University of Pennsylvania, is senior editor of *Itis,* a quarterly journal of Philadelphia health affairs, and has reported on medical issues for the *Saturday Review* and *Health Rights News.* He is at present preparing a study of the American health-care system.

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the rhetoric of violence, is Cleaver's tool in this volume, as it had been in the first. "The war has begun," he writes following the King assassination. "The violent phase of the black liberation struggle is here, and it will spread. From that shot. From that blood. America will be painted red." We have here, more clearly than ever before, that most public, most amplified side of Cleaver: the loudmouthed ex-convict, rapist, extremist "nigger" and Presidential candidate who insists that political power grows from the barrel of a gun and that the majority of white America is fit only (as he suggests in "An Aside to Ronald Reagan") to kiss his black ass.

But the soft Cleaver is more significantly (if less apparently) here, the warm naked one that wrote letters of real beauty to Beverly Axelrod in *Soul on Ice*. "I don't dig violence," Cleaver confesses. "Guns are ugly. People are what's beautiful." Beneath the tangle of familiar contradictions—the threat of violent revolution mingled with a penchant for nonviolent social reforms, the intertwining themes of bloody vengeance and more-than-Christian forgiveness—lies the solid foundation of human feeling. Even the guns and vicious rhetoric emerge as humanism. Humanism regained: pointing a gun at a cop's head when he points one at your crotch; coming back with "honky" when confronted with "nigger," with Mao and Che when handed Washington and Lincoln (slaveholder, hypocrite).

Living Cleaver's life with him, as one begins to in the very best of the selections, catching the cold stare of an Oakland policeman, feeling his foot in your fresh wound, become as vivid as the bars of Folsom State Prison were in *Soul on Ice*. And it remains apparent that people—good people, warm people, unoppressed people, white and black people, people together—are Cleaver's end and his Good. In *Soul on Ice* that is perhaps more explicit, but in this collection—hasty, reportorial, bitter, profane—it is equally clear.

Still, the volume is more a restatement of earlier themes than a progression from them, and so it must be judged unsatisfactory. "We intend," Cleaver says, "to create a radical political machinery in coalition with whites that will uproot this decadent society, transform its politics and economics and build a structure fit to exist on a civilized planet inhabited by *humanized* beings." The necessary elaboration, the boring *detail*, is absent. What precisely is the nature of that "radical political machinery"? The mechanism of the "transformation"? How will humanism be effected, structured, institutionalized?

Mr. Cleaver, although his capacity for critical analysis is real and valuable (as he demonstrated, for example, in his treatment of James Baldwin in *Soul on Ice*), must find these questions uncomfortable. He talks vaguely of replacing competition with cooperation, of a "Utopia brought down to earth, a classless society, a society that is not based on capitalistic economics and exploitation" and pays respects to "Brother Karl Marx's gigantic brain." But he talks, too, of the potential of "black capitalism" if only it would "go far enough and deep enough." And at one point, both the Revolution and the classless society seem expendable: "If the federal government were to honor all the grievances of black people," he tells *Playboy*, "not merely to alleviate but to eliminate oppression, we'd be delighted to fold the whole thing up and call it a day."

Finally, then, Cleaver is a feeler, not a thinker—the soul (as his first title suggested), not the cerebrum, of black consciousness and revolutionary potential. It is an important distinction and it leaves a notable vacuum. With *Look Out Whitey! Black Power's Gon' Get Your Mama*, Julius Lester suggested in 1968 that he might be able to fill the gap, and with the publication of *Revolutionary Notes*, that impression is confirmed. This volume, like Cleaver's, is a nonbook and a nonsequel, a collection of some fifty short essays, most of which appeared in Lester's weekly column syndicated in the underground press. Whereas most of Cleaver's words (at least in the selections included by Scheer) are directed at white, bourgeois, liberal readers of *Playboy* or fashionably radical devotees of the early (and superslick) *Ramparts*, Lester in these columns is talking to *his*

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people, black and white, already angry, already familiar with the rhetoric.

Because Lester's capacities are different, and because his intentions and audience are different, *Revolutionary Notes* provides a perspective that, besides complementing Cleaver's sometimes excessive indulgence, is valuable in itself. Lester is intelligent, articulate, and often analytically rigorous; he is agonizingly critical of himself and of the Movement, and he is sometimes a very good poet. Stationed at the periphery, he is capable of admiration and envy, of dispassionate criticism or impassioned praise, of the more central figures—Carmichael, Brown, Cleaver. And while there is occasionally the hint of regret, even of jealousy, in his prose, he remains conscious throughout of his integrity and his worth, hovering like a Black Superego over so many tumultuous Black Egos.

Lester is eclectic. He moves with facility from black birth control to the Russian occupation of Czechoslovakia, from the Riot Commission report to the relationship between Jewish racism and Black anti-Semitism, from the Yippies to the role of the media in the radical movement, from Women's Liberation to Resurrection City. For the most part he eschews repetition (although the word "revolution" does suffer from excessive wear, and is too variously defined), and he retreats only rarely to the comfortably familiar, and by now very nearly meaningless, rhetoric.

Yet there are traps, and Lester seems sometimes blissfully unaware of them. He is strangely capable, for example, of criticizing Israel for exploiting the murder of six million Jews by building "a vast reservoir of sympathy" and guilt to rationalize its existence, while at the same time demanding reparation from white America for the (likewise past) horror of Negro slavery. With one voice he deplores the useless sympathy and paternalistic rhetoric of white liberals, and with another makes the grandly benevolent assertion that a woman's function is *not* merely to serve her man, and that good male radicals should accept women's liberation as their "responsibility." He denounces co-optation

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by Establishment groups and especially by "the media," but is apparently not displeased that his book is neatly marketed at $5.95, that he has his own radio show on WBAI in New York and, as the book jacket proudly puts it, "has cut two albums for Vanguard Records."

But far more frequently than he is simplistic or silly, Lester is insightful. He takes the "smug, self-righteous new left ideologues" to task for ignoring the revolutionary value of the Yippies. "This is America," he writes. "Not Russia, China, or Cuba, and in America, maybe, just maybe, the paths to revolution will be clothed not only in guerrilla uniforms but in beads and incense." He thanks George Wallace who, he says, "has unmistakably shown us whom we need to reach. They are alienated. We are alienated . . . We must reach our contemporaries who work behind the pizza counters, at the drive-ins, who are apprentices in the unions . . . They are the future, and we must reach them at the level of their need before George Wallace does."

Lester is a committed strategist who prefers victory to style. He envisions a "New Man" and, looking over the Movement, sees too many of the traditional variety. When suspicion and distrust impede black unity (for example, the merger of S.N.C.C. and the Panthers), it makes Lester angry; when racism threatens a united radical front, it makes Lester angry; when the cult of personality turns a leader into a celebrity, takes him away from his people and even his country, it makes Lester angry; when the rhetoric of black power helps middle-class blacks cash in on their color but leaves the poor in their hovels, it makes Lester angry; and when radicals who claim allegiance to the people refuse to help them because it requires cooperation with the damned liberals, that makes Lester angry too.

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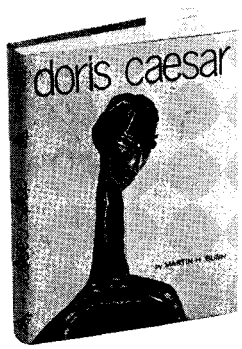

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place and the same time around their common condition. It does not speak well of us that we did not formally involve ourselves in the campaign, that we did not show even the slightest interest in relating to what was happening and, more important, what could've happened in Washington . . . It is another indication of the fear that many of us have of poor people, of people from a different social background, of people who have to be related to on basic human terms and not on the level of radical rhetoric . . . You can't intellectualize with the poor; you live with them. And maybe that is what frightens a lot of us.

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A Man of Many Parts

THE BEST NATURE WRITING OF JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH. *Selected and with an introduction by Joseph Wood Krutch. Morrow. $8.50.*

Reviewed by DALE REX COMAN

Our country has produced an impressive company of nature writers. Those of years past were inspired by the abundance and diversity of wildlife and the magnificence and varied character of the terrain, while a growing number of our current writers are expressing outrage or despair about our abuses of the land and its wild-living inhabitants.

To try to assign nature writers to categories is surely hazardous, but there do

✪ DALE REX COMAN is professor of pathology at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine. He is the author of many essays on the outdoors and on natural history.

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seem to be those who dwell chiefly upon reporting their observations and then making a few pertinent interpretations thereof. John Burroughs of old and John Terres of today, for example, would certainly rank high in that group. At the other extreme are those who, upon a foundation of relatively few observations of natural phenomena, construct themes embracing all life, including that of humans, and who try to probe beyond the scientifically supportable into the philosophically conceivable and the intellectually provocative. Henry David Thoreau at once comes to mind and abruptly thereafter, Joseph Wood Krutch.

Mr. Krutch is a man of many parts—drama critic, philosopher, teacher, naturalist and prolific writer—whose first book was published in 1924. A long list of volumes embraces his wide range of interests.

A book composed of selections from an author's works is seldom wholly successful, even when, as in the present instance, the selections are made by the author himself. Those who know the writer well are sure to complain that some of his finest products are inexcusably missing and that too many of his less impressive pieces are presented. The new reader, on the other hand, is often left wondering just what sort of writer he has met, and it is a toss up whether he will be prodded into acquiring some of the author's other books or decide that he has had enough. It must take some courage, then, for a writer to risk such a venture. Mr. Krutch has done so and, in this reviewer's opinion, he has succeeded admirably.

The book is divided into five sections, "New England and the Desert," "Other Lives," "Shapes of Earth," "Nature and Human Nature" and "The Meaning of Conservation." The first part recounts the author's awakening interest in natural history and the later captivation of his fancy by the southwestern part of the United States where he now lives. In "Other Lives" he describes some of the more intriguing plants and animals he has observed. "Shapes of Earth" is chiefly geological with emphasis on the Grand Can-

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yon of the Colorado and the last two parts are almost entirely philosophical in character. The book is attractively put together. There are eleven line drawings by Lydia Rosier; one might well wish there were more.

Every thoughtful and serious writer has certain pet causes to champion and certain knots that he persistently tries to untie. Mr. Krutch, while grateful for the sorting out—the taxonomic chores—done by the scientists, is more than a little nettled by their unemotional objectivity, and by their sometimes pain-inducing laboratory methods, often in pursuit of seemingly worthless scraps of knowledge. There is no question but that these accusations are justified to some indeterminable degree. His criticism that scientists are lacking in humanistic, compassionate and empathic qualities, however, can be applied properly, I hope and believe, only to a few among the many. Most scientists are guided by motivations as lofty, and as base, as those that steer any other intelligent people as they grope for understanding of the vast and perplexing universe in which they live.

The plea for a more humanistic approach to natural history is sound and valid, as is the author's insistence that joy, as contrasted with mere fun, lies ". . . there amid those portions of the earth man has not yet entirely pre-empted for his own use." He goes on to say that perhaps when people ". . . have become aware of joy in other creatures they will achieve joy themselves by sharing in it."

Mr. Krutch recognizes and enthusiastically accepts his close kinship with all other living things on the planet. Without his actually having said so anywhere, I think he would agree, however, that raccoons are no more clever little people than people are oversized and rather clumsy raccoons. In brief, he has never allowed sentimentalism and anthropomorphism to sweep him off balance, no matter how lucrative the undertaking might prove to be. The attractiveness of raccoons and people lie in the differences, the uniquenesses of the two, rather than in those similarities

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pertaining to both as members of the mammalian tribe.

I could easily pick out my favorites among the thirty-four essays presented, but I would rather let each reader choose his own without prejudice. One essay, "Coral Dunes," deserves special mention not only because it is good, but also because it has never before appeared in a book. I can say wholeheartedly that I thoroughly enjoyed reading the volume, and I strongly urge you to read it. The natural history is beguiling and informative, and the philosophical dissertations are entertaining and thought-stimulating. It is a warm and friendly book written with great insight into the complex world of the living as it endures upon that spinning sphere of star-stuff called Earth.

Freud and Tausk

BROTHER ANIMAL: The Story of Freud and Tausk. *By Paul Roazen. Knopf. $5.95.*

Reviewed by RICHARD W. NOLAND

In recent years, a good bit of material relevant to both the biography of Freud and the history of psychoanalysis has appeared. This material, which includes letters to and from Freud, journals, memoirs, and even the minutes of the Vienna Psychoanalytic Society, will undoubtedly stimulate a renewed interest in the history of the psychoanalytic movement, as well as in the biographies of Freud and his early followers. Indeed, such an interest is already apparent in Vincent Brome's *Freud and His Early Circle* (1968), which deals mainly with Wilhelm Stekel, Alfred Adler, Carl Jung, Otto Rank, Sandor Ferenczi and Ernest Jones, and in Paul Roazen's *Brother Animal,* which deals entirely with the story of Freud and Victor Tausk.

It was clear from his first book, *Freud: Political and Social Thought,* that Roazen was greatly interested in Freud's biography, especially as Freud's character and the

✪ RICHARD W. NOLAND is a member of the department of English at the University of Massachusetts.

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events of his life were relevant to an understanding of the origin and development of psychoanalysis. In *Brother Animal* the same interest is apparent, except that now the biographical material makes up nearly the whole book rather than simply a small portion of it. This book is thus almost entirely a contribution to history and biography—a contribution, moreover, to an almost forgotten episode in the early history of psychoanalysis.

Before reading *Brother Animal,* I was unaware of Victor Tausk. Ernest Jones mentions him in the second volume of his biography of Freud, as does Brome in *Freud and His Early Circle,* but the name had not stuck in my mind from these two sources. There is a chapter on Tausk in *Psychoanalytic Pioneers,* but, until Roazen's book appeared, I hadn't even read it. My own ignorance of Tausk confirms Roazen's opening statement that, although Tausk was "one of Freud's most talented early supporters . . .," a "towering figure among pre-World War I psychoanalysts, he has since been completely forgotten, without ever having been established as part of the past at all." This oblivion began in 1919, when Tausk committed suicide and his son (following his father's instructions) burned all his papers unread. There followed what Roazen calls a suppression of the full account of Tausk's difficulties with Freud, although he is unable to blame any one in particular for this suppression. And the result is that, today, to the extent that he is known at all, Tausk is remembered as the author of a classic paper entitled "On the Origin of the 'Influencing Machine' in Schizophrenia."

One of Roazen's purposes in writing *Brother Animal* is to set the historical record straight by restoring Tausk to the important place he held in the early days of psychoanalysis. The book is not a biography of Tausk. It is the story of Tausk and psychoanalysis—which means, in effect, Tausk and Freud. As seen by Roazen, Tausk was a brilliant, potentially creative, yet erratic man, whose personal relationships and intellectual achievements were seriously thwarted and finally defeated by

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strong and conflicting drives toward independence and dependence. Freud, on the other hand, was at the height of his powers, his private life (and often his private feelings) subordinated to the public success and propagation of psychoanalysis. In pursuit of this goal, he could be enormously demanding, even ruthless, in his insistence that certain basic doctrines be held by anyone who wished to call himself a psychoanalyst. He was also concerned that the progress of psychoanalytic theory should proceed cautiously and rationally, not prematurely and intuitively. So the conflict was inevitable, given Tausk's essentially impulsive and rebellious character. For a while, apparently, Lou Andreas-Salomé was able to mediate between Freud and Tausk (she was Freud's friend and, briefly, Tausk's mistress). Eventually, Freud clearly repudiated Tausk, and the stage was set for the final events of Tausk's life, including an unfinished analysis with Helene Deutsch and an engagement to be married that Tausk found himself unable to keep.

Such, in very brief and no doubt distorting summary, is the story Roazen tells. The fault for the trouble between Freud and Tausk clearly belongs on both sides. There is no question but that Freud actively rejected Tausk. There is equally no question but that Tausk provoked Freud's response. In Roazen's view, the crux of "the Tausk problem" is twofold: first, that Tausk "was a son striving to grow up . . .," and, second, that Tausk's originality threatened Freud, who "felt uncomfortable with someone like Tausk around, a man bright enough even to anticipate some of his own concepts." On the first point Roazen is undoubtedly correct—the pattern of submission and rebellion in Tausk's life is clear. On the second point, however, I am not so sure. The matter of originality, of priority, was certainly an issue among early psychoanalysts. But was Tausk really the only one of these men brilliant enough to be a serious threat to Freud as an original theorist? This is Roazen's position, and he is very possibly right. Yet there is another possibility. At one point, Roazen observes that "the best of Freud's male pupils left

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because the atmosphere was too narrow and ultimately degrading." This statement is not necessarily true, but, conceding that it is, if the best left, where does that leave Tausk, who did not, like Adler and Jung, strike out on his own? Then, again, there is this statement (addressed to his family) from Tausk's will: "I have deceived you all by living a role to which I was not equal." What he means is, of course, not entirely clear. But one possibility, surely, is that he was not equal to the role of creative genius that he played all his life, that he knew himself to be far less talented than he pretended to be, and that he could no longer bear the hypocrisy, guilt and frustration of such a role. If this is so, is it not possible that Freud, instead of seeing Tausk as a rival, simply saw through and tired of Tausk's posturing, and that he also recognized that the conflict at the root of this posturing was likely to be permanently damaging to Tausk's genuine abilities?

This is a plausible variant of Roazen's view, I think, but no more plausible than any number of other views which may appear in response to his book. Roazen is generally balanced, judicious and aware of many nuances and possibilities in assessing the conduct of his two major protagonists. I find of dubious value his comments on Freud's interest in the occult as this interest relates both to Tausk and to the discovery of the technique of free association. But his conclusion that the story of Freud and Tausk illuminates Freud's more famous controversies with such men as Jung and Adler seems fully justified, especially in the light of Brome's book. And his analysis of Tausk's early interest in the treatment of psychotics and in the theoretical concept of ego boundaries (which apparently influenced, among others, Erik H. Erikson) establishes Tausk's intellectual as well as his biographical importance. Whatever the final verdict on "the Tausk problem," Roazen has written an absorbing, original and knowledgeable book that adds considerably to an understanding of the early history of psychoanalysis.

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The Reader Replies

THE READER REPLIES *carries miscellaneous comments by readers and authors on various articles that have appeared in the magazine. All communications should be addressed to: Editor,* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20009. Because of space limitations we cannot guarantee to print all letters received.*
—EDITOR

I suppose it's too late to reply to your letter asking what is the most undeservedly neglected book of the last twenty-five years. Right now the only candidates I can think of are Barbara Deming's *Prison Notes* (Grossman, 1966) and a book by an Italian writer, Italo Calvino, called *Cosmicomics* (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1968).

I'm impressed that two people chose *Call It Sleep* the last time you did this. I discovered it myself fifteen or so years ago when casting about for socio-political novels for a course in thirties' U. S. fiction I was teaching at Northwestern. It seemed to me then one of two first-rate works of that period, the other being the non-neglected *Miss Lonelyhearts*. I had heard of it vaguely but had no idea how original and *achieved* it was—call it sleeper.

DWIGHT MACDONALD
New York, New York

* * *

If there is still time to contribute to the Neglected Books Section, I would like to offer as my choice a novel published in 1963 called *Blood from the Sky*, by Piotr Rawicz. The book was originally published in French and appeared in its English translation as a Helen and Kurt Wolff book (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1964). It is the most imaginative and, therefore, the most deeply illuminating book that I have read in the literature that deals with the destruction of European Jewry.

THEODORE SOLOTAROFF
Editor, *New American Review*

* * *

Perhaps you will permit a reader to call attention to three books; each in a different field.

First is Ludwig von Mises' *Human Action*, published by Yale University Press in 1963. Rarely has such light been thrown upon the maligned field, economics, at a time when it has been so badly needed. Von Mises demonstrates the basis of economics as a branch of "the aprioristic theory of human action," and points out the fallacies of econometrics in the clearest and most thorough manner.

Stanley L. Jaki, a physicist and recently visiting member of Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study, has written *The Relevance of Physics* (University of Chicago Press, 1966), which is actually complementary to the above work, although perhaps unknowingly. Jaki reviews the unscientific nature of the same brand of thinking that has so confused the area of economics and that has brought about a crisis in Western Civilization, namely, scientism, or social "science." He points out its threat to physical science.

Finally, I would call attention to a novel, *Taos*, by Irwin R. Blacker (World, 1959). Almost unknown, this work has the sweep of Tolstoi in a purely American scene. Although I could hardly qualify as being thoroughly acquainted with the American novel, Blacker's novel is outstanding among a few Southwestern novels that disprove any sweeping condemnation of western writing. The theme is the Indian revolt of 1680, which actually succeeded in throwing out the white man (Spanish) from Indian territory, with results entirely unforeseen by the Indians. Here is a vast cast of characters who bring alive the era of Spanish aggrandizement and the mutual impact of the two cultures, in a manner free of clichés, clear, believable, always intensely human and dramatic. I know of no other work that treats the Indian so realistically and respectfully, and is so free of nonsense.

L. STANFORD ALTPETER
Sedona, Arizona

* * *

"Comments on Neglected Books," appearing in your Spring, 1970, issue, has been read with reasonable chagrin. That Marguerite Young's *Miss MacIntosh, My Darling* (Scribner's, 1965) was not foremost on the tongue of each of these critics implies that the appreciation of truly great literary art is indeed dead. Of all your informants only Anaïs Nin recognized this greatest of all American poets. My hat is off to Miss Nin whose grief and mine seem very much in accord.

DR. R. GORDON HOLCOMBE
Lake Charles, Louisiana

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Thank you indeed for calling our attention to your Neglected Books Section and Peter Gay's choice of McManners: *French Ecclesiastical Society under the Ancien Régime*. We recognized from the beginning this to be a brilliant book in what superficially appears to be a very narrow field. This poses the publishing problem: since publishers make such claims for many books, another such claim is not likely to cut much ice. We were, therefore, dependent upon reviews. We got the kind of thing we wanted in the *TLS*. It did not appear until about two to three years after publication but had the effect of immediately selling out the balance of the edition. We reprinted recently and there is some evidence now that the comment in the SCHOLAR may also have an immediate effect. Inquiries are coming in now from American publishers, which I hope will result in a selling out of the second edition!

T. L. JONES
Manchester University Press
Manchester, England

* * *

While rereading my essay, "Hitchcock," in the Spring issue of the SCHOLAR, I noted to my dismay that my memory had played a small trick on me and that all my proofreading had not caught it. For some reason, I cast Wendy Hiller as the farmer's wife in *The 39 Steps*, whereas Peggy Ashcroft actually played the part. I could, of course, easily have checked myself. What I apparently did was see Ashcroft's face, although I had written "Hiller." Just one of the dangers of trying to join the worlds of print and image. I'm very sorry about this blooper.

CHARLES THOMAS SAMUELS
Williamstown, Massachusetts

* * *

I should like to express my great pleasure with the text and depth of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. Often, being physically removed from the university sector handicaps one's ability to stay abreast of current happenings in the field of advanced learning. Fortunately, there are realistic and well-planned journals such as the SCHOLAR that, at the very least, provide a continuing insight into the realm of academia. I'm certain those subscribers who are stationed overseas in the military appreciate the ever excellent and always professional variables that grace your journal.

YN3 ROBERT D. HELSEL
FPO San Francisco

Having read R. Buckminster Fuller's "Vertical Is to Live—Horizontal Is to Die" in the Winter, 1969-70, AMERICAN SCHOLAR, I am impelled to suggest that this fascinating explication of our ecologic dilemma be summarized to serve as commentary to a film for high schoolers.

Such a film would cover an educational breach unlikely to be filled for a decade or more. The reader with time to ponder the vital significance of your comprehensive summing-up is rarely found among youth today. Film and narration reach and hold that audience.

DOROTHY P. MARTIN
Yonkers, New York

* * *

Kenneth Eble wrote in "The Scholarly Life" [AS: Winter, 1969-70] that "graduate students in the humanities characteristically feel" an estrangement "toward their disciplines." Now I read that remarkable observation several times, but it really said just that. The students are not described as estranged (certainly a relevant word) from society, their schools, or their teachers—No! from their disciplines!

At this point, I, a simple nonacademic, am lost. If a student of "English" is estranged from "English," why is he a student of "English"? (For "English," you may substitute whichever discipline you choose. I am still lost.) Why doesn't he sell shoes? Also, why does the English Department let this bird hang around? He is obviously in the wrong field. He might try auto mechanics. There is a great social need for that.

In my naïve youth I always assumed that one studied English because one enjoyed it. If, then, the interest palled, obviously you switched your line of work. Maybe it's just the generation gap, but this estrangement business sounds insane.

DR. SAUL B. GILSON
New York, New York

MR. EBLE replies: I don't know why Dr. Gilson finds it quite understandable for students to be estranged from society, schools, teachers, but not from their disciplines. The actions I described at the M.L.A. meeting and similar actions at national meetings in history, economics, political science, social science were aimed at the disciplines, although the issues were not confined to disciplinary ones. One of the important things the times and the students are trying to tell us is that the disciplinary associations and the universities in which they flourish cannot cut themselves off from the rest of mankind. Thus, unlike Dr. Gilson, I don't think the fault is only with the students.

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